

October 7, 1964

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Full story, page 5





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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OUR COVER

● Olympic swimmer Dawn Fraser, wearing a magnificent diamond ring, announced her engagement to Gary Ware, of Townsville, last week (see page 5). Bob Millar took this picture at Brisbane Airport.

WORTH REPORTING

A CHILDHOOD tragedy led Herb Paull to devote 40 years to teaching, free, thousands of children swimming and lifesaving.

"When we were kids we'd swim anywhere, you see," said Mr. Paull. "Even in forbidden places such as the brick-pits at St. Peters (N.S.W.). As a result two of my mates were drowned.

"The sight of my two drowned pals really shocked me. I think that's when the lifesaving bug got me."

Mr. Paull is now 68 and eight years retired from his job as a clerk with the Tramways Department. He is a Life Member and Honorary Examiner and Instructor of the Royal Life Saving Society, and has several awards and distinctions. The last, recently awarded, is the Service Cross, held by only nine other people in N.S.W.

Looking as fit and spry as he says he feels, Mr. Paull said, "I might be 68, but when I'm in the water I still feel only about 20."

Mr. Paull thinks boys aren't what they used to be.

"Boys are deteriorating, I'm afraid," he said. "The girls I have taught have been generally more interested and more capable.

"Girls get better swimming times, too. I don't know what the reason is, but that's a fact.

"I've made only a few rescues myself," Mr. Paull said.

"I can't say that I've saved a great many lives, really."

But Mr. Paul has prevented the need to save hundreds of lives.



MRS. J. M. TYRREL
Textile queen

Woman boss of 1400

"A WOMAN working in the so-called man's world of business feels the constant need to prove herself in order to survive," says Mrs. J. M. Tyrrel, chairman and managing director of Harrap Bros., the largest knitting-yarn manufacturers in the United Kingdom.

Mrs. Tyrrel, who lives in Yorkshire with her three daughters and medico husband, is currently visiting Australia to launch a new factory in Goulburn, N.S.W.

(At the end of her inspection in September, she will fly to Brisbane to holiday at the Indooroopilly home of the Minister for Industrial Development, Mr. Allen Munro, and his wife, who is Mrs. Tyrrel's cousin.)

Mrs. Tyrrel, who looks amazingly youthful for her 46 years, came to her position as one of only five women industrialists in Britain "because my father had no sons and I showed such a keen interest in the family company when I was young."

How does Dr. Tyrrel feel about his wife's career?

"He married a career girl, knowing she would stay that way," says Mrs. Tyrrel, who now employs 1400 workers—mostly female—at her vast mills in England.

"But because it would be an impossibility to manage my domestic life from an office desk I have women coming into my home each day to do the housework, and a resident nanny who adores my teenage daughters.

"But every spare moment is spent in the company of my family. In summer we sail every weekend and in winter we ski—either at Carrbridge, a resort in Scotland, or in Austria."

★ ★ ★
IT'S Tulip Time in Bowral, and, to mark the occasion, a magnificent bunch of tulips is to be sent by air to Queen Juliana of the Netherlands.

The royal tulips will be gathered in the early morning and sent directly to the Sydney home of well-known floral expert Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, who will fashion the blooms into a magnificent bouquet, tied with ribbon in the national colors of the Netherlands, for the Queen.

More than 15,000 tulips will be in bloom in Bowral Park for the opening ceremony of Tulip Time, presided over by Mrs. F. Simons, wife of the Councillor of the Embassy for the Netherlands.

And a thousand top-quality tulip bulbs in tins will be on sale during Tulip Time, which begins on October 4 and continues through until October 11.

All the shops in the pretty township of Bowral will be decorated with tulips and eight of the town's most beautiful gardens will be open for inspection.

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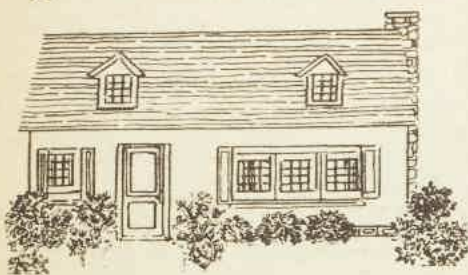
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1964

● Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark has become the Queen of Greece at 18 with her marriage to King Constantine, who is 24. The wedding, in Athens Cathedral, was attended by eight reigning monarchs, two former kings, nearly a hundred princes and princesses.

Page 3

NEXT WEEK

★ This is a sketch of . . .



. . . a well-groomed house

Your house can sparkle, too (or sparkle more), when you use the advice packed into our 16-page liftout book. It's called—

THE WELL-GROOMED HOUSE

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★ LOOK LEFT!

Glamorous actress Jill St. John is wearing a . . .

MINUTE DRESS

(So named because it's quick, and easy, to sew.) Shown here, just one version; we have Four . . . for the beach, for a party and for casual wear.



★ Beautiful Australia

In a special three-page section, three historic country homes are pictured in color. Built last century, all the houses were inspected this year by the National Trust.

ORANGES give color and flavor

to many dishes—and our experts provide "orange" recipes for every occasion in a 4-page feature.

Plus:

★ The Printed Look in fashion.

★ In Teenagers' Weekly:

"Whatever happened to Bryan Davies?"



Private eyes checked on a mother-in-law



THE private eye in England is mostly a desk-bound businessman like this . . .



. . . and not a strong-armed tough as popular fiction pictures him.

● Britain's private eyes have banded together to protect their profession against the intrusion of shady characters.

THE Association of British Detectives aims to restore public faith in the special investigator, whose reputation has been tarnished by the operations of a few blackmailers and quasi-criminals.

The Association's job is made difficult by the fact that anyone in Britain can become a private detective. No licence is required.

There is not even a reliable check on the number of people in the business. One estimate puts the figure at 5000.

Private eyes have been popular—or unpopular as the case may be—in Britain for the past 30 years.

They blossomed, strangely enough, into a profession in the depression years, when men out of work would try anything for a pound.

Big business

Today, with the affluence of the '60s, the private eye is big business.

Apart from the "bad eggs," who operate furtively, most of the country's private eyes work for solicitors.

Many of them—like medical specialists—won't even answer your call for help unless you've been "referred."

Hardly any of them look like James Bond.

The typical London "eye" works in the shadow of The Temple, around the city's law courts.

One I spoke to was Mr. Anthony T. Kinghorn, who, far from carrying an automatic on one hip and a blonde on the other, is short-sighted. He wears horn-rimmed glasses and keeps sherry locked in a cabinet.

He looks for all the world like a family solicitor—which he virtually is.

His staff—Kinghorn's is a family concern—spend the greater part of their life serving writs or chasing unpaid accounts.

Mr. Kinghorn used to be a security officer with the G.P.O. and can have his job back any time he wants it.

Besides the sober London "eye" and his spiv counterparts in the West End, most of the others are scattered around in the provinces.

Many scrape a living out of "backyard" business miles from nowhere.

There was a recent case cited in court of a country inquiry agent who could not write. He'd been operating for 25 years and could only scrawl his initials.

He went to work each day hitching rides from Bath to Bristol.

Another man found working as a provincial "dick" was a gas man on the dole.

There are women private eyes, too.

By MIKE GIBSON, in London

Perhaps the most famous in Britain is Merseyside's Zena Archer. A household word in Liverpool, Mrs. Archer is the daughter of Sidney Scott, a former Canadian Mountie, later Scotland Yard Flying Squad man.

She told me that when her father, a private eye late in life, died, he was after a thief who had cost a big store thousands of pounds.

Mrs. Archer took up the case on a no arrest-no fee agreement. A week later the man was behind bars.

That was 11 years ago. Today Mrs. Archer has agents all round the world.

Although she's a crack shot, Mrs. Archer doesn't carry a gun. Like Cathy Gale (of TV's "The Avengers") she prefers to protect herself with judo . . . or a hat pin.

She reads Raymond Chandler avidly, and advocates an annual "Oscar" for the best piece of private detection in Britain.

Each year she shivers on Grand National eve at Aintree keeping an eye out for "nobbles." But her speciality is catching unfaithful husbands.

She told me: "Wives come to me and ask me to check on their husbands. All I do is find where he drinks, flutter my eyes at him, and

wham! if he's flighty, he's gone."

She told me of Mr. X, whom she trailed to a seaside resort in Wales and tried for weeks to "pick up." She knew he was unfaithful, his wife knew, but still he kept to himself.

Then one day he approached her . . . but only for a talk. They chatted each day for three weeks, until one day the Lothario made his mistake. He told Mrs. Archer of a girlfriend he had years ago in Italy.

That night she was on to her agents, who traced the woman to a village near Naples.

Mrs. Archer's client got her divorce.

The biggest firm of private detectives in Britain today goes by the name of Q-Men. The firm will investigate anything, employs 250 expolicemen—the only men who can get a job with them.

Head of Q-Men is former Scotland Yard Sergeant Alfred (Doughie) Baker.

In 12 years with Q-Men, Baker recalls dozens of unusual cases.

He told me of the case of the slippery eels, when Q-Men were called to investigate the eel poachers of Ballyvorally.

The poachers were reported at Lake Neagh, the biggest lake in Northern Ireland, by the Toome Eel Fishery.

The Toome fishery, a firm of Billingsgate fishmongers, had paid £133,000 for exclusive eel fishing rights in the lake.

Two Q-Men, dressed in tweeds and masquerading as fishermen, arrived at the lake to find packers—getting £10 each box for their services—sending every second box of eels they packed for Toome's to the firm's biggest rivals.

Baker claims Q-Men were the first firm ever hired to investigate a prospective mother-in-law.

The case began when a rich Italian who wanted to marry a British girl asked them to find out what his intended mother-in-law was like.

Q-Men compiled a complete dossier on her for him. He broke the engagement.

Visiting celebrities and film stars are constant clients with Q-Men.

Lauren Bacall employed their services to read bedtime stories to her children while she was filming.

Marilyn Monroe paid them £50 a day to keep a young couple who were trying to "kill her" away from her rooms when she was in London. The "couple" were never seen.

Q-Men's top man is ex-Detective Inspector Michael O'Sullivan, who solved six murders in his career with Scotland Yard.

Bluebells

His favorite case as a "private" began when a visiting American poetess asked Q-Men for a bodyguard. She said, "I want a man who won't speak to me unless I speak to him. And he must know a wood where I can be alone among bluebells."

Put on the job, O'Sullivan hired a car and chauffeur and drove the woman to a Gloucestershire wood.

She bumbled poetry all day, but, on the drive home, came back to earth with a shock when she found she'd left her dental plate back in the bluebells.

She told O'Sullivan: "It's an ordinary plate with one gold tooth."

He found it.

While London's private eyes are, in general, a dullish bunch, some of their brighter cases have been:

● Protecting the husband who asked help against the bullies of his wife.

● Tailing the African diamond miner who came to Britain believing an African society of leopard men had followed him.

● Keeping guard over a sleep-walker who couldn't get a ground-floor hotel room.

There's even one well-known "dick" about town who poses in the city's pubs as a drunk.

The breweries employ him to catch dishonest barmen and waiters.

Swim star Dawn's big romance

(Townsville guarded her secret)

By LARRY FOLEY

● The whole town knew — or thought it did — but simply wasn't talking about Dawn's romance with a local lad.

NATURALLY in a town of 58,000 word gets round when two people seem to have clicked, especially when one is Dawn Fraser and the other a popular young plumber-turned-bookie and part owner of a crack racehorse.

Everybody knows Dawn in Townsville—she has trained here with all-Australian teams over the past 10 years, and she is Townsville's favorite adopted daughter.

And plenty know Donald Gary Ware, the local boy who grew up here and became a plumber like his dad and his cousin.

Burling around town in his new blue sedan, and to the local beauty spots that draw lovers like bees to nectar, to Castle Hill for "Australia's finest view" by night or day, along the lonely foreshore to Cape Pallarenda, to the Common to watch the brogas dance—they were bound to be noticed.

But Townsville was the soul of tact and discretion.

Friends felt sure

Even when Dawn was chosen at Cluden (Townsville's racetrack where Neville Sellwood won his spurs) on August 29 to present the North Queensland Cup to the winning owner — and he proved to be Gary Ware, and the photograph linking the couple in that agreeable ceremony was featured in the Press, nobody made a point of it.

Although the happy coincidence would surely have justified a knowing comment or two.

Those close to the pair were pretty sure it was "on" even then, although they had known each other for only a month.

If ever there was a time to acknowledge the situation that was it, that day at Cluden when Gary's six-year-old handsome chestnut Booberanna (by Melbourne Cup winner Dalray) completed the cup double, having already put the Townsville Centenary Cup on the Ware sideboard.

But Townsville let it pass.

It was as though there was a conspiracy of silence on the subject, in which Dawn's team-mates joined to save her from the inevitable spotlight that could upset or distract her and interfere with her rigid training schedule for Tokyo.

Dawn and Gary worked hard at being casual about it.

He did not follow her around and kept away from the pool where Dawn trained twice daily in gruelling sessions with her team-mates.

Gary's visits to Dawn

Anyway, his day-to-day interest drew him to the other side of town, to the racetrack and the horsy suburb of Oonoonba.

Gary visited Dawn at the comfortable home of the John Bartletts (Bartlett is the real-estate man, builder, and land-developer who recently negotiated a £750,000 deal with Prince Radziwill, of Paris), where she was billeted.

But he didn't make a welter of it and there were very few late nights, for the daily rest periods and early-to-bed routine were as vital a part of Dawn's training as the actual sessions at the pool.

He attended the informal get-togethers and barbecues that local folk threw for the team from time to time.

At one barbecue in honor of Dawn's birthday, on September 4, Gary gave her a £30 watch and a ring — "a dress ring," everybody said.

The fact that Dawn battled her way back to top form in those two months after the shattering experience of the car accident, in which her mother died and Dawn herself was seriously injured, speaks for itself.

Courting took second place to training.

And that takes some doing in Townsville, where all the storybook trappings of romance are laid on — waving palms, fat yellow moon over tropical waters, islands on the horizon, uncrowded beaches, and a backdrop of mountains.

The temptations to enjoy the scenery more and risk making their mutual attraction public must have been



CHAMPION swimmer Dawn Fraser presents the North Queensland Cup to Gary Ware — now her fiance — after his horse Booberanna had won the race in Townsville.

Picture by Alex Trotter, of Townsville.

powerful, even for such down-to-earth types as these two.

When the secret did leak out, on the very point of the team's departure for Tokyo, Townsville shared Dawn's dismay.

The news broken in that brash, tactless Sydney was that Dawn and Gary were engaged.

Ducked for cover

And it was put to Dawn in the thick of the hustle and bustle of loading and boarding the bus at the Tobruk Pool for the trip to the airport and the flight to Tokyo via Brisbane.

Dawn's reaction was characteristically blunt. "Nothing," she groaned, "kills romance like publicity."

And she ducked for cover behind the standard line: "We're just good friends."

Team manager Bill Slade, hovering anxiously, nodded.

"Nothing in it at all," he insisted.

"And I'd be the first to know."

At that, Dawn's natural good humor reasserted itself. "Well, hardly the first, Bill," she laughed.

Bill joined in the laughter, then they all took off.

It was to be breakfast in Tokyo, but engine trouble slowed the flight.

They were late arriving in Brisbane to change planes, and the jet there also needed fixing.

The delay gave Dawn time to think things over, and before she took off again she made it all official.

Olympics strain

Out now came the solitaire ring.

So, okay, they were engaged.

The day? Probably after Christmas.

And perhaps the Dawn who greeted Tokyo next day

was all the happier for no longer having to nurse her secret through the strain of her third and toughest Olympics.

Gary wasn't there to see her off in Townsville.

He had gone to Brisbane, where his father, Donald Ware, was in hospital, having suffered a stroke recently.

But he was at Brisbane airport when the team arrived from Townsville and saw her off to Tokyo.

Townsville people wouldn't be at all surprised if he turned up in Tokyo, especially now that everybody knows about them.

He'd been talking about going to Tokyo and he usually did what he said he'd do; he was that sort of chap.

He was 23 last June. He has an older sister, Sally.

He lives with his father, now retired, and mother in their typical North Queensland high-set timber house at Oonoonba.

Gary spent two periods of several months working as a plumber in New Guinea, where the money is good and taxes low.

With the money he saved he set himself up as a book-maker.

Eye for a "champ"

A few months ago he and George Krantz, a New Australian mate from New Guinea, acquired Booberanna in Brisbane.

Some said the horse cost them £900, others reckoned they "got it for twenty quid in a Calcutta Sweep."

And the story is that in stakes and bets the horse has netted its new owners about £9000 so far.

Booberanna is now in Brisbane being prepared for the Queensland Cup in mid-November in which he finished second last year.

Young Gary, it seems, has an eye for a champion.

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● *The Australian Women's Weekly* will serialise Russell Braddon's new book, "The Year of the Angry Rabbit," beginning in the issue of October 21.

RUSSELL BRADDON



Braddon calls his new book "a giggle"

By ANNE MATHESON

● When the well-known Australian author Russell Braddon sat down to talk about his bitterly funny satire, "The Year of the Angry Rabbit," he wrapped his arms around himself and almost disappeared, convulsed with laughter, in the depth of a huge armchair.

HIS pixie-ish face screwed up into mischievous lines that creased his eyes and puckered his whimsical mouth.

Even if you hadn't read his book, "The Year of the Angry Rabbit," you'd find yourself attuned to his merry mood.

"Why did I write it?" he asked with a quick grimace, as though restraining some secret joke. "I'll tell you.

"I thought it would be good for a private giggle.

"I just had to write a book that would send up everything and make ME laugh.

"So that's what it's all about. It wasn't meant as a rather nasty fable or a parable.

"It was written as a joke, a bit of a savage joke, but a joke nonetheless."

Russell Braddon said he was smack in the middle of his biography of Lord Thomson when the urge to write something funny overcame him.

"So I suppose you could say I wrote it for my self-indulgence."

But when he sent it off to his publishers, with the words "It made me laugh, but it may not make you," he got a reply back that was like a dish of cold water over him, "No, it doesn't."

But the irrepressible Russ Braddon soon had the book off to another. This time it was Heinemann who saw the joke with him and replied, "It makes us laugh, too."

It took Russell Braddon only four weeks to write "The Year of the Angry Rabbit."

Every word was in his neat longhand on foolscap sheets of rice paper which are now bound in heavy red

tooled leather and stand on his bookshelves.

"I would sit in my bath for hours brooding, then leap out, and my pen could not fly fast enough."

So orderly were his satirical thoughts and riotous ideas that the manuscript has very few alterations.

For a book that was written for a giggle it is a monument to industry and craftsmanship.

But then Russell Braddon is a real professional. He doesn't wait for "inspiration" when he has a book in him.

His first book, "Naked Island," he wrote when he had chicken pox!

His biographies come harder, need research, long interviews, much application.

"But to get them done I have to give myself a deadline, or I would make some excuse to do nothing," he said.

But, of course, Russ Braddon is incapable of "doing nothing."

"Hates hush"

During the writing of one of his biographies he broke off to have a holiday, but such was his nervous tension he couldn't stop writing. So he wrote a play.

"I was on holidays in Sitges, which was as crowded as Bondi," he said.

For Russ hates hush. His idea of perfect working conditions is against a never-ending noise.

And to get enough noise he invites lots of people around for drinks and a party. "Though I never touch the stuff myself," he said.

One of the top lecturers in England, Russ has terribly nice things to say about women.

"They are not merely a good audience, they are the only audience.

"Men know it all. An all-male audience is just hell.

"Women come with the intention of listening and enjoying themselves.

"Men kill an audience stone dead."

During a lecture season he thinks nothing of travelling a thousand miles a week giving three lectures a day. This adds up to 150 lectures in the season.

His subjects vary, and he has a wide selection of audiences from women's clubs to political meetings.

He is hailed as one of the most entertaining men on the lecture circuit.

"That is because I give lectures that amuse me," he said.

"You are expected to do a turn. If you are to be successful you must make your audience laugh — whatever the subject."

Russ gives the illusion of having said something serious, something straight from the shoulder.

"You can be a dilettante in writing," he said, "but in lecturing you must be as professional as though on a music-hall turn."

One of his favorite subjects is "Australia looks at England."

He said that only in England can one enjoy a lecture tour.

"The climate drives people in."

"Australians are not people who will sit and listen and take things in. They are a 'Have a go, mate' people."

This month Russell Braddon goes to Australia to promote his book.

Friends who remember Russell Braddon on his previous visit will find him little changed.

He is still youthful looking, buoyant, and has the same cocky enthusiasm.

He still takes a crack at the right places if he wants to. And he can certainly

make everything seem fun.

Just now he is having the time of his life fixing up the flat he bought from Joan Sutherland.

Large rooms, sparsely furnished, are given an even greater feeling of spaciousness with such clever bits of deception, such as the kitchen disappearing behind roller blinds.

A nice feeling of the Australian bush has been accomplished by lining the bathroom in narrow cedar wood.

A long and elegant hallway is papered in the very smartest coarse fibre. "Hessian to look like rice bags," said Russ.

Changi visit

He pointed at the drawing-room walls, lined with Japanese silk wallpaper, with a touch of derision.

"Good for a giggle, isn't it?" said the man who wrote "Naked Island" about prison life in Changi.

He will call there on his way to Australia to see the Royal Air Force do an amateur theatrical production of the play based on his book.

Again the sense of fun, as he pointed out two large hooks on the bare walls.

"Waiting for my 'collection' to be returned to me," he explained.

An admirer of Brett Whiteley, the Australian artist, he acquired one of his Bride's Series at the recent London exhibition, but was flattered into lending it to a German gallery, which has it on a travelling exhibition.

"They seem to think it is on permanent loan," said Russ, "and I want it back."

"They even added to my pangs of loneliness without the painting by asking if they could make a plate saying 'From the collection of Russell Braddon.' I said, 'No, it is my only one.'"

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ABOVE: Captain R. Williams, of the Royal Corps of Signals, rides his motorcycle **WITH** the wind as well as **LIKE** the wind through this arch of blazing hay. He has been badly burned whenever he has had to ride into the wind, with the flames blowing toward him. Six months of rigorous training in dispatch riding on the wild Yorkshire moors fits signalmen for stunts like riding backwards on their cycles' handlebars and **(RIGHT)** combining in a 23-man pyramid perched atop six cycles.

AT LEFT: Flips, vaults, and full twists of the R.A.F. physical training team stunned the Tattoo audience. The gymnasts even managed to keep in time with the band playing "Guns of Navarone" and "Honey Bun."



THRILLS AT

● The rich heritage of military tradition shared by Commonwealth troops is embodied in the British Military Tournament and Tattoo. From service in Aden, Borneo, Malaya, and other trouble spots, nearly 1000 British and Australian troops came to Sydney to perform in the Tattoo. Gurkhas and the Grenadier Guards, looking as though they stepped right off a "Visit Britain" poster, enact the pageant which tourists so enjoy, the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace.



ATTACKING a group of "terrorists" (picture at left) around a campfire, men of the Australian Infantry, Grenadier Guards, and Royal Marine Commandos (above) demonstrated jungle warfare methods of surrounding and routing an enemy camp.

THE TATTOO



ABOVE: The Tattoo begins with a complete blackout in the arena. Suddenly the lights come up in a blaze on eight trumpeters of Her Majesty's Household Cavalry riding out to sound the fanfare that opens the show. The four scarlet-jacketed horsemen are from the Life Guards.

AT RIGHT: The splendid rows of marching military bandsmen in the massed bands concert looked too dignified to even THINK of playing Beattle music—but did. The 320-piece band is made up of men from the R.A.N. (nearest the camera), R.A.A.F., Australian Army, Royal Marines, Grenadier Guards, and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who came to Sydney fresh from the jungle war in northern Borneo.

Pictures by staff photographer
Ron Berg.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
—October 7, 1964



Picture

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By **Ita Buttrose**

AT RIGHT: Mr. Murray Schofield and his bride, formerly Miss Jeannette Krenkel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Krenkel, of Bowral, who were married at St. Jude's Church, Bowral. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. G. S. Schofield and of the late Mr. Schofield. The bride wore a silk gown appliqued with lace.



ABOVE: From New Zealand comes this picture of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Crossing, who were married at Woodford House Chapel, Havelock North, Hawkes Bay. The bride was Miss Diana Irvine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Irvine, of "Branchley," Waipukurau, New Zealand. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. George Crossing, of Double Bay, and of Mrs. Archie Robertson, of Darling Point.



ABOVE: Melbourne wedding. Mr. David McMillan and his bride, formerly Miss Sue Bennetts, leaving the Frank Paton Memorial Church, Deepdene. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Bennetts, of Geelong, Victoria, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. D. M. McMillan, of "Caldermeade," Wakool, and of Mrs. A. W. McMillan, of Donvale, Victoria.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Perkins after their marriage at St. Brigid's Church, Quirindi. The bride was Miss Patricia Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Baker, of "Norwood," Wallabadah. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Perkins, of "Warrah Park," Willow Tree.

TRIO (from left): Lady Heinze with the U.K. High Commissioner, Sir William Oliver, and Lady Oliver, at the opening of three exhibitions for British Fortnight held at the Art Gallery of N.S.W. Sir William officially opened the three exhibitions.



A QUARTET of engaging tiny tots — Shaunagh Colthurst, Catherine Osborne, Hugo Heath, and James Davy — will attend the bride-of-the-year, the Hon. Catherine Sidney, daughter of the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, at her marriage with Manchester stockbroker John Wilbraham on December 1.

The children are all three years old. Shaunagh, the daughter of Mr. Oliver Colthurst and the Hon. Mrs. Colthurst, is the bride's niece; Catherine is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Osborne, of "Grantham Park," Bungendore; Hugo is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Heath, of Woollahra; and James is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Davy, of "Turalla," Bungendore.

The picturesque afternoon ceremony will be held at historic St. John's Church, Canberra, and the lovely fair-haired bride will have her younger sisters, the Hon. Anne and the Hon. Lucy Sidney, and friends Penelope and Camilla Morgan Giles as bridesmaids.

Camilla and Penelope will arrive here from England on November 22 with their sister Alexandra, and their mother, Mrs. Morgan Morgan Giles, and will stay at Darling Point. Their father, Admiral Morgan Giles, will join them in December, with two other members of the family, Rodney and Melita.

Miss Sidney's fiancé will arrive in Canberra at the end of November. His parents, Major and Mrs. E. J. Wilbraham, of London, will fly out for the wedding with the best man, Yorkshire farmer Mr. Robin Hill.

After the ceremony, Lord De L'Isle will welcome guests to the reception, which will be held at "Yarralumla."

AFTER the marriage of their daughter, Felicity, to Paul Lynch, at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, on November 7, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bailey-Tart will entertain at the Queen's Club. The granddaughter of the late Sir Earle Page, Felicity will be attended by Mrs. Peter Pigott, Marcia Kidd, and Lisa Giddy. It's to be an all-white wedding, and with her gown Felicity will wear a family heirloom gold locket set with a solitaire diamond, originally owned by the late Lady Page's father. After their honeymoon, she and Paul, who's the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lynch, of Cheltenham, will live at Elizabeth Bay.

MR. and MRS. BAILEY-TART will also give a cocktail party at their Potts Point home on October 3. It'll be a celebration party, not for Felicity, however, but for their son Earle, who has announced his engagement to Penny Reilly. Penny is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Reilly, of Lindfield, and she and Earle will marry next May.

COUNTRY racegoers Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Moore, of "Walma," Walgett, will give a cocktail party for 40 of their friends at Mrs. Moore's city club on October 1. They're spending 10 days in Sydney and will also be among guests at the Australian Club's "at home" after the Ladies' Day meeting on September 30. While the Moores are here their son Jim will be one of the hosts at a woolshed party on Jock Keene's property, "Eurambeen," Burren Junction, on October 3. The other party-givers are

Bruce Mackenzie, Bill Moore, Tony Morris, Gary Hart, and Tony Kennedy-Green. They're all expecting 20 house-guests over the holiday weekend.

ATTRACTIVE country girl Christine Henderson has been arranging her wedding by mail with her fiancé, Dr. Stuart Saunders, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, England. They've chosen St. Mary's Church, London, for their marriage on November 14, and afterwards a small reception for 30 guests will be held at the Dorchester Hotel. Christine will leave for London by air on October 20, with her mother, Mrs. B. J. Henderson, of "Emu Flat," Binalong, and her sister, Rosemary—who'll be bridesmaid—to finalise arrangements for the ceremony.

I HEAR that Mr. and Mrs. Terence Royse-Smith will sail in Willem Ruys on November 17 with their teenage daughters, Deborah and Joanna. They'll tour England and the Continent during their three-and-a-half-month trip.

GARDEN lovers will have an opportunity to see the beautiful grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu's home, "Milton Park," Bowral, in October. The garden will be opened for inspection for three weekends (October 10 and 11, 17 and 18, 24 and 25) to aid the Berrima District Hospital. Mrs. Baillieu tells me that this is one of the best times to visit "Milton Park," as each week brings a different setting to the garden with the arrival of new blooms and their resulting combinations of color.

COMMANDER and Mrs. R. P. Middleton are looking forward to meeting their daughter-in-law, Mrs. David Middleton, when she arrives here later this month. The former Sheila Hodge, Mrs. Middleton met her husband in Singapore, where she was serving as a Wrán, and he was attached to the R.A.A.F. as a Flight-Lieutenant. They were married there last June, and shortly after the wedding Mrs. Middleton left for England to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. H. Hodge, of Heaton Mersey, while her husband returned to Australia to take up a new position at the R.A.A.F. Base, Amberley, Queensland. Flight-Lieutenant Middleton will come to Sydney to meet his wife, and they'll spend a few days here with his parents before returning to Amberley.

DATES for the diary . . . the N.C.A. Spastic Centre Meeting at Wentworth Park at 6.30 p.m. on October 5 . . . and a dinner dance which the Western Suburbs Group of the Dental Health Education and Research Foundation Ladies' Auxiliary will give at Outlands House, Dundas, on October 16.

RECEIVING congratulations on their recent engagement are Carolyn Mackay and Fred Horsley, who'll marry in Melbourne next March. Carolyn, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Mackay, of "Stirling," Tarcutta, is wearing a beautiful ruby-and-diamond engagement ring. Fred is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Horsley, of "Yabtree," Tumblong.

CHAMPAGNE cocktails will be served at the lunch which the Women's Auxiliary of the Scottish Hospital, Paddington, will hold at Mrs. G. Penfold Hyland's home, "Chateau Blanc," Ingleburn, on October 24. Guests will be able to view the gardens as well as the house, which contains Mrs. Penfold Hyland's magnificent collection of antique furniture, china, glassware, and pictures. The auxiliary president, Mrs. Norman Chambers, Lady Edye, Mrs. Walter Friend, Matron Marjorie Barry, and Sister Ida Webb will be among Sydney guests at the lunch.



GUEST OF HONOR Lord Cottesloe (left), with Mrs. Bruce Macfarlan, Lady Cottesloe (right), and the president of the Arts Council of Australia (N.S.W. Division), Sir John Northcott, at the reception given by the Council at the Royal Overseas League. Lord Cottesloe, who is chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain, and his wife are in Sydney for the British Exhibition.



GALA FILM NIGHT: Lord and Lady Carrington (at left), with Lady Beale and the president of the English Speaking Union, Mr. Frank Guthrie, at the Union's premiere of "The Finest Hours" at the State Theatre. Lord Carrington, who is Minister without Portfolio, is in Sydney to represent the British Government at the British Exhibition. He and his wife were guests of honor at the premiere and later at a party held in the foyer.



PRESIDENT of the National Trust Women's Committee, Mrs. Gregory Blaxland (left), with Lady Lloyd Jones and Mrs. Jock Pagan (right), at the committee's "An Evening of Jewels," which was held at Lady Lloyd Jones' home, "Rosemont," Woollahra. Mrs. Blaxland and Lady Lloyd Jones, who is patron of the committee, welcomed more than 300 guests.

IN VESTRY: Mr. and Mrs. John McAuley signing the register after their wedding at The Scots College Chapel, Bellevue Hill. Pictured with them are pageboys John Castellari (left) and David Crocker. The bride was Miss Diane Crocker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Crocker, of Drummoine, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. McAuley, of Pagewood.

FOURSOME (from left): Mr. and Mrs. John Atwill and Group-Captain and Mrs. Reggie Gaskell, who were among guests at the premiere of "The Finest Hours," the film based on Sir Winston Churchill's war memoirs. Proceeds will aid the English Speaking Union fund for overseas and local scholarships, and Ranfurly Library.

CHAIRMAN of the Victoria League, Mrs. R. T. Russell (left), with Lady Dunrossil, who was guest of honor at the reception which the League's Midway and Evening Groups gave at its rooms. Lady Dunrossil will visit League headquarters in each State during her two-month stay here.



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Men, win a world trip for two

AUDREY HEPBURN, as Eliza, in the film "My Fair Lady," which will have its Australian premiere in Melbourne on December 9.



"MY FAIR LADY" CONTEST

● The holiday of a lifetime — by Qantas V-jet around the world — could be a Christmas or New Year present for some lucky man and his own "fair lady."

FOR that is the first prize which we are offering in our "My Fair Lady" contest, announced last week for our men readers.

As well, our winner will receive £350 spending money (from the Australian Record Company), which may be used during one glorious ten-day stop-over in London or at various stay-overs on the way.

For instance, the tickets, which are valued at £1200, are available for use any time during a period of 12 months. If he wishes, the winner may spread out the trip abroad from, say, six weeks to the full 12 months to take in any of the many cities which Qantas Empire Airways serve.

Qantas travel advisers will personally assist our winner and his companion to map out an exciting and detailed

trip schedule so as to include many of the major tourist cities of the world; for example, London, Rome, New York, Hong Kong, San Francisco, and Honolulu.

There's no age limit. Simply tell us, in up to 500 words, about a certain person and "WHY SHE IS MY FAIR LADY." She could be your sweetheart, fiancée, mother, wife, sister, aunt, or grandmother — or just your ideal whom you haven't met yet.

Don't wait until the closing date of October 28 to send in your entries. Send them as soon as you have completed them, as we are sorting and judging them even now as they arrive in.

Each of our State finalists will be flown to Melbourne by Ansett-A.N.A. with a companion to attend the Australian premiere of the Warner Bros. £8 million film production of "My Fair Lady."

The premiere, which will be a glittering occasion, will be held at the new Palladium Entertainment Centre on December 9 in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund.

All finalists will be guests overnight at the luxurious Southern Cross Hotel.

Each State finalist will be presented with a 12in. LP soundtrack from the film, by courtesy of the Australian Record Company.

THE PRIZES

NATIONAL WINNER will receive Qantas V-Jet return tickets to London for two. ● Plus £350 spending money from the Australian Record Company.

STATE WINNERS will receive return tickets for two to Melbourne by Ansett-A.N.A.

● Plus overnight accommodation and meals for two at the luxury Southern Cross Hotel.

● Attend the gala charity Australian premiere of the Warner Bros. film "My Fair Lady" at the Palladium Entertainment Centre on December 9.

● Receive a 12in. LP soundtrack record from the film "My Fair Lady," by courtesy of the Australian Record Company.

HOW TO ENTER

- Men readers ONLY are eligible.
- Entries to be as brief as you like, but must not exceed 500 words.
- Address each entry to "My Fair Lady" Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
- Entries close on October 28.
- Each entry automatically becomes the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, and will not be returned.
- The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Employees of Australian Consolidated Press, Qantas, Australian Record Company, Warner Bros., Ansett-A.N.A. or any other sponsors or their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

Designer's lectures

THE Hon. John Siddeley, Britain's leading interior decorator-designer, has arrived in Australia with his wife for a lecture tour.

The tour is sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with David Jones Ltd.

Mr. Siddeley will give two lectures daily.

Here are the details of his lectures in N.S.W.:

SYDNEY LECTURES: October 19-23 inclusive "Living for Comfort, 1964" at 11 a.m., "Art and Architecture, in terms of interior design from then until now" at 2.45 p.m., Sixth Floor, Market Street store, David Jones Ltd. Tickets 10/-. Available at Booking Office, Ground Floor, David Jones Ltd., Market Street.

ANOTHER LUCKY

● There's a mannequin in Paris who feels she has won the right to use the name of one of Paris' most famous mannequins — Lucky, who died in July last year of cancer at the age of 45.

THE girl who in future will be known as Lucky II works for Jacques Launay, a young designer who made his own debut in Paris high fashion last season.

She is called Michele and she startles those who see her for the first time, for she looks like a reincarnation of the famous Lucky when she first joined the Dior house and became an overnight sensation.

This is not surprising, however, for Michele is Lucky's daughter and has the same tilted almond eyes, the same high cheekbones, and the same proud carriage.

Lucky did not want Michele to be a mannequin. She thought the life was too hard and full of disillusion.

She encouraged Michele to study to be a chemist and threw a party for all her fashion friends when Michele obtained her diploma. It was a triumph for Lucky, who had brought up her daughter alone.

Then Michele married and now has three children—a little girl, and twins, born shortly before Lucky died.

Michele, however, wants to keep her mother's memory green in the fashion world.

During the recent fashion collections she was hailed as the new Lucky and is on her way to becoming as famous as her mother was.

The first Lucky, who was born Lucie Daouphars, was Dior's star mannequin in the late 1940s and 1950s. Dior paid her the highest salary a Paris mannequin had ever received to that date.

Australians saw her in 1957 at The Australian Women's Weekly Dior Parades in Melbourne and Sydney.

— MARCELLE POIRIER.



● The famous mannequin Lucky.



● Lucky's daughter, Michele — Lucky II.



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INVESTMENT GUIDE

By MARY BROKER

THIS WEEK:
When to buy
and sell

● One of the hardest things for the amateur market punter to do is to learn to buy and sell at the right time. Naturally, you *should* buy when a share is at rock bottom, and *sell* when a share is at its peak.

HOWEVER, even experienced operators have trouble doing this.

Although there may be a fluke at one time or another, most people are very happy with any reasonable profit — I know I am.

When I say trader or punter, I do not, of course, refer to the long-term investor, who buys first-class stock such as B.H.P., Minister, Henry Jones, Mount Isa, and so on, with the intention of holding and not of going in and out of the stock, although here, too, we do like to buy near the bottom.

And I do not mean that the punter is excluded from buying the first-class stocks — on the contrary, there is quite a lot of money to be made here in the weekly ups and downs.

But, in a marked share market reversal, such as we have been having, it is usually the small and inexperienced investor who sells in a panic.

The traders have generally sold out before the public, as a whole, realised exactly what was happening. The lesson here is not to follow the sheep.

BUT, please note that when the market in toto is on a decline, shares in top-class companies can often be picked up quite cheaply.

And, what is more, even if these shares continue to slide, we can be quite content that we have not bought at the peak, and we also can buy on scale down.

As an example — if we buy 100 shares in company X at 30/-, the peak having been 40/-, and the shares go down to, say, 25/-, we can pick up another 100 even at 26/- and still come out at an average price of 28/-.

Good buying

Then, when the market picks up and the shares go back to 40/-, we can smile happily at our 12/- profit per share.

Therefore, in a market reversal such as we have been suffering, shares can often be bought at reasonable prices.

The two shares I want to talk about today are, I think, reasonable buying at present. Both have recently reported earning rates of over 40 per cent. on ordinary capital — which is quite extraordinary in Australian company results, although frequent in

some other countries — and both have been victims of over-anticipation in the market.

The first is Protector Safety Industries Ltd., whose 5/- shares have fallen from the 1964 high of 33/6 to present levels of around 28/-. A purchase now, mind you, entitles you to a 1-4 issue at par, bringing your average price back to about 23/5.

The cost of 100 at 28/- would be £142, and your entitlement to 25 new shares would cost an additional £6/5/-.

Protector was listed only in January, 1962, and, in the short period since, has obtained an extremely high market status.

As the name suggests, the company manufactures safety equipment to combat the increasing hazards of modern industry, and we all know how conscious industry has become of accident rates.

Capital is only small at £200,000, so there is, as well, a scarcity value attached to the shares.

But, with a rise in earning rate from 31 per cent. to 42 per cent. since 1962, I feel the shares are well worth buying.

The second company,

Burns Consolidated Ltd., is engaged in the much more gentle occupation of supplying yarn and of dyeing yarn on commission for the textile trade.

The main product is "Cashmilon" yarn, for which the company is the sole importer and distributor in Australia.

(It is rather interesting to note here that Burns originally opened its doors in 1909 as The Australian Wood Pipe Company Limited, manufacturing pipes. It was only in 1958 that the pipe business was sold and the textile business entered.)

Since 1960, shareholders have benefited from a 1-5 par issue (1960), a 1-2 par issue (1960), a 1-2 issue (1963), and a 1-4 bonus (April, 1964).

Capital is still only about £130,000, and profit just announced for the 1964 year was a vast £115,000, compared with £79,000 in the previous year.

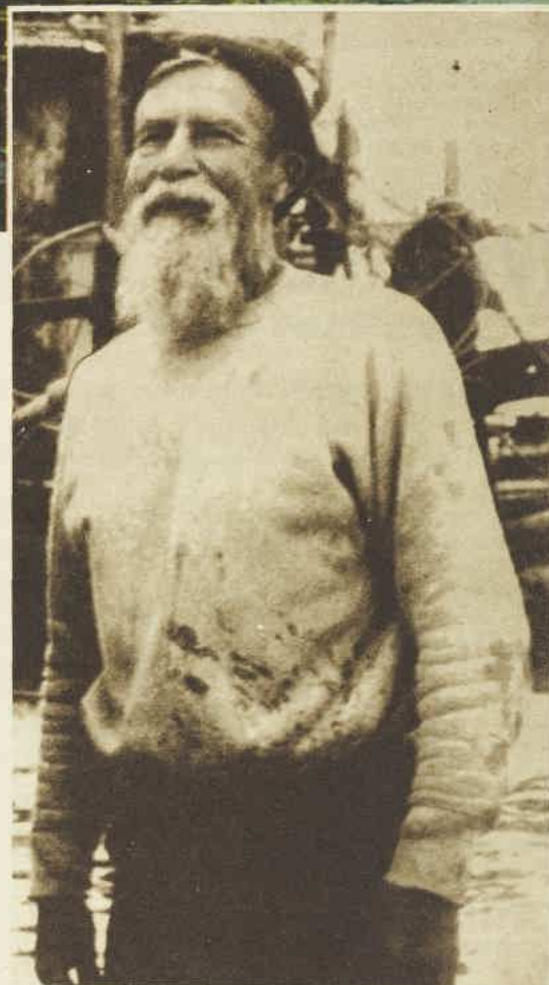
At 27/-, 100 5/- shares would cost you about £135, and your dividend at 17½ per cent. would be £4/7/6 a year.

I feel there could easily be further issues here.



• When 71-year-old William Willis beached his raft, Age Unlimited, in north Queensland after the lone voyage from Peru, the news prompted Mrs. M. MOSS, in Western Samoa, to write this verse. With it she sent to The Australian Women's Weekly the color picture of the raft, taken in Samoa while the sailor-explorer rested there. It was his only landing in 10,000 miles.

Lone man on a raft



"WELL I'll be blown!" said the whale with a swish of his tail, "look what went past—
Just a man on a raft, nothing fore, nothing aft. Just a man on a raft."
"You don't say!" said Sting-ray, "First time in my day I've seen it that way,
Just one man on a raft—strange-looking craft."

"They say he was bored," said Fish (family of Sword), "so came for fresh air.
Sure will get plenty there, pitching fore, rolling aft,
From his rocking-chair raft."

"He has a hide!" scorned Tiger Shark—he was an old nark—
"Just himself and the sky, with me cruising by.
Must be daft, that man on the raft."

"He has courage," said Swallow, "and I'd like to follow. Was going west,
But first I must rest on that very tall mast
With this man and his raft."

"Shiver my timbers!" cried Thunder, "what's that down under?
That's quite a turn-out, no engine to burn out—
Just a man on a raft, nothing fore, nothing aft."

"Oh me, Oh my!" said the cloud with a sigh, "I'll just float by.
What, no propeller? What a brave fellow—
Can't go very fast, this man on a raft."

"Blow me down!" said the wind, "guess I'll be kind—
Will keep on his tail and billow his sail, help him through, that's what I'll do—
Lone man on a raft, nothing fore, nothing aft."

Said old drip rain, "He'll need me again—will just stick around before he's aground.
I'll fill barrel and pail, watch him alter his sail,
The man on the raft, looking fore, looking aft."

"I know this," said the sea-snail, "he is carrying mail."
"That's so," said old Tortoise to fat playing Porpoise,
"Let's help all we can. He's a very brave man,
Alone on a raft—a neat little craft."

Electric Eel by shortwave heard from a sea-going bird,
And by current sent word, "He's reached land at last on same sturdy craft,
Just this lone man on a raft, nothing fore, nothing aft."

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"MR. NOVAK" JUST WHAT "DR." FANS ORDERED

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Richard Chamberlain was completely unspoiled after five years of phenomenal success as young Dr. Kildare, John B. Spires, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's International TV organisation, said recently.

MR. SPIRES, who has just been appointed to his present position, spent ten days in Australia on a round-the-world TV tour.

"Dick is as nice as he looks," he said. "His niceness is no TV act; it is real. He is still as enthusiastic and unspoiled as he was at the start of the series."

"This is no small thing. 'Dr. Kildare' probably has the greatest coverage of any TV show in the world."

These days, Dr. Kildare (of ABC-TV) has another young, blond rival — Jim Franciscus, Mr. Novak of TCN9's popular series that is sending the glamor graph of young schoolteachers soaring.

It is no wonder this is so, for Mr. Spires tells me "Mr. Novak" is a calculated series, planned on the successful "Dr. Kildare" formula.

There is the young man — earnest, dedicated, good-looking—and the older, wise professional, guiding and disciplining him. The ladies love them.

Technical skill, know-how, and the dollars poured into the series attract viewers, too, and help to keep both "Dr. Kildare" and "Mr. Novak" up among the top-rated shows.

Mr. Spires staggered me when he told me that each one-hour show in these series costs round 150,000 dollars (about £A75,000).

Local praise

Of all the Australian programmes he saw, the one he most enjoyed was TCN9's "Saturday Date," a programme in which the teenage audience participates.

"I thought it was good, fresh, and wholesome," he said.

"My impression of Australian viewers is that they are very much like American viewers, but they get a better TV deal."

"Your Australian programmes, a combination of the best American and English programmes offering, make very good TV."

Yet another doctor show

THIS week, viewers have another young-old pair of medical men to welcome into their circle — Dr. McKinley Thompson and Dr. William Raymer, of "Breaking Point." "Breaking Point" has its



JIM FRANCISCUS

premiere on TCN9 on Thursday, October 1, at 8.30 p.m.

The new doctors are both psychiatrists.

Dr. McKinley Thompson, known as Dr. Mac (don't cringe if you are a radio listener; TV's Dr. Mac is quite different), is played by Paul Richards.

Dr. William Raymer, director of the psychiatric clinic at York Hospital, Los Angeles, the old one, is played by Eduard Franz.

Television

"Breaking Point" is purely psychiatric, but it is not confined to bleak hospital interiors—all its patients are outpatients at the psychiatric clinic, so that the action can roam all over Los Angeles.

I am looking forward to "Breaking Point." It is said to be clinically honest to the point where it sacrifices drama—too honest and like real life for its own good.

The stories are extremely adult, each one a strong, complete episode in itself.

The authenticity of its psychiatry has a strong foundation. Its producer, George

Lefferts, in his Army career worked at a training centre for Army psychiatrists, where his assignment was to put on original shows, using patients as cast members.

Paul Richards (Dr. Mac) went straight to his analyst to tell him the good news when he got the part, and Eduard Franz has played psychiatrists both on stage and in movies.

Finally, before the series went on camera, the producer sent the two doctors to various clinics, where they studied under Dr. Glenn Flagg, psychiatric consultant for the series.

"Breaking Point's" Dr. Mac is different-looking hero material from the young blond men Kildare and Novak.

He is 6ft. tall and broad-shouldered, with straight brown hair, a large nose, and really beautiful green eyes. Eduard Franz has an interesting lined character face in somewhat the same mould as Massey's Dr. Gillespie.

Just one final snippet of information about "Breaking Point" is that guest star in the first episode is none other than Edmond O'Brien—Sam Benedict himself.

I understand it is not as Sam that he needs psychiatric treatment, but as the father of a patient.



PAUL RICHARDS

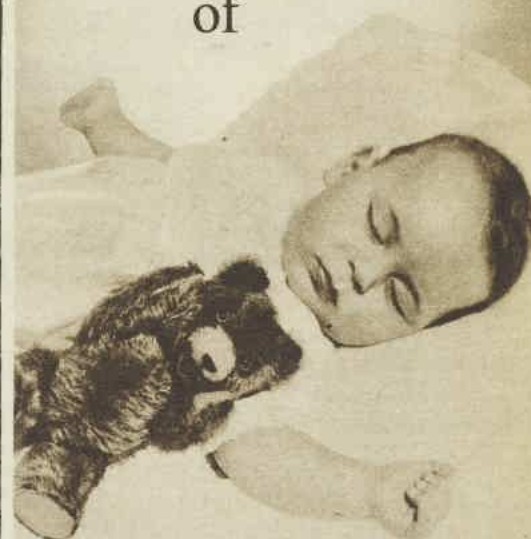


EDUARD FRANZ

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



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every
baby
dreams
of



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the only evaporated milk
with its goodness
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ASK YOUR DOCTOR
OR BABY HEALTH CENTRE SISTER



BRIGITTE Bardot will be seen soon for the first time on U.S. TV in an hour-long special to be taped in various parts of France.

Producer Martin Goodman said the show would feature Bardot in at least four musical numbers and visit her at her home in St. Tropez.

Brigitte Bardot

DID YOU KNOW?

- Even in his younger days as Andy Hardy, the indestructible Mickey Rooney was not noted for modesty or bashfulness.

YET the former juvenile star admits to being a "little self-conscious" about calling his new television series "Mickey."

He said: "I thought it was egotistical, but we couldn't very well call it Charlie."

The show is a family situation comedy with Rooney as a father

who inherits a beach-side motel in California.

Emmaline Henry will play the long-suffering wife and Rooney's own boy Timmy, aged 17, and Brian Nash will make up the rest of the family.

Along with the motel Rooney will inherit Sammee Tong, of "Bachelor Father" fame, who, according to the script, has a life-

time contract with the establishment and cannot be fired.

In one episode, when Rooney demands to see the motel's books, Sammee replies, "You're looking at them. This way much better . . . in case of fire, books can jump out window."

★ ★ ★
EFREM ZIMBALIST JR., the dashing former star of the now discontinued "77 Sunset Strip," is an outspoken young man. So outspoken, in fact, that recently he was relieved of his duties as master of ceremonies at a number of West Coast rallies for Senator Barry Goldwater, the Republican Party candidate for President. It seems that Zimbalist, a long-time supporter of the Senator, had been a little too forceful in his attacks on President Johnson and other Democrats. The Senator is not one to pull punches himself, but he believed the actor had overplayed his role.

★ ★ ★
ONE of Hollywood's top box-office glamor boys — George Hamilton — will make his TV acting debut in Bob Hope's "Chrysler Theatre" soon. He will co-star with Margaret O'Brien in "The Turncoat," the story of a Korean War defector to the Communists.

Television

"IT'S homicide," cried T V writer James Moser when he learned that his latest TV brain-child, "Slattery's People," will be pitted against his other, very successful creation "Ben Casey." "I'm reminded of a couple of kids, your own, fighting it out with switchblade knives," said the creative writer, who began his career by turning out more than 175 episodes of "Dragnet" before turning to medicine with "Medic" and "Casey."

Weary of hospitals and brain surgery, Moser has switched to politics, and his latest hero, Slattery, is a young, crusading legislator in an unspecified U.S. State capital.

Columbia has scheduled the series for the same time as "Ben Casey," now entering its fourth year on a rival network.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Mamma once said: "Remember when a car was simply meant to be transportation—a vehicle to get you from Point A to Point B—instead of a status symbol! And the things they're coming out with—record-players in your car, cocktail cabinets in the back. Some, believe it or not, now have TV sets in the back. And have you seen the experimental models? Soon you'll be able to point your car (due to magnetic strips embedded in the road) and turn around and play cards or just look at the scenery. What will they think of next?"

Mamma's Moral: I understand that the car of the future will be a car that has no wheels but will fly about 2ft. off the ground. But I know people who drive like that now.



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PARIS KEEPS THE BEAT GOING WITH THE YÉ YÉ DRESS



● Ruffle-trimmed lace pantees peep below the hemline of a red lace dress. The dress by Jacques Heim.



● Louis Feraud's long-sleeved brown mousseline dress has a belted waist and triple hemline of frills.



● Jacques Esterel brings glitter to the easy-cut Ye Ye suit (left) via allover sequin embroidery.



HERE it is, the Ye Ye or discotheque dress, the newest, swiftest thing in dance fashions. It comes direct from the Paris autumn collections.

It's a dress designed for disc parties, is a riot in Paris, and the rage in New York.

Maison Dior, one of the most exclusive, non-beat fashion houses in the world, included a Ye Ye dress in their collection.

The silhouette is full of swing, is just soft and close enough to the body to follow it prettily when the dance starts up.

Frills, ruffles, glitter, and often a glimpse of lace pantees are the signature of the look. The dress is never longer than mid-knee.

— Betty Keep

● Dior's new look for swing dancing. Made in chiffon with glitter bands of paillettes, the dress has a covered bodice and knee-high skirt. The matching ankle-strapped shoes with low heels are part of this new look.

Overleaf, pattern
for a disc dress



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MARK STRIZIC

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See how interior decorator Mr. David Tilley gives a spacious look to a bachelor apartment. He chose "Westminster Grey" as the colour base, to give a calm, spacious look to the entire flat. It goes from room to room and out into the hallway.

With the carpet so beautifully plain, Mr. Tilley added bright notes of vibrant colour. Yellow for the settee, a bedspread in softer tones and a dull gold bolster to give a sofa effect. Misty grey curtains soften the straight clean lines of white tables. Stark white shelves hold the books and treasures of the household.

Once again, the plain elegance of Westminster carpet proves the perfect base for a decorating scheme, as modern as this. Antique. Colonial.

Because it is plain.

And, very simply, because it is Westminster.



Westminster
GENUINE BRANDED CARPET

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1964

YOUR YÉ YÉ DRESS FOR DISC DANCING



HERE, to make from an easy-to-follow pattern, is one of the freshest summer looks for disc dancing. The dress is ruffle-trimmed, slim but not skinny. The high-waisted bodice takes a deep plunge for the prettiest kind of exposure. The pattern also includes a design with bracelet-length sleeves. Vogue pattern 6229 in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Price 7/6 includes postage. Further details on pattern envelope. Address pattern orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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E23 J

**Babies meet in
a mixed family**



● "Now what have I said to offend her?" the pug puppy seems to be thinking after his attempt to romp with the baby possum at their home in Hornsby, N.S.W. Pups, of course, are liveliest in the daytime, possums at night.

Blossom the possum won't romp

By JENNY IRVINE

● Three pug puppies, born just four weeks ago, have already found an unusual playmate, a baby ring-tailed possum known as Blossom.

THE puppies find having a pink-nosed, curly tailed companion is great fun. Blossom is not so sure. She accepts their friendly bumps and eager licking, but regards her clumsy, lovable playmates warily.

But then Blossom has been a member of the household longer. She is still a little unsure of the family's newest additions.

The "family" is a large one.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Wiggers, of Hornsby, N.S.W., and their two daughters have 12 grown pugs with two litters of puppies.

There are also tropical fish and a cockatoo which reprimands the dogs: "Be quiet and come home when you're called."

With Blossom sitting quietly on her shoulder, the younger daughter, 12-year-old Rosemary, told me how attached she has become to the puppies.

"Daddy breeds and sells pugs," she said. "The puppies are sold when they are eight weeks old. Two of these puppies will be sent to Hawaii and New Zealand, but we are keeping the bitch."

"I love them so much I

hate seeing them go. It's worst when we are sending them interstate. We drive to the airport with them on our laps, licking and trusting us."

"Then we have to put them in a box and listen to their whimpers."

Rosemary doesn't have much time to miss them — there is so much at home to love and mother.

A "puppy house" stands outside, but the two new litters are kept inside the house.

Mothers switch

"When the pugs are born we keep them under an ultra-violet-ray lamp," Mr. Wiggers said. "At two weeks they are kept in a box with a hot-water bottle."

Each of the two present litters has its own box, but the mothers, Betsy and Emma, don't mind which they look after.

They know which puppies are theirs, but if a litter wants feeding or petting, either Betsy or Emma is willing to take over.

"The possum sometimes plays with the puppies, but he's still wary of them," Rosemary said. "I found Blossom as a baby. He eats peppermints and sleeps in a wastepaper basket under the shower."

"We did have a box for him but he prefers the basket, which he furnished himself."

"Mummy was making a soft blue rug for the puppies. Blossom found the rug and carefully tore it into small pieces and carried them to the wastepaper basket to make his home."

Although the pug dogs are kept in kennels at the back of the house they are still familiar with the household.

"The pugs take turn about to come and live inside with us for a week at a time," Mr. Wiggers said.

"They are given a feeling that they are pets and don't forget house-training."

Mr. Wiggers started breeding pugs four years ago.

"They were unpopular for some time, but lately have become favorites with dog buyers again," he said.

"They are ideal house-dogs — very gentle with children, clean, and short-haired."

"Pug dogs originally came from China and were taken to Europe by the East Indies traders."

Mr. Wiggers, who comes from the Netherlands, names his dogs after Dutch Royalty and public figures. There is a Princess Irene and a Lady Beatrix.



Coastline at Batehaven

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1964

THE RUGGED COASTLINE at Batehaven on the South Coast of New South Wales is noted for its many natural beaches—and for the fishing. It is in the neighboring waters from Batehaven to Bermagui that the late Zane Grey, popular novelist and well-known big-game fisherman, made some exciting catches during his visit to Australia in the 1930s. (He died in 1939.) Batehaven today remains a popular fishing resort, and the beautiful rocks and beaches along this stretch of coastline are an attraction to sightseers.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**

Picture by Douglass Baglin, St.
Leonards, N.S.W.

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Revlon introduces 3 mellow new makeup shades

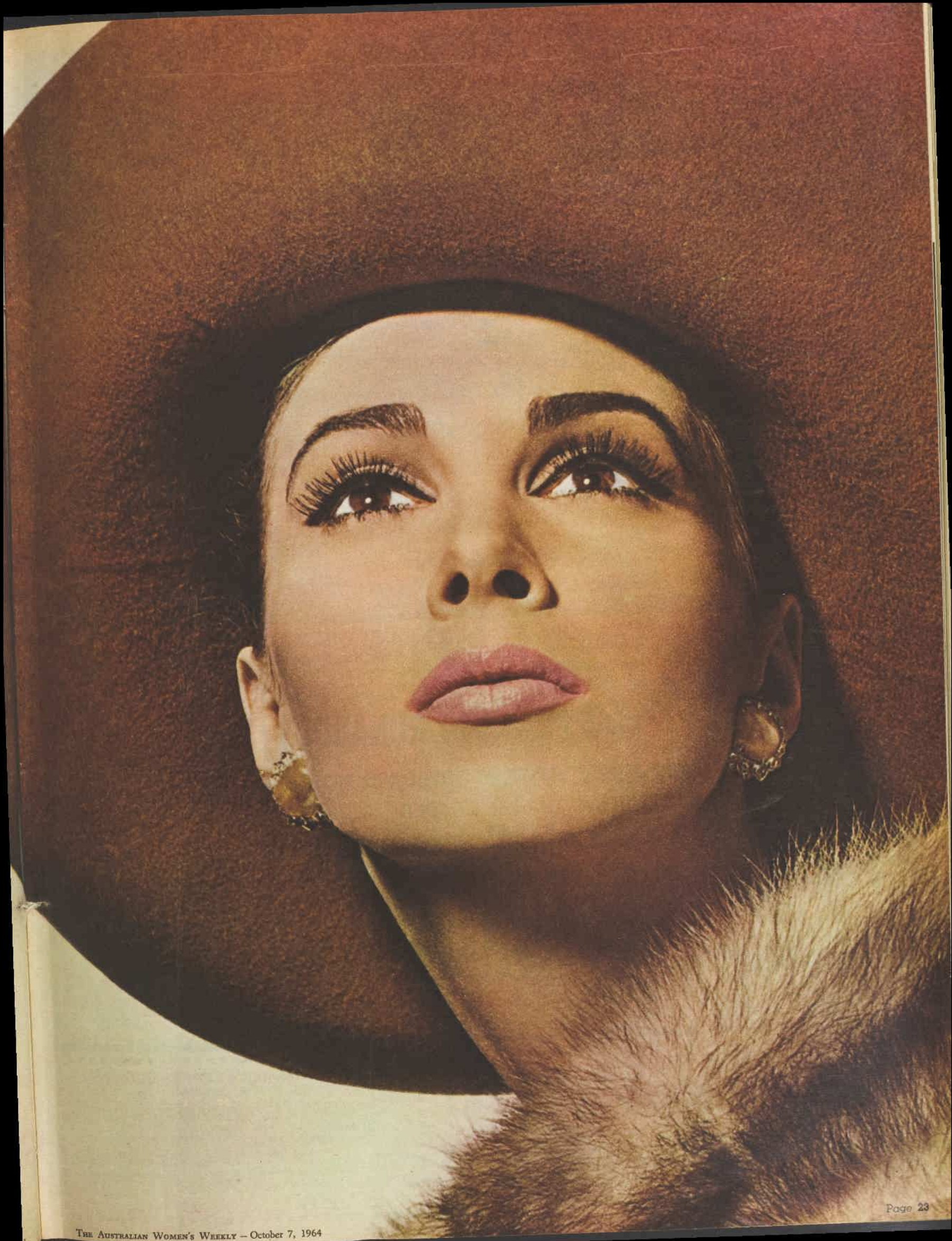
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3. Contest closes with the last mail post-marked before midnight November 15. All Bonanza, Box 97, Prahran, Victoria. No responsibility will be accepted for late or undelivered entries.
4. Prizes for this contest will be ten first prizes, twenty-five second prizes, fifty third prizes and four hundred fourth prizes. No more than one prize will be awarded to any one family. Prizes will be awarded on a regional basis.
5. Initial judging will be based on the accuracy shown in completing any missing detail on the Brylcreem label in the accompanying sketch. Further elimination will be judged on the skill, style, originality and neatness shown in creating an advertising slogan for Brylcreem in not more than 10 words.
6. Judges will be a panel of three professional advertising experts and two persons representing the general public. Decision of the judges is final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries become the property of Beecham Australia.
7. Entries will not be accepted from employees (or their families) of Beecham Australia, International Plastics, A. G. Spalding or their advertising agents.
8. All prize winners will be notified by telegram. Names of all prize winners will be published in one daily newspaper in each capital city on Saturday, November 30.
9. This contest is not intended to create any legal relationship between Beecham Australia, International Plastics, or A. G. Spalding and any entrant to the contest. Enter the Brylcreem Family Sports Bonanza today. Entries close November 15.

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SLOGAN

THE MATCHMAKER

Cupid assumed an unexpected disguise
when the need arose . . . an amusing story

By **SUSAN YORKE**

RACIAL generalisations, such as all Frenchmen are libidinous, all Englishmen reserved, all dachshunds stubborn, are usually recognised as absurd. Even if they were true, there would always be the exceptions to prove the rule. Then when you encounter 25 pounds of canine sagacity encased in long ears over short legs you go to an extreme, the exceptional exception.

When Wotan was a pup he was about as dull as was George Washington or Napoleon when they were babies, and if in maturity his fame did not match theirs on an international scale, he was certainly well known locally.

Of course, his position was strategic. He lived in the middle house of a row of three, each far in from the main road, each surrounded by gardens and fields, country houses of no pretensions and of a comfortable weather-beaten style.

To Wotan's left lived an elderly couple and their only daughter, a violent redhead of marriageable age but explosive temperament, and to his right lived another elderly couple with a very attractive son, also of marriageable age, and the whole thing should have been a smooth and happy courtship. But when volatile people grow up together, like the redhead and the neighbor's boy, they know each other so awfully well that a constant state of dispute seems the natural climate.

In Wotan's own house the couple were the most elderly of all. Mr. Rupert was comfortably retired and potted about in his vegetable and flower garden, and Mrs. Rupert baked cakes and cookies and made sweets for the summer colonists who came in late May and left after the hunting season at the end of October.

Wotan, gregarious and curious by nature, always knew everybody and had his nose in a great many affairs that were not his concern.

For example, he became a voluntary employee of the United States postal system. He was also unofficial rat-catcher for the three houses and unofficial watchdog for the Rupert household.

Given a bow and arrow and persuaded to stand upright with his tail for balance, he would no doubt have been recognised for what he really was at heart, but as matters stood he went around in doggy disguise.

At some indefinite time of the past Wotan had taken to loitering around the mailbox, that matchless symbol of the rural free delivery which keeps country communities informed on each other and the large and distant outside world.

The paper came around ten, sometimes coincident with the mail and sometimes not, and at first Rupert brought just the paper home because he liked carrying things—newspapers, old bones, dead rats, discarded shoes; he wasn't fussy what he carried so long as it was something he could sink his teeth into.

When the mail beat the paper, the delivery boy used to slip it under the newspaper wrapper, Wotan bared his healthy long teeth expectantly, received the written word, and trotted homeward, saving his owners the long walk to the mailbox. Dogs, like humans, are creatures of habit, and Wotan was a fine carrier except that he was badly frustrated on Sundays and holidays.

He worked off his frustration by hunting, which was what Frederick of Prussia originally had him bred for anyway, and so it was he happened to be around at a very dramatic scene on a Sunday morning in a secluded part of a large garden that belonged to the redhead's family and which had served as a rendezvous for her and her heart's choice for countless years—from childhood, through puberty and adolescence and teenage-ship and now to the verge of marriage.

Knowing both parties well and recognising the familiar ring of outraged voices, Wotan glanced briefly at the warring couple from under cover of low-blossoming bushes and snuffled onward along the delicious scent of field rat, crossed by rabbit, blended with mouse and skunk, and with faint whifftones of badger.

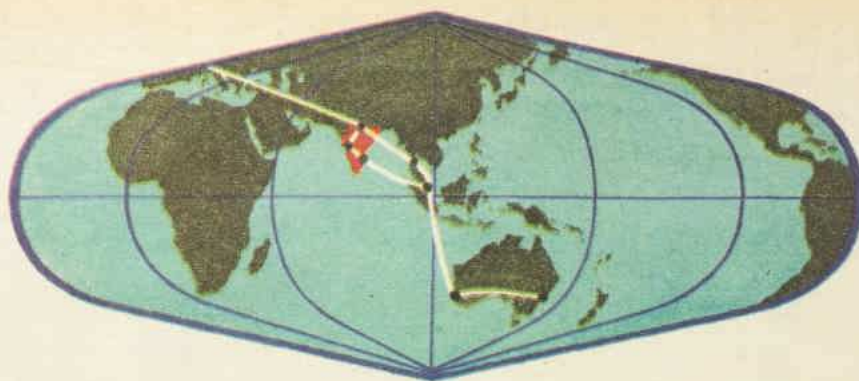
"And another thing!" the lovely redhead shouted as Wotan cautiously crawled along multiple-odor tracks, "if you can't behave like a gentleman you needn't behave at all!"

To page 68.

When Nancy flung away the ring
neither she nor Jason saw Wotan.

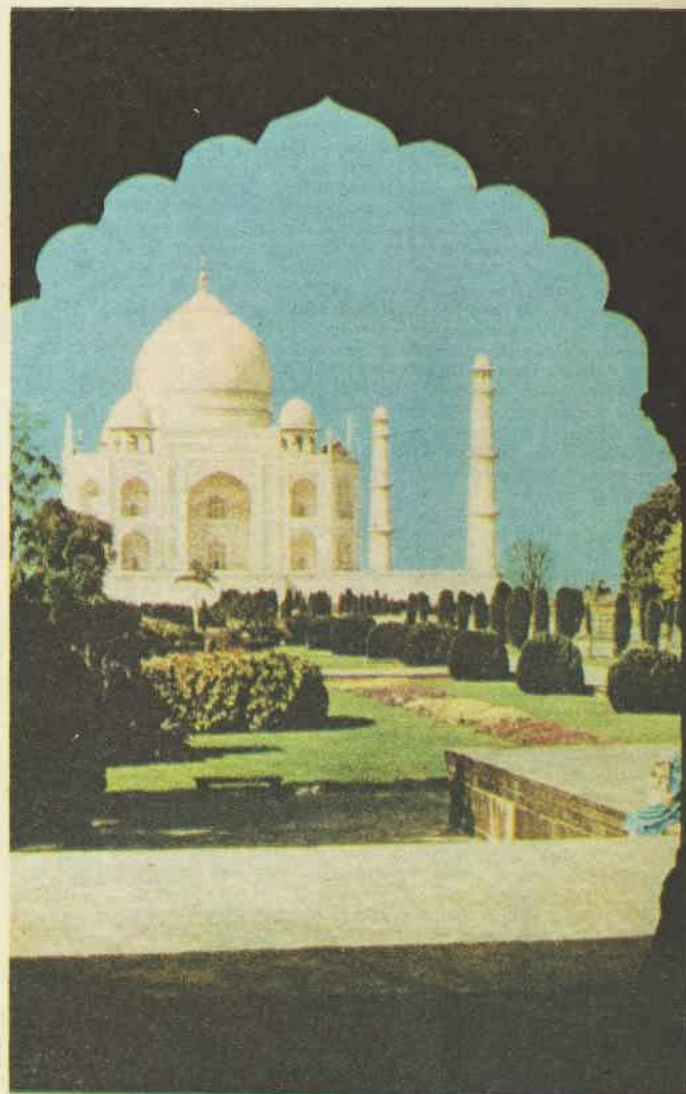
Ron Laskie





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ROSES for DINNER



An appealing short story

By **MILLIE
McWHIRTER**

I WAS standing at the kitchen sink trying desperately to whittle a radish into a rose when I saw Steve turning into the driveway. The reason I can stand at the sink and see him turning in is that the kitchen window stares out the front. It's that kind of house—modern, square, glassy-eyed, as if it were designed to be a television set.

We'd leased this house two months ago when we moved to Norwood, and now it seemed as if there'd been something prophetic about our choice. For today at four o'clock I was going to open wide the draperies of our living-room.

I'd have Linda buttoned into her blue dress. Steve would have his notes prepared, my sandwich tray would be embellished with radish-roses, and we, the Becker family, would be making our initial appearance before the people who were, in a sense, the critics who rated newcomers to Norwood.

Within an hour Mrs. F. Edward Iverson and her art committee would be coming up our walk, and it seemed now that our position here might well depend on how they viewed us.

We'd come here from the city, when Steve was made manager of the new branch bank. But though we'd welcomed the promotion, our roots had been torn up. Norwood is an old, established town where natives are born, not made. The grand opening of the bank had attracted the people, but it had not yet attracted their confidence.

"It takes time," Steve had said to me. "Public relations are built up gradually." And he'd begun putting his ideas into practice. When he heard that the Norwood Art Gallery planned a drive to raise funds he volunteered the bank's financial services and the committee accepted.

Then Mrs. F. Edward Iverson announced plans for the

Linda's parents were upset to see Mrs. Iverson ignore her childish sketches.

drive, and the newspaper published a picture of her and her committee. But the paper stated only that a "local bank" had volunteered to handle donations and invest them to provide income for the gallery. It failed to mention the name of the bank or that Steven Becker was the financial adviser.

That's when I decided that personal relations could help Steve, too. I began insisting that he invite the committee to have their meeting here.

"It isn't that you're competing just with other banks," I told Steve, "but with other bankers who've been here longer, whose names mean something. Now, if Mrs. Iverson thinks we're absolutely delightful people, she may invite us to one of her intimate dinner parties and . . ."

Steve grinned and shook his head. "Somehow I never thought of being very friendly with Mrs. Iverson."

Though he continued to shake his head, I kept insisting he invite them here. "Once they see us as a family, as a part of the community . . ."

Finally, when he realised I wouldn't give up, he gave in. "I won't say I'm convinced," he said. "But I'll concede—if you won't go to a lot of trouble."

"Oh, of course not!" I said. But of course I did.

Now as I saw Steve driving in, I leaned against the sink and watched him get out of the car. He stood for a moment, frowning down at his briefcase, but when he looked up and realised I was watching him he straightened his shoulders and smiled at me.

He came into the kitchen and glanced at the radish-roses, the linen napkins, the china cups. "Anybody'd think you were expecting the Queen," he said.

"Anybody'd be right," I said. "In this town Mrs. F. Edward Iverson is the queen!"

Steve was shaking his head again. "I shouldn't have let you do this," he said. "All Mrs. Iverson cares about is that I help her with her fund-raising."

"I know," I said. "But that isn't all I care about. I'm trying to help you get ahead."

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Lives of their own

By DOROTHY M. ROSE

THE grandfather clock chimed midnight, taking forever about it, and the clamor carried up the stairs to the front bedroom. The insomniac's companion, Marion thought, annoyed with herself. An hour's reading hadn't even induced drowsiness. But, sensibly, she slipped off her glasses, laid aside the book, punched her pillow, and flicked off the bedside light.

How many times in the nights of the past ten years, Marion wondered, tossing, had the old clock reminded her archly of the hour? Often, when she'd first been widowed. And frequently enough since. More, lately.

"Sleep on it, please, Marion . . ." Frank Maurer had asked of her earlier tonight when they'd parted downtown after a restaurant dinner.

But he'd made the request stiffly, she recalled, using dignity to cover his hurt, as though he recognised her refusal as final. She'd ached for him and for herself. There were just too many obstacles to a second marriage in both their lives. At their age he should realise it as she did.

Anyway, how could you sleep on something when you couldn't sleep? Marion lay tense, straining to catch the sound, when it should come, of her son's turning the car into the driveway. It wasn't really late. The high-school kids always danced a while in the gym after basketball games. And Bud was a good driver.

"I'm not a kid, Mum. I'm 18!" She could hear Bud's indignant protest if he came home and found her awake on his account. Just as Suzy had protested on so many occasions before him: after dates, after dances, and that last time.

Marion checked her mind from going over the pain of that again. It had all worked out all right, really, Suzy's marrying so young. Warren was a fine young man, a nice son-in-law.

The clock chimed the half-hour. Stick to pleasant thoughts! They were the proper prelude to woo sleep. She'd be a grandmother any day now, a grandmother! It was one of the most special relationships for a woman, all joy, all reward. In the darkness a smile played on Marion's lips. The last nine months had brought Suzy closer to her, too.

Parenthood didn't end just because kids grew up. It was a total lifelong commitment and properly so. She wouldn't let anything endanger it, not even Frank Maurer.

Both Bud and Suzy resented Frank, Marion could tell. It was in the way Suzy referred to Frank as "Mother's boyfriend." Bud called him "that guy." And there were Frank's married daughters to consider. When in their presence, Marion could detect, behind their surface pleasantness, definite embarrassment. Frank had been a widower little more than a year.

The sudden jangle of the phone beside her bed cut across Marion's thoughts. Instinctive alarm jerked her upright from the pillow, shook her hand that reached for the phone. Bud . . . ! The car . . . ! Suzy's voice wailed into Marion's ear. "Mother . . . !"

Such excitement as she hadn't thought possible in herself seized Marion as she listened. Hysteria rose in her, matching Suzy's. She forced herself to control it, to sort the pertinent information. Suzy's pains were five minutes apart; Warren couldn't get the car started; the taxi number kept giving busy signals.

"Yes, darling . . . !" Marion said, her

mind racing frantically. "Yes. Don't worry . . . ! I'll take care of everything. I'll be there in five minutes . . ."

She had to dial Frank Maurer's number twice, fumbling it the first time. "Stop for me first . . . !" she told him. "It's on the way."

At Suzy's she herded Warren and Suzy into the back seat with her. She became aware of Frank for only a moment when they all trooped into the lobby of the hospital. "Thank you," she said. "Oh, thank you. You go home, Frank. Warren and I will stay, of course . . ."

There was a waiting-room off the third-floor maternity wing. She and Warren half rose from their seats every time a nurse pattered along the hall. It seemed hours before one nurse came down the corridor to them. But it must have been much less, because Warren laughed shakily and said, "I've smoked five cigarettes. Five cigarettes and I'm a father . . ."

A boy, the nurse said. Then the doctor joined them and talked of the baby's weight and how Suzy had done just fine. And while the doctor was shrugging into his coat Marion saw the stretcher being wheeled along the hall.

Marion started toward it. Little Suzy! Her little Suzy . . . ! She reached for Suzy's left hand. But Suzy's right hand shot out to Warren, on the other side.

The doctor touched Marion's arm. "She's a little groggy and very tired. Her husband can have only a minute with her. I'd wait until tomorrow if I were you . . ."

Marion watched as they turned the stretcher into one of the rooms. For no reason she could explain she started to cry, irrationally, forlornly. It was only natural for Suzy and Warren not to know there was anyone else in the world at this moment, this special, private moment, their very own. But she felt shut out, alone.

Marion stood outside the nursery window once her grandson had been placed in his crib. Finally she dabbed her cheeks with a handkerchief and walked to the elevator. There was a telephone in the lobby that she could use to call a taxi.

Downstairs, heading toward the booth, Marion stopped in her tracks.

"Frank . . . !" she said, "but I thought you'd gone . . ."

"I have to know something, Marion," he said. "You needed someone tonight. You phoned me. I have to know whether it means anything. Why me?"

Marion flushed. She'd have called Frank in any event, but truth was Suzy had told her to.

The significance of it flashed now like a light. Of course! Why hadn't she realised it? The youngsters—Suzy, Bud, Frank's daughters—wanted things to stay as they'd always known them. But if those things changed they'd adjust soon enough. They had separate lives of their own.

Frank smiled at her tentatively, as though he walked on unsure ground. "I know you already turned me down. But you promised to sleep on it. I guess you haven't had much chance to sleep on it tonight . . ."

Tears blurred her vision again, probably because she was so tired. She blinked and let the tears roll down her cheeks, knowing he'd understand. Things like that could be shared between them from now on, all their own private, sacred things. She took Frank's arm, liking its feel. "I had just time enough . . ." she told him.

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

AS a child, LAURENCE CARROLL had lived with his parents, CONOR and GRACE, in a small Scottish village. During a rare visit from his cousin, TERENCE CARROLL, Laurie had learnt how his mother's Presbyterian family had rejected her when she had married Conor, an Irish Catholic.

Briefly, Laurie attended the village school under MR. ROGER, nicknamed PIN, but then the family moved to Ardfillan because of Conor's bad health. Against doctor's orders, Conor carried on building up an agency for a Dutch firm of yeast manufacturers, but within a short time he died of tuberculosis.

While Conor was sick, Laurie stayed with his UNCLE SIMON, parish priest at Port Cregan, and his housekeeper, MISS O'RIORDAN. Later, at the funeral, he met his other uncles, BERNARD and LEO, and Terence's sister, NORA. Returning to Ardfillan, Grace and Laurie move in with a MISS GREVILLE, who helps Laurie with his studies and introduces him to the game of cricket. She hints that she will help send him to a better school. But before this is arranged she goes out of her mind.

Grace plans to take a post as a music teacher and to send Laurie to live and work with Leo, a clothing merchant. But first she spends the last of their money on a holiday. Laurie is upset when his mother becomes infatuated with a MR. SOMMEN, who is only a waiter, although he claims to be a wealthy tobacco merchant. But Grace sends Mr. Sommen away and Laurie realises she has done this for his sake.

He then joins his Uncle Leo, but cannot see how the business can be profitable, and finds the food is very sparse and uninteresting. NOW READ ON.

Laurie found it hard to realise this attractive girl was his cousin, Nora.



DURING the weeks that followed it became evident that my uncle meant to keep me fully occupied, and as we were frequently together in these endeavors I had ample opportunity to observe this truly extraordinary man.

In the morning, on his instructions, I wrote most, though not all, of his letters. There was, of course, no typewriter in the office, recording machines were not at all to Leo's taste. Moreover, despite the diversities of Uncle's business, his correspondence was relatively modest, since the major portion of his affairs was conducted by word of mouth. Nor when he wrote did he trouble the penny post. I was sent to deliver his missives. When not engaged on such forenoon errands I remained on duty in the showroom draped in the inchoate and with a pencil behind my ear. I was now allowed to sell to the odd customer who came in that hour, provided ready money was produced on the spot. But the expeditions, which I took in Leo's company, were the most revealing of all.

Why did he take me? While using me to his best advantage I believe that a residual spark of conscience, faint survival of his early upbringing or perhaps a reluctant sense of obligation to my mother, induced him to try to give me some grounding in a commercial career or the "art" of business as he practised it. Thus, while so far he had excluded me from the rent collecting, managed by Annie and himself, he permitted me to accompany him to all the auctions he attended, and to the bonded warehouse at the docks.

At the right price Leo would buy anything, not bankrupt or salvaged stock of cloth alone, but any article whatsoever on which, immediately or in due course, he knew instinctively that he could make a profit.

Standing beside him in the crowded, raucous auction marts that opened off Argyle Street, I would gaze in wonder at his pale impassive face as with an almost imperceptible blink of his eyelids he increased by sixpence his bid for some incongruous object, which, if portable, I must carry back to join the jumble in the storage rooms upstairs. These rooms, on both sides of the upper corridor, were so choked to the ceilings it was difficult to open a door without being crowned by an outrush of piled-up furniture.

The auctions eventually proved wearisome to me, but I was never bored by our visits to what Leo referred to simply as "the excise." To enter our door in this building, which was officially sealed, two keys were necessary, one from Uncle's bunch, the other kept by the revenue officer. The array of barrels revealed in the dim light

of the frosted windows confounded me at first, not only from the number and size of these large receptacles, but because I had naturally expected Uncle's whisky to be stored in bottles — a view which he soon dispelled by explaining that the spirit would never mature unless contained in sherry or seasoned casks.

Here, then, was Leo's main business, his capital, his source of future profits. He bought whisky, bought at the right time, stored it free of excise duty, and as it ripened watched its value steadily increase. He was not only a shrewd buyer but a thoroughly expert blender.

How often I watched, fascinated, as he took half Highland and Lowland malts, a "taste" of Islay, and mixed these with a patent still whisky, the name of which he refused to divulge. Then, taking a measured sip, he would sample the blend by rolling it round his mouth and tongue, gargling almost in his throat, and finally, with a nod of approval and a hoarse expectoration, blow the whole swill out. As Annie had phrased it, he never let a drop down his gullet.

Even in those early days, Leo undoubtedly possessed unique and amazing foresight. He anticipated the danger of currency depreciation and placed his trust in property and whisky. Yet, as I became aware of his present and potential wealth, I couldn't help asking myself what on earth he got out of it. His life was a model of the dullest, most stringent and most utterly miserable austerity.

Then it dawned on me that for Leo the supreme enjoyment, the pinnacle of inner delight, lay in the secret knowledge of his own worth, under his pretence of penury. I have said that he never smiled. Yet sometimes when in conversation during some business deal he would emit a typical phrase, such as "I'm a poor man" or "I couldn't afford it" or "You could buy and sell me," I would observe a twitch, that faint transient convulsion of the lips, as though with immense difficulty he was suppressing delicious gusts of internal laughter.

Strangely, although I saw or surmised all this, and despite the exactions and deceptions he imposed upon me, I could not dislike him. Instead, as I gazed at his pale, peaked face, I felt an unaccountable rush of sympathy, and was disposed to pity him. This precisely was the emotion he sought to inspire, the triumph of all his guile, for it established and confirmed the character he had created within which the real Leo Carroll lived.

While life with Leo was not too onerous, my main problem centred on food. Uncle himself, apart from the patent foods toward which his faddism directed him, seemed

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Dramatic fifth instalment of our serial

By A. J. CRONIN

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1964



Skin care in the 7 sensitive teenage years

A clean, fresh complexion is one of life's most precious gifts to a girl, but it needs special care to keep it that way. Proper treatment in the seven sensitive teenage years not only helps to avoid skin blemishes, but lays the foundation for a lifetime of natural loveliness.

Teenagers for various biological reasons, are bothered with more complexion troubles than adults. Some teenagers' skin faults are made even worse by simple neglect; they don't wash often enough.

Cleansing with any good soap will help in these cases, but regular daily cleansing with Rexona Soap does something more towards solving complexion problems.

Rexona Soap will actually nourish the skin because it contains four medicated oils — oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, and Terebinth. These specially blended beauty oils cleanse deep down into the pores to lift ingrained dirt and stale cosmetics. At the same time, they have a gentle nourishing effect.

Remember that proper care of your complexion in the sensitive years can bring a lifetime of natural loveliness.

This is expressed in the radiant glow of a petal-soft skin. Incidentally Rexona Soap is as mild and fragrant as you could possibly wish.

Make sure you guard your natural loveliness with cool, jade-green Rexona Soap. It is one of the most important steps towards becoming the woman you want to be.

If you would like a free sample of Rexona Soap, write to G.P.O. Box 3359 Sydney, N.S.W.





Step ahead with
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Exciting news for housewives!



White hankie test proves new oven never gets dirty

Watch this revolutionary new Westinghouse oven rotisserie-roast a succulent dinner. Then take your finest hankie and wipe the oven walls with it. You'll find the hankie still so spotlessly clean you'll be quite happy to replace it in your purse for personal use.

It's a modern miracle you may want to see to believe—and your Westinghouse retailer will gladly arrange for you to do so. In this exclusive major "break-through," Westinghouse designers have achieved the most dramatic development in clean cooking since electricity and gas took over from the fuel stove . . . a rotisserie-roaster that is completely "spatter-free"; that browns vegetables; that roasts all meats—lamb, beef, veal, pork or poultry—yet never soils the oven and does all this so beautifully you'll forget baking dishes along with the chore of cleaning out a gooey oven. Big trade-ins and easy terms available at your Westinghouse retailer now!

POINTS OF OUTRIGHT SUPERIORITY IN ALL NEW WESTINGHOUSE RANGES

THEY'RE THE FASTEST. Australia's only ranges with a 1600 watt 6" hotplate that will boil 2 pints of water in only 6½ minutes—40% faster than other hotplates of similar size. Corox hotplates are made only by Westinghouse and are renowned for speed and trouble-free performance.

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EXCLUSIVE BOILER GRILL. Exclusive 2700 watt split boiler grill is the most powerful on any range in Australia. This extra power ensures superb grilling without the need to raise the grill pan for thin cuts. Better and faster griddle grilling and boiling on the top side, too.

THEY'RE THE CLEANEST. All rounded corners and smooth surfaces, plus a hinged oven element, make Westinghouse ovens easy-to-clean. In fact, Westinghouse ranges are easy-to-clean throughout. Lift-up hotplates, removable dress rings and spillage trays—the dished hob and special stain-resistant titanium porcelain enamel finish are features you will really appreciate.

Choose from these Westinghouse models:

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PCE 424 Fully Automatic with rotisserie	£179 17 6
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CABINETS	£16 15 0

Prices slightly higher in some areas.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1964

THE BEST WAY WITH ANNUALS



COLORFUL border of Zinnia linearis with its tiny brilliant orange flowers, and celosia, with dahlias, makes Mr. Gordon Butler's garden at Castle Hill, N.S.W., outstanding in spring.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 83

By R. H. ANDERSON

- Annuals give a brilliant display of flowers in a wide range of colors, produce quick results, and are invaluable as a source of cut flowers.

NEW and bare gardens can be brought to colorful life within a short time; annuals are a valuable stop-gap while perennials are establishing themselves.

Patches of them can be used for brightening the garden, but for good massed displays they must be grown in borders or beds.

Prepare the ground thoroughly. Enrich the beds with well-rotted manure or compost and a small amount of complete fertiliser.

If the soil is acid, apply lime or dolomite two or three weeks before manuring. It is desirable to allow the soil to settle before planting; if time is not available, the soil can be lightly compressed.

Many annuals can be sown direct, including phlox, cosmos, zinnia, nasturtium, gypsophila, portulaca, torenia, African marigold, salpiglossis, and balsam.

In most cases the seedlings will have to be thinned, and it is of advantage to do this twice, the first thinning leaving them about 1 in. apart and the second at a distance determined by the ultimate size of the variety grown.

If seedlings grown elsewhere are used they should be planted in cool, cloudy, or showery weather.

The beds should be well watered but with a light sprinkle so as not to compact the soil. For the first few days it is desirable to protect the young plants from sun and wind with

some overhead material such as hessian, sheets of paper, or leafy branches if this is practicable.

After the seedlings have become established their main needs are regular watering, weeding, and fertilising.

"A little and often" is the best rule for fertilising. Liquid manure is very good, and complete fertilisers can be applied either in solid or liquid form.

Height of growth is an important consideration in selecting varieties.

Low-growing species (up to 12 in.) include dwarf ageratum, alyssum, portulaca, petunia, phlox (dwarf varieties), and Zinnia linearis.

Those about 12-18 in. high include ageratum, aster, balsam, celosia, phlox, and salvia (dwarf varieties).

Moderately tall species (2-3 ft.) are antirrhinum, celosia, African marigold, salpiglossis, salvia, zinnia, calliopsis.

The tallest include cosmos and amaranthus.

CHOOSE FROM THESE

HERE is a list of annuals most commonly grown in beds and borders:

AGERATUM: Medium and dwarf varieties with flowers soft blue or mauve. Unusual color, attractive when massed.

ALYSSUM: Hardy, free-flowering dwarf plants very suitable for edging. "Carpet of Snow" (white), "Violet Queen" (light violet), and "Lilac Queen" are good varieties. Colors can be grown separately or in mixtures.

AMARANTHUS: Grown for the bright foliage in combinations of red,

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 85



ZINNIAS, above, are unsurpassed as summer-flowering annuals.



ESCHSCHOLTZIA (California poppy) thrives in sunny hot places. Sow direct in spring and summer. These pictures were taken at Yates Trial Grounds, Castle Hill.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 84

yellow, and green. Will stand hot dry conditions. Hybrid strain gives best color range.

ANTIRRHINUM (snapdragon): One of the best garden plants, hardy, long-flowering with many delightful colors. Revels in new soil sweetened with lime or dolomite. Often susceptible to rust, but resistant strains are available. Tall and medium varieties.

ASTER: Lovely flowers richly colored or with pastel shades. Prefer sandy loams and open sunny position. Water liberally during dry weather and mulch if possible. Subject to wilt, but Giant Crego varieties are resistant.

BALSAM: Excellent for massing in sunny and semi-shaded positions, sheltered from wind. Prefers rich, well-manured soil, plenty of water. Available in pink, red, orange, white, mauve.

CALLIOPSIS: Free-flowering, in yellows and browns. Hardy in most soils but prefers sunny position.

CELOSIA: Feathery flowers in plume-like heads in shades of crimson, scarlet, and gold. Prefers sunny position and good soil, but tolerant of many conditions.

COCKSCOMB: Showy plants with quaint flower-heads like a crest or comb.

COSMOS: Tall (sometimes up to 6 ft.), easily grown in most soils, but needs shelter from heavy winds. Not very commonly grown, but excellent for cut flowers and backgrounds. Pinks and whites with newer varieties, orange ("Mandarin") or crimson and rose ("Mammoth singles").

DIMORPHOTHECA: Brilliant tones of yellow, orange, and red. Likes a warm, sunny position.

GALLARDIA: Free-flowering and tolerant of most conditions. Comes quickly into bloom.

GOMPHRENA: Purple long-lasting flowers in rounded heads massed on compact plants. Prefers sunny site, fair soil. "Little Buddy" is a good dwarf.

GYPHOPHILA: Slender plant with dainty branching heads of small, white

flowers, useful for decoration. Likes well-prepared soils dressed with lime.

MARIGOLD (AFRICAN): Showy plants tolerating poor conditions, but responding to better soils and reasonable watering. Sunny, sheltered positions are best. "Cracker Jack" and "Guinea Gold" have rich orange or deep gold blooms.

PETUNIA: Sun-loving plants, standing dry conditions and one of the most dependable summer annuals. Quickly in bloom and excellent for bedding. Best soil is a rich sandy loam. Single types with wide range of colors, or large-flowered fringed varieties which are more open-growing and require more attention.

PHLOX: One of the most popular because of its colorful displays, hardiness, and suitability for bedding. Will grow in most soils, but prefers a moderately rich sandy loam and a place in the sun. Star-shaped varieties give a contrast.

PORTULACA: Gay little plants which open only for the sun. Revel in warm, rather dry situations, but need watering in dry weather. Many colors from white to orange and scarlet.

SALPIGLOSSIS: A delightful, rather unusual plant with wide range of colors and attractive veining in petals. Most soils, in open sunny positions, but add some well-rotted manure.

SALVIA: A perennial, but usually grown as an annual. Fiery scarlet flowers, produced over a long period, make it ideal for bedding.

TORENIA: A beautiful little plant of compact growth with blue flowers marked with yellow and purple. Very useful for bedding or borders. Most soils, but likes sun and good drainage.

VISCARIA: Dainty flowers in pastel shades of blue, pink, and white. Most soils, in warm sunny places.

ZINNIA: Very popular, brilliantly colored flowers, the varieties ranging from tall to dwarfs. Requires a warm, open position. Many varieties.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 86



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Continued from page 27

He patted my shoulder. "Good girl," he said. "Today I could use a head." He sat down on the kitchen stool and rubbed his hands across his eyes.

It was a familiar sight. With all his work at the bank he'd volunteered to write an interpretation of the gallery's finances, to be used by the women in talks before civic groups. Since coming to Norwood, Steve had spent his evenings bent over financial reports while I helped Linda with her homework.

Now we heard the bathroom door open and Linda came running up the hall. Her terry-cloth robe was pulled around her, and her bare feet made wet prints on the linoleum as she ran to hug her father.

At eight, Linda wears her father's features as if they were hand-me-downs still too large for her. And though the dark brown eyes, the wide forehead give Steve the appearance of strength, they give Linda the shy, vulnerable look of a fawn.

"And Linda's going to show Mrs. Iverson some of her sketches," I said to Steve. "I read in the morning paper that they're going to sponsor an exhibit of children's art."

Linda has always liked to draw, but since we moved here she has developed a kind of urgency about it, always working to have a new sketch to take to school. Then she discovered that the Norwood "News" carried a column called "Uncle Ted's Treasure Chest," in which he awarded a daily prize for the best sketch. We'd addressed many an envelope to Uncle Ted.

Now Linda's dark eyes clouded. "Uncle Ted never likes my sketches," she said.

"Well, I'll bet Mrs. Iverson will," I said. It would mean so much to her if Mrs. Iverson would recommend one for the exhibit!

I finished decorating the sandwich tray, wiped up the linoleum, and went to button Linda into her blue dress. Then I zipped up my black sheath, set the fresh flowers on the table by our picture window, and at four o'clock opened wide the draperies on the Becker home.

Then a sleek blue car was pulling up behind our car, and three women were being led up the drive by a tall, silver-haired woman who carried a portfolio. Obviously she was Mrs. F. Edward Iverson.

Suddenly a wave of stage fright engulfed me. Oh, come now, I chided myself, don't be ridiculous! Mrs. Iverson isn't the only person in Norwood!

But at that moment it seemed she was the only important one. She entered the room first, shook hands with Steve, with me, and said "Hello, dear" to Linda and took the straight chair beside the coffee table. She was opening her portfolio even as the other women were settling themselves in a row on the sofa. I asked if they would prefer having tea now, during their discussion.

Mrs. Iverson murmured, "Thank you" and the others gave their unanimous approval.

As I passed the napkins Steve was reading his suggestions for the talks to the civic clubs. When I returned with the tea tray Mrs. Iverson was explaining that the talks should open on a serious note, not on the light one Steve suggested.

"Our purpose is not to entertain them, Mr. Becker, but to instruct them in the finances of the gallery."

She suggested that Steve use a quotation based on Van Gogh or Picasso.

ROSES FOR DINNER

Steve nodded, picked up his pen, and crossed out his opening paragraph.

I hoped someone would say, "But most talks open with a little humor..." The room was silent.

Well, if she likes Picasso, I thought, maybe she'll like my abstract on a sandwich tray. And I gave it to Linda to pass.

Linda walked to Mrs. Iverson, held out the tray, and watched as she selected an open-face sandwich. Then Linda pointed to my artwork. "Take one of these," she whispered. "They're supposed to be roses."

Mrs. Iverson smiled and shook her head. "I'm allergic to radishes, dear."

Linda sank down on the sofa. "What's the despair?" she said.

I sank down beside her. I wanted to clasp her in my arms, to weep for her and with her. Despair, I thought, is to lose confidence in yourself, to lose your feeling of identity. And a hundred years is a long time to persevere.

Steve had returned to his chair and was frowning over his notes.

"Oh, Steve," I said, "do you have to start working now?"

He was pencilling through his notes. "Well, she didn't think my work was so great either," he said, and his voice sounded tired.

"But I have to keep trying," he said. "You want me to get ahead, don't you?"

What have I done? I thought. I've put my family on exhibition, leaving them vulnerable to Mrs. Iverson's opinion, as if it were her judgment that mattered. I had thought she could help us establish our identity in a new town. But she had shown me how I could do it.

Finally I said, "Of course I do, Steve. But not tonight. Tonight let's just enjoy the head you have!"

I got up from the sofa then, went back to Linda's room, and got her sketches. I spread them on the floor.

"Now, Miss Linda Becker," I said, "you judge the best one. Whichever you choose will be awarded a picture frame and hung on this wall!"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Linda continued to stand there looking at Mrs. Iverson while I tried to get her eye and motion her to set the tray on the table.

I restrained an impulse to walk over and hug her, even to hug Steve, to say, "It's all right, it's all right." But nothing was going right. The whole atmosphere was wrong. Now I knew that this was no time for Linda to show her sketches. I must find some way of explaining this quickly, quietly to Linda. I motioned her to follow me to the kitchen.

SHE set the tray down, but she didn't follow me. She walked down the hall, and before I realised what she was thinking she had returned with a stack of sketches clasped in her arms and placed them on Mrs. Iverson's lap.

"These are my sketches," she said.

Mrs. Iverson was talking to Steve, but she took the interruption graciously. "And you want to be an artist some day?"

Linda's eyes widened. "I want to be one now."

"How nice," Mrs. Iverson said. Then, glancing briefly at the top one, she lifted the stack of papers, set them on the floor beside her chair, and turned back to Steve.

Linda stood for a moment, her hands hanging limp at her sides. Then, very slowly, she knelt on the floor and gathered up her sketches, then rose and walked back to her room. She did not come out again until the front door had closed behind our guests.

As they drove away I could not look at Steve. I wanted to say, "I'm sorry I interfered, Steve. I was trying to help." But if I tried to speak I would cry.

And then Linda appeared beside me, looking up at me with solemn eyes. "Mama, she didn't even see my sketches."

I forced myself to smile. "Well, don't feel too bad, darling," I said. "She didn't see my roses, either."

Steve was picking up his notes, clipping them together. He walked over and patted us on the head. "Now, don't despair, girls," he said. "Sometimes it takes a hundred years for artists to be recognised."

Then he lifted his head and looked at me, and suddenly in his dark eyes was a fleeting expression, very familiar, very close to my heart. The look of the fawn was there, too, only older.

"Why, honey," I said. "You're hurt by the critics, too."

His eyes were wide and solemn and vulnerable. "Isn't everybody?"

And I thought, Yes, everybody is. All of us are sensitive to another's appraisal. No matter who we are, where we go, we spend much of our lives exhibiting ourselves in one way or another, as if our very beings were dependent on how others judge us.

Steve watched his daughter as she sat down on the floor, cupped her chin in her hand, and began studying her sketches. Then he looked up at me and smiled, for now he knew what I was trying to say.

I said, "Perhaps judgment, like charity, should begin at home."

Then I closed the draperies over that wide expanse of glass, got out three cups, and replenished the sandwich tray.

And that was the night when, for a few precious hours, we were that delightful Becker family who sketch beautiful pictures . . . and make happy talk . . . and dine on roses.

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WA 270

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1964



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MAKE THESE NEW SNACKS *Soupersnacks* SERVE 'EM WITH DELICIOUS

Continental soup

BRAND



Baked Corn Tomatoes: Cut the top off a big red tomato—scoop out the inside. Half fill with chopped cooked bacon then fill up with sweet corn. Replace the top. What a snack! Go one better. Make that snack a *Soupersnack*—serve it with rich-tasting Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup.



Tongue Cornets: Fold iced slices of tongue into little cone shapes. Fill with a tasty mixture of hard-boiled eggs mashed with mayonnaise. Garnish with a slice of sweet dill pickle. Mmm! Now make that snack a *Soupersnack*—serve with luscious Continental brand Thick Vegetable Soup.



Egg Prawn Toasties: Place a steaming poached egg on a slice of hot buttered toast. Top with warm peeled prawns and fresh-chopped parsley. Delectious! But wait! Make that snack a *Soupersnack*—serve it with tangy Continental brand French Onion Soup.



Cheese Apple Grill: Place slices of ham between grilled apple rings. Top with a thin slice of strong cheese. Melt under grill. Perfection? You can even improve on it! Make that snack a *Soupersnack*—serve with new, spicy Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup (it's Mexican Style!).



Nothing makes a snack taste so good as *Continental* soup
More Soupersnack recipes at your store — Look for the free Continental brand leaflet!

A granny finds life CAN begin at 50

By M. ABELSON,

a former Australian widow who is now a Canadian housewife

● Just because you have passed your 50th birthday and possibly are a grandmother, don't be content to be one of life's onlookers. Life CAN begin at 50, as I've recently had the joy of finding out for myself.

WHEN I reached 50 I was an ordinary, average suburban housewife, mother of three sons and a daughter (all married, with homes and young families of their own), and my husband, a few years older than myself, had a secure, fairly lucrative job.

I began to feel I'd done my job in life in raising my family.

Now I could begin to take things easy — visit the hairdresser once a week, watch my diet, enjoy my grandchildren, and grow old gracefully and with a full measure of contentment.

Suddenly my whole life changed.

I became a widow, and a few months after my husband's death my eldest son was transferred overseas, taking his wife and three little girls with him.

Life toppled

Then my youngest son and his wife settled in the far north of Australia, many hundreds of miles from me, and the structure of my life seemed to topple.

Fortunately, as it turned out, circumstances made it necessary for me to earn a living if I did not want to become a responsibility on my children.

I got a job as a matron of a theological college, and, after several months, life seemed to have regained some stability.

I lived in a pleasant flat in lovely surroundings, and I had congenial, intelligent people to work with, as well as a fairly full social life.

Despite all this I still felt very much alone at times. Then one evening, at a friend's home, I met a Canadian who was making a stopover in Melbourne during a world tour.

When he returned to Canada, we corresponded for some months, and then came his big letter, asking me to marry him.

But such an adventure was not for a homebody like me, and so with a regretful sigh I just put the letter and idea away.

Then, womanlike, I took another look, and realised

that I could not dismiss it as readily as I'd thought.

I mentioned it to my sister, and then to my daughter. We began to discuss it, and soon I began to feel it was not such a fantastically impossible thing after all.

With today's air travel, distance is not the problem it used to be, we argued. It was only a matter of money.

During one of these discussions, I was struck by the wisdom of something my daughter said.

"I'd miss you terribly," she said. "But you have the choice of having a life of your own or living on the fringe of ours. I hope I'm unselfish enough to want you to have what's best for you, not us."

My sons' comments are worth recording, too. The eldest, whose job had been constantly taking him on trips to other countries, wrote:

"You'll miss your own

what has proved to be a most wonderful experience and a happy new life.

During autumn and the long, wet winter, we live in the Fraser Valley, some 30 miles from Vancouver.

Our house looks out across the valley to the snow-covered peaks known as The Golden Ears. And our life, with a few exceptions, is very much the same as I had in Australia.

But in spring all this changes.

Then we head north to our cabin perched on a tiny half-moon bay of a long inlet (or fiord, as many of the Scandinavians in these parts call them) on the rugged west coast of Canada.

Here, from my kitchen window, looking out to the mountain forest of spruce, cedar, and hemlock, which grows within six feet of the cabin at the back, I can watch chipmunks and squirrels at play.

From the front, where the salmon berry bushes grow

FAMILY AFFAIRS

country and people, especially the Australian bush, which is the most beautiful in the world. But you will find endless interest and pleasure in discovering new places and people, so go to it, and good luck."

My second said bluntly, but affectionately: "You're a bit of a nuisance going away to live, because there'll be times when I'll want to talk to you, when no one else will do."

"But if you feel you can again have the companionship and care you had with Dad, I guess that's the best I could wish you. Just remember to come home and see us sometimes, so the kids will know they have a grandmother."

The youngest one's comments were pithy and to the point:

"After 30 years of thinking of us, you're entitled to think of yourself for a change. So have your fling. You're only young twice, they say."

I was proud of their mature and unselfish attitude, and after some further hesitation I took the plunge into

right to the rocky water's edge below, the tiny, gaily colored humming-birds dart to and fro, while the blue jay voices its disapproval.

Walking along the high boardwalk which skirts the bay from our cabin to the main fishing camp, I sometimes see a brown bear on the rocks scrounging for fish.

I spend days out on the water in my husband's gill-net boat, watching the salmon fleet spreading their huge nets to harvest the silver hoards of valuable sockeye, and later coho, salmon.

Dressed in blue jeans, a blouse, and with a jaunty cap on my head and scuffs on my feet, I cook dinner on the small, but efficient, oil-stove in the cabin.

I have met many interesting people of different nationalities and callings, and I have been fascinated by the Indian women.

I've watched them doing their incessant washing, for which they seem to have a passion and use gallons of bleach in the process, or deftly mending nets and hanging new lines on them.

I bake my own bread in

a fuel stove. My first attempt was a disaster, and my second not much better, but now I can produce a fine loaf.

This summer, when the camp was without a cook, I undertook the job of providing for 15 to 20 hungry men with three meals a day, seven days a week for 11 weeks, with only the help of a lively half-Indian boy of 14 — something I would never have believed myself capable of in my younger days.

True, I have been homesick and lonely for my family at times, but I have at least had the understanding and comfort of my husband.

I have also, on occasions, been made to feel an outsider when people have remarked on my "English" accent or my habit of drinking tea instead of coffee for breakfast.

But even this, I feel, is valuable experience, enriching my life with a broader and more tolerant understanding of people.

In writing this, I am not suggesting that all women who find their lives rather pointless after their families have ceased to be dependent on them should take off overseas.

This, I realise, is not for everyone.

Not too late

What I do say is that there is still lots of interest and adventure in life right where you are — no matter what your age or position — if you just attempt things you've always longed to try.

I always wanted to write, but lacked the courage and time. Now I've begun by putting my experiences into book form.

Maybe no publisher will ever think it worth a hoot, but I'm getting lots of relaxation and satisfaction in doing it.

Most of us have said, during those years which are so busy with looking after our families: "How I'd love to learn dressmaking (or some such thing), but I never have time."

Well, it's not too late, girls. You have the time now. Don't make your age the excuse for not trying. I've proved for myself that life can begin at fifty.

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Hair beauty consultant writes

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Anne Bryant

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Gifts for a patient

I AGREE with Mrs. Jamieson that stamps, envelopes, and writing paper are more acceptable hospital gifts than fruit and flowers. But I think my idea is even better. For years now I have always taken letter-cards and an inexpensive ball-point pen. So often a sick person doesn't feel equal to more than will fit on a letter-card, and their being already stamped means less trouble again.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. J. Bloink, Ceres, Vic.

HAS Mrs. Jamieson ever been in hospital, I wonder? I have, for 12 months. Give me flowers. When I was feeling weary or full of pain, just to look at the glorious flowers was a tonic. I think the most welcome sight is to see the flowers come into the ward.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Dickinson, Como, W.A.

ADD to your list of gifts for hospital patients a tiny tube of hand-cream or face-freshener pads. Both are different and extremely welcome. For someone who has been very sick, have you thought of including "comics"? I hadn't, until I saw a woman buying them from the newsboy. She noticed my amazement and explained that books tired her, were unwieldy, and difficult to have changed. With the comics she could glance through a series of pictures at a time.

£1/1/- to "Common Sense" (name supplied), Holbrook, N.S.W.

FLOWERS are very nice but mean a lot of extra work for the junior nurses, as I found out during a stay in hospital. Since then I have sent floral novelties of plastic flowers, or gifts of colored face tissues and a bag to put them in. A packet of thank-you notes and pen also enables the patient to reply to kindness shown while she's free from responsibility—for, in many instances, there's little time once she's home again.

£1/1/- to "Ex-Patient" (name supplied), Brisbane.

I AM in hospital myself, though, I must admit, for a happy occasion—our first babe. And do you know what has been the nicest part? Receiving lovely bunches of flowers and gay baskets of fruit—something I never normally receive. The writing paper, etc., that I'm using, I bought in with me, for of course I knew I'd want to write a few letters. No, flowers and fruit are not merely acceptable—they're definitely wonderful.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Pamela van Gerven, Wollongong, N.S.W.

Reading guidance

RECENT censorship of children's books has brought attention to the need for parental supervision of reading. It is up to the parents to point out the good and bad qualities of stories and to teach the child to be critical of what he reads. A child should not be left to believe everything he sees and hears. It won't take the enjoyment out of reading to know that such and such a character is weak; it will train him to be discerning. In later years he will not fall prey to a smooth line of sales talk, propaganda won't lead him to take unwise actions. He will see life in the correct perspective and recognise the good as well as the bad for what it is.

£1/1/- to J. Strautins, Medina, W.A.

Husbands expect them to work

I FIND disquieting the attitude of an increasing number of young husbands toward their working wives. My concern is not that doing two jobs has become the accepted pattern for young wives, but that it has become the accepted thing by their husbands. Obviously many young men feel no necessity for worthwhile saving before marriage if their wives can be expected to help bring in the bacon—and cook it as well.

£1/1/- to "Working Wife" (name supplied), Wollongong, N.S.W.

With the gift came a poem

WHEN I was married, my mother-in-law, among her other contributions, made us a gift of money. With it she sent this verse:

*You may use it or blue it or glue yourselves to it,
But make it yield interest through pleasure or gain,
Don't lend it or rend it or let The Man spend it,
And lay a bit by you to keep off the rain.*

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. L. Moore, Klemzig, S.A.

For mothers of redheads

WHEN my son was tiny I was horrified when his uncle called him "Bluey," and rebuked him. His answer was, "You may not like hearing him called names like that now, but he will get them when he goes to school. If he is not used to them, he will be upset, and the other children will tease him. Let him get used to them while he is young and he won't be bothered by them later." I took his advice and it worked, and now I would like to pass it on to mothers of other redheaded children.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Fairbrother, Colac, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

A LADY I know—we shall call her Mrs. Hawkins—who is in the early forties, was approached in a shop by a smartly dressed girl.

The girl said: "I wonder if you would mind giving us your opinions on soap? We are making a survey, restricted to women under 40."

Mrs. Hawkins was so pleased to be taken for under 40 that she agreed at once to give her opinions. She was conducted to a nearby office.

The first thing asked was what soap she used. When she said "Beauto," the young lady looked disappointed.

"Why do you use Beauto?" she asked. "Is it for skin care?"

Mrs. Hawkins said: "No, what I like is the way bits of it stick together. You know those little pieces that are left when a cake of soap is nearly used up? Well, with Beauto you can stick two or three of them together and keep on using them."

After some more questions the young lady gave Mrs. Hawkins a cake of soap (not Beauto). Mrs. Hawkins, at least, was happy.

This is a busy period for question-

OPINIONS, PLEASE

naires and surveys and opinion polls.

At any time of day you can be asked almost anything. It may be what you think of President Johnson or whether you approve of shortie pyjamas.

Personally I enjoy being asked these questions. It is flattering, and



unusual, to have some one keen to know my opinions.

The most interesting survey held lately was one in which questions were put to children three and four years old.

It followed a concert given for them by Mr. Dean Dixon, the new director of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

This concert was a charming idea,

and everyone present seems to have had a lot of fun. Afterwards the A.B.C. sent a list of questions to kindergarten teachers, who put them to the children and their parents.

One thing asked was: Did the child recall any particular instrument?

The answers to this were not quite reassuring. By far the most popular instrument were the drums. The concert may inspire the tots to beat drums at home louder than ever.

Another question sought to find what items, if any, the children talked about next day.

The only one they mentioned was "Happy Birthday"; which was rather a snub for Bach and Beethoven.

The most encouraging replies were given to the question: Was there unusual bedwetting after the concert?

None at all was reported. It would have been unfortunate if classical music were found to have this effect.

The pleasing thing about this questionnaire is that it shows children are getting used to opinion polls at an early age.

They will be able to answer confidently later on when they are quizzed on politics or soap.



LIBERATION

• When a French husband sued for divorce because his wife refused to wash his shirts or mend his socks the judge ruled that modern customs allowed a married woman to avoid laundering and darning.

*If distastefully you view them
(Tasks like darning, washing shirts),
Don't. You aren't obliged to do them,
So the thoughtful judge asserts.
Husbands restive? Leave or sue them.
Freedom's flag the court unfurls!
Just be sure you do not rue them
When they find some kinder girls.*

—DOROTHY DRAIN

Knitting needles 37 years old

MY bamboo knitting needles were bought in 1927 and have knitted for my children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Also for bazaars, charities, etc., and they are never without a garment on them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Gale, Black Rock, Vic.

She slept with the coffins

GIRLS inclined to complain about their jobs should ponder on this: my aged grandmother, at 13, worked as a domestic for an undertaker's wife. The working hours were very long, and she had to help care for five children, as well as other duties. Her wages were 2/6 a week and meals. Her room was where the coffins were stored.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. (name supplied), Bankstown, N.S.W.

The cook kept her secrets

AT a picnic I told the donor of a tart how much my husband and I had enjoyed it and asked her what was in the filling. She said she does not give her recipes away. As a housewife of only several months, I am wondering if this is usual among older, experienced cooks. I would be proud to give a recipe and don't expect ever to change.

£1/1/- to "Asking" (name supplied), Torquay, Qld.



GF84-64

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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents

SUMMER KNITTING AND CROCHET



VIOLET TRIM:
Belle-of-the-beach bag and hat are crocheted in raffia straw with a posy of violets, also crocheted, for trimming. Hat and bag are worked in double crochet. Directions page 2.

● Eighteen bright, new, fashion-conscious styles for summer in all the latest yarns and colors, with how-to-make directions, are featured in this eight-page lift-out book. Start them now.



RIBBON TRIM:
Multicolor ribbons of raffia add a this-minute look to a basic summer twosome. Harmonise colors with your new bathing suit, or choose a single, solid color for town wear. See page 2.

VIOLETS AT THE BEACH

(Violet hat and bag shown in color on page 1)

Crochet shift

(Shown in color on page 4)

HAT
Materials: 20 pieces Tura-Bast Brilliant raffia; No. 6 Aero crochet hook; 2-3rd yd. grosgrain ribbon.
Tension: 3 ch. to lin. approx.

TO MAKE
Use raffia double throughout. Work into one loop of st. only, but be careful to take up the 2 strands.

Begin at crown centre with 4 ch. Join into ring with sl-st. 1st Round: 2 ch. as 1 d.c., 15 d.c. into ring, join with sl-st. into top of 2 ch. (16 sts.). Begin and end every foll. round as 1st round.

2nd Round: D.c. (16 sts.). 3rd Round: (1 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (24 sts.).

4th Round: (2 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (32 sts.).

5th Round: (3 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (40 sts.).

6th Round: (3 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (50 sts.).

7th Round: (2 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (66 sts.).

8th Round: D.c. to end (66 sts.).

9th Round: (2 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (88 sts.).

10th and 11th Rounds: D.c. to end (88 sts.).

12th Round: (6 d.c., 1 dec.) to end (77 sts.).

13th Round: (5 d.c., 1 dec.) to end (66 sts.).

14th to 21st Rounds: D.c. to end (66 sts.).

22nd Round: (2 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (88 sts.).

23rd Round: D.c. to end (88 sts.).

24th Round: (3 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (110 sts.).

25th Round: D.c. to end (110 sts.).

26th Round: (4 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (132 sts.).

27th to 31st Rounds: D.c. to end (132 sts.).

32nd Round: (5 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (154 sts.).

33rd Round: D.c. to end (154 sts.).

34th Round: Working in opposite direction to previous rounds, d.c. to end (154 sts.). Fasten off, leaving one end a few in. long for weaving, the other long enough to stitch loosely up inside back of hat to neaten joining ch.

TO FINISH OFF

Cut grosgrain ribbon to required size and stitch to head line. If larger head fitting desired, steam hat and stretch very gently to fit headband. For extra firmness, stitch fine wire to brim edge with matching raffia, oversewing into each d.c. loop.

BAG

Materials: 26 pieces mauve, 4 pieces violet Tura-Bast Brilliant raffia; No. 6 crochet hook; ½ yd. lining fabric.

Measurements: 14½ in. by 12½ in.

TO MAKE

Use raffia doubled throughout. Work into one loop of st. only, but be careful to take up the 2 strands.

With mauve, work 48 ch. (side of bag).

1st Row: 2 ch. as 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch. to end (48 sts.). Turn with 2 ch.

2nd to 39th Rows: D.c. to end, turn with 2 ch. Be sure to keep each row to 48 sts. Fasten off, leaving long ends for making up. Work another piece the same.

Steam pieces, pull to shape without too much stretching, matching for size. With a 1st

and last row tog. at each side, join with d.c.—approx. 46 sts. along bottom, 3 at each corner, and matching st. for st. along sides.

TOP TRIM

Work 80 ch. with violet. Next Row: 2 ch. as 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch. to end, 2 ch., sl-st. into 1st ch. on opp. side of foundation ch., 1 d.c. into same st., 1 d.c. into each st. along opp. side of foundation ch. Join with sl-st.; fasten off, leaving end for making up.

HANDLES

Leaving 15 in. end, work 56 ch. with violet.

Next Row: 2 ch. as 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each st. to 2nd last, 5 d.c. into last st., 1 d.c. into each st. on opp. side of foundation ch., 4 d.c. into last st. Join with sl-st.; fasten off, leaving 15 in. end.

Make another piece the same. In same way work 2 pieces 13 in. long in mauve, starting with 40 ch.

Steam all four pieces and stretch to full extent (21 in. violet, 14½ in. mauve).

Right sides facing, join tog. 1 piece each color for each handle, leaving violet overlap at each end and oversewing along both sides.

Sew handles firmly to outside of bag about 2½ in. from sides with end of mauve strip about ½ in. down from top. Stitch violet ends lightly down centre. Sew trimming round top of bag about ½ in. down from edge and stitching along both sides. Insert lining and stitch to bag ½ in. from top.

POSY

Materials: One piece each violet, gold, and green Tura-Bast

Brilliant raffia (enough for 2 posies); No. 8 crochet hook; tapestry needle.

Use raffia single throughout.

Flowers: Make 11 violet and 3 mauve flowers. Use mauve left over from bag or hat.

Leaving 3 in. end, work 3 ch. Join into ring with sl-st.

Next Round: Work 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c., 5 ch., 1 d.c., 5 ch., 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into ring; join with sl-st. into 1st d.c. Fasten off, leaving 3 in. end.

Cut 16 in. green and 4 in. gold. Thread tapestry needle with green and draw up to half length through base of d.c. at left of 3 ch., then, leaving a little slack, draw needle down through d.c. at right of 3 ch.

Next draw gold up to half length through flower centre, fold twice over green, then down through centre. Twist gold and violet (or mauve) ends together at centre back of flower; fold green ends over them, one each way, for lin., then tie firmly twice. Trim flower ends, leaving ½ in. Leave green strands for stalks.

Leaf: Allow 7 in. end, work 3 ch. Join into ring with sl-st.

Next Round: 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c., 5 ch., 1 d.c., 6 ch., 1 d.c., 5 ch., 1 d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c.

Next Round: 4 d.c. into each of 1st 3 loops, 5 d.c. into next loop, 4 d.c. into last 3 loops, sl-st. into 1st d.c. Fasten off, leaving 7 in. to tie with other end as stalk. Make a second leaf.

Arrange flowers and leaves in posy; tie firmly with green raffia, leaving ends for extra stalks. Run strand of violet raffia loosely round outside shape of posy, catching at back of flowers and leaves.

which is between 8th and 9th rounds from edge. With corn, back-st. ribbons into place above knots, weaving into wrong side of hat between sts. Trim to desired length.

BAG

Materials: 24 pieces Corn Tura-Bast Brilliant raffia (trim colors for hat are sufficient for bag as well); No. 6 Aero crochet hook; ½ yd. lining fabric; tapestry needle.

Measurements: Finished bag is 12 in. by 15 in.

Use raffia double throughout, working into one loop of st. only, but being careful to take up both strands.

Begin with 76 ch. at bag top. Join into ring with sl-st., making sure ch. is not twisted.

1st Round: 2 ch. as 1 d.c., d.c. to end, join with sl-st. in top of 1st 2 ch. (76 sts.).

Begin and end each round as 1st round.

2nd to 7th Rounds: As 1st round.

8th Round: 10 d.c., 18 ch., miss 18 d.c. of previous round, 20 d.c., 18 ch., miss 18 d.c. of previous round, 10 d.c.

9th to 12th Rounds: D.c. to end, taking in 36 ch. of 9th round (76 sts.). (Slits serve as handles.)

13th Round: 11 d.c., 1 inc. (82 sts.).

14th Round: D.c. to end (82 sts.).

15th Round: (9 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (90 sts.).

16th, 17th, 18th Rounds: D.c. to end (90 sts.).

19th Round: 9 d.c., 1 inc. (99 sts.).

20th Round: D.c. with inc. in 24th st. (100 sts.).

21st to 38th Rounds: D.c. to end (100 sts.).

Turn bag inside out, cont. with raffia, join along base with 1 d.c. into each pair loops, matching st. for st. Fasten off. Fold top to inside as far as handle slits (7th Round) and oversew, matching st. for st., along top of handle slits. Strengthen at corners by oversewing and stitch along between handle slits.

TRIM

Cut 6 pieces 26 in. long of lime-green and 4 pieces each of 3 other colors. Run thumb along to open out. With 2 strands of matching color, thread tapestry needle up through 1st 2 sts. in 2 rows below handle, then down through adjoining sts. in same 2 rows. Cont. thus, arranging colors as follows: lime - green, golden - yellow, mauve, cyclamen, then reversing that order, making lime-green the centre color. Knot each group of 4 ends just below the 10th and 11th rounds from base. Stitch ribbons in place above knots, using Corn, and weaving it into bag on wrong side. Make lining to fit bag base, pleating it in to top. Stitch ½ in. below handle slits.

ABBREVIATIONS

Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; sl-st., slip-stitch; tr., treble crochet; st (s), stitch(es); tog., together; inc., increase — by working twice into 1 st.; dec., decrease — by working 1 d.c. into 2 sts. tog., inserting hook first into 2nd st., then into 1st.

RIBBON TRIM

(Shown in color on page 1)

HAT

Materials: 14 pieces Corn Tura-Bast Brilliant raffia; No. 6 Aero crochet hook; 1 piece each golden-yellow, cyclamen, lime-green, and mauve for trim.

Use raffia double throughout, working into one loop of st. only, but being careful to take up both strands.

Begin at crown centre with 3 ch.

1st Round (right side): 2 ch. as 1 d.c., 2 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 3 d.c. into next ch., 2 d.c. into other side of next ch., 2 d.c. into st. at base of 2 ch. as 1 d.c., join with sl-st. into top of 2 ch. (10 sts.).

Begin and end each foll. round as 1st round.

2nd Round: D.c., inc. in every st. (20 sts.).

3rd Round: D.c. (20 sts.).

4th Round: 1 d.c. into 1st, 4th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 14th, 17th, 20th sts., inc. in all others (32 sts.).

5th, 6th Rounds: D.c. (32 sts.).

7th Round: (3 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (40 sts.).

8th Round: D.c. (40 sts.).

9th Round: (4 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (48 sts.).

10th, 11th Rounds: D.c. to end (48 sts.).

12th Round: (5 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (56 sts.).

13th Round: D.c. (56 sts.).

14th Round: (6 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (64 sts.).

15th, 16th, 17th Rounds: D.c. to end (64 sts.).

18th Round: (7 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (72 sts.).

19th, 20th Rounds: D.c. to end (72 sts.).

21st Round: (8 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (80 sts.).

22nd, 23rd Rounds: D.c. to end (80 sts.).

24th Round: (7 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (90 sts.).

25th, 26th Rounds: D.c. to end (90 sts.).

27th Round: (8 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (100 sts.).

28th Round: D.c. (100 sts.).

29th Round: (9 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (110 sts.).

30th Round: D.c. (110 sts.).

31st Round: (9 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (121 sts.).

32nd Round: D.c. (121 sts.).

33rd Round: In opp. direction, d.c. to end (121 sts.). Fasten off.

Cut grosgrain headband to size and stitch to head line. If larger head fitting required, steam and very gently stretch to fit headband.

TRIM

From each of 4 trim colors cut 8 strands 26 in. long. Run thumb along to open out. Starting at back of hat with 2 pieces golden-yellow, pass tapestry needle up through corresponding sts. in 4th and 5th rounds, then down through adjoining sts. in same rounds. Rep. with mauve, cyclamen, lime-green in that order; then rep. all colors 3 times more. Knot each group of 4 ends below sewing position,

Relaxed jacket

(Shown in color on page 4)

Materials: 13 (14, 15, 16) balls Emu Bri Nylon (4 ply); 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 7 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32in. (34in., 36in., 38in.) bust (actual measurements will be 2in. larger for easy fit); length from top of shoulder, 19in. (19½in., 20in., 20½in.); length of sleeve seam, 11in. (11½in., 11½in.).

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin.
Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st-st., stocking-stitch; tog., together.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 126 (133, 140, 148) sts. Work

in st-st. for 20 rows. Make hem thus: Using spare needle, pick up cast on sts., then, holding both needles tog., knit tog. 1 st. from each needle to end of row. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row. Continue in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 10th and following 20th row, 130 (137, 144, 152) sts. When work measures 11½in. (12in., 12in., 12½in.) shape armholes by casting off 6 (6, 7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 4 (4, 4, 4) rows. When armholes measure 7½in. (7½in., 8in., 8½in.) shape shoulders by casting off 10 (10, 12, 12) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 10 (11, 11, 12) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off loosely.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 63 (66, 70, 74) sts. Work in st-st. for 10 rows.

Next Row: Knit to end, turn, cast on 16 sts. (all sizes), 79 (82, 86, 90) sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Work st-st. for 8 rows. Make hem as back to last 16 sts., k 16. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row. Continue in st-st., inc. 1 st. at side edge on 10th and foll. 20th row, 81 (84, 88, 92) sts. When work measures 11½in. (12in., 12in., 12½in.) shape armhole by casting off 6 (6, 7, 8) sts. at armhole edge of next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 4 (4, 4, 4) rows. When armhole measures 5½in. (5½in., 6in., 6½in.) shape neck by casting off 29 (30, 31, 32) sts. at neck edge of next row. Cast off 2 (2, 2, 2) sts. on foll. alt. row 5 times (all sizes), then k 2 tog. at neck edge every alt. row until dec. to

30 (32, 34, 36) sts. When armhole measures 7½in. (7½in., 8in., 8½in.) shape shoulders by casting off 10 (10, 12, 12) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 10 (11, 11, 12) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front with shapings and border at opposite ends. Make buttonholes as follows: First one on first knit row after hem, 6 more evenly spaced about 2½in. (2½in., 2½in., 2½in.) apart; last one is worked ½in. from neck edge.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 2, cast off 3 sts. loosely, k 6, cast off 3 sts. loosely, k to end.

2nd Row: P to last 8 sts., cast on 3 sts. loosely, p 6, cast on 3 sts. loosely, p to end.

THREE-QUARTER SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 76 (78, 80, 82) sts. Work in st-st. for 20 rows. Make hem as back. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end every foll. 6th row until 102 (106, 108, 112) sts. When sleeve seam measures 11 (11½, 11½, 11½) in. shape top by dec. 1 st. each end every 2nd row until 80 (80, 80, 80) sts., then every row until 44 (44, 44, 44) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams, turn back 8 front facing sts. With right side facing, using No. 12 needles, pick up and knit about 138 (140, 142, 144) sts. round neck. P 1 row. Work in st-st. for ½in. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and dry cloth on wrong side of work. Stitch sleeves round armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams. Sl-st. 8 front facing sts. into position. Fold neckband in half back on to wrong side and sl-st. into position. Stitch buttonholes tog. Sew on buttons.

A W N I N G - STRIPED pop-over is knitted sideways in garter-stitch. Directions below.



Striped popover

(Shown above)

Materials: 6 (7, 7) oz. Sir-dar Super Nylon Double Knitting main color and 4 (5, 5) oz. contrast color; 1 pair knitting needles size 8.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length at centre back to end of point, 14 (14½, 15) in.

Tension: 6 sts. and 12 rows to lin.

Abbreviations: K, knit; beg., begin; sts., stitches; sl., slip; inc., increase; foll., following; alt., alternate; dec., decrease; m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color.

BACK AND FRONT

Alike.
Work in garter-stitch throughout—that is, knit every row.

Beg. at sleeve edge. With m.c., cast on 49 (52, 55) sts. and work 5 rows.

Next Row: Knit to last 7 sts., turn, sl. 1, knit to end.

Next Row: Knit to last 14 sts., turn, sl. 1, knit to end. Work 4 more rows thus, working 7 sts. less each row.

Rep. last 2 rows until 3 sts. Cast off.

Second Piece: Work as first piece to **.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to last st., inc. once in last st.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. these 2 rows until same length as first piece, ending with purl row.

Proceed thus: **1st Row:** K 2 tog., k to end.

2nd Row: Cast off 2 sts., purl to end. Rep. these 2 rows until 3 sts. rem. Cast off.

Sleeve Facings: With back-stitch, seam shoulders. Using No. 12 needles, with right side facing, knit up 106 sts. round armhole edge. Work 7 rows st-st., beg. with p row. Cast off.

Next Row: Knit to end, cast on 18 sts. for side seam. * Work 2 rows. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of next and foll. alt. rows until 77 (80, 84) sts. Work 3 (5, 3) rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and foll. alt. rows until 67 (70, 74) sts. Knit 1 row. Now drop m.c., join in c.c. Rep. from *, then work further 3 reps. using m.c., c.c. and m.c. Cont. with m.c., cast off 18 sts., knit to end.

Next Row: K 7, turn, sl. 1, knit to end.

Next Row: K 14, turn, sl. 1, knit to end.

Work 4 more rows thus, working 7 sts. more each row, then work further 5 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Do not press. Sew side and sleeve seams. Sew across top of sleeve and shoulder for 6in. from sleeve edges. Make 6 tassels with m.c. and 4 with c.c. and sew to points. Press seams lightly.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join side seams. Turn up 1½in. hem round lower edge, slip-stitch on wrong side. Turn back armhole facing and slip-stitch. With flat seam, join collar ends. Turn up ½in. hem round collar edge, slip-stitch. Press. Sew collar to neckline, leaving centre front free so tie can be slipped through. Place two pieces of tie together with wrong sides facing. With main color, work 1 row double crochet round edge, then with contrasting color work 1 row d.c. Press, slip through opening at neck and fasten with brooch as illustrated.

FAMILY TOPS

(Shown in color on page 4)

Materials: 9 (11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17) skeins Villawool Tivoli; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 8 needles.

Measurements: To fit 30 (32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42) in. bust/chest; length for size 30, 19in.; length, other sizes, 23in. for Her; 25½in. for Him.

Tension: 6 sts. to lin.

PATTERN

1st Row (wrong side of work): K 1, * p 2, k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 1, * yarn back, slip 1 purlwise, knit into front, then into back of next st. p.s.o. double st., yarn front, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows incl.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles and 2 balls yarn tog., cast on 97 (103, 109, 115, 121, 127, 133) sts.

1st Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end. **2nd Row:** K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until 2½in., ending on 1st row. Change to No. 5 needles and patt. Cont. until 13in. for size 30, 15in. for Her, 16in. for Him, ending on 2nd patt. row.

To shape armholes: Keeping patt. in order, cast off in patt. 3 (3, 3, 3, 3, 6, 9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end next and every 2nd row until 79 (85, 91, 97, 103, 103, 103) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 5½in. for size 30, 7½in. for Her, 9in. for Him on straight, ending on 2nd patt. row.

To shape shoulders: Cast off in patt. 6 sts. (all sizes) at beg. of next 4 rows, cast off rem. 55 (61, 67, 73, 79, 79, 79) sts.

FRONT

Work as back.

TO MAKE UP

Using small back-stitch, sew up shoulder seams firmly.

Armbands: Using 2 balls yarn tog. and No. 8 needles, neatly pick up and k 70 (80, 90, 96, 106, 110, 110) sts. evenly round armhole. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 5 rows. Cast off ribwise on next row.

TO FINISH OFF

Sew up side seams and arm-band ends. Press seams.

NATURAL BEAUTY

(Shown in color on page 4)

Materials: 9, 10, 11 balls Patons Nyllette Crepe, 1 ball in contrasting color; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; medium crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 30 (32, 34) in. bust; full length, 22 (22½, 23) in.

Tension: 15 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: T.b.l., through back of loop.

FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 128 (136, 144) sts. Work in st-st. for 7in. Change to No. 10 needles, cont. in st-st. until work measures 16 (16½, 17) in. (this allows 1½in. hem). Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows **. Work straight for 5½in.

Next Row: K 52 (55, 59), cast off 32 (34, 34) sts., work to end of row. Cont. on last 52 (55, 59) sts., casting off 3 sts. at neck edge twice, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row 11 times; at same time, when work measures 7in. from cast-on sts. at underarm, shape shoulder by casting off at armhole edge 7 (7, 9) sts. twice, 7 (8, 8) sts. 3 times. Join yarn and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Work as front to **. Work straight for further 6½in.

Next Row: K 46 (49, 53), cast off 44 (46, 46) sts., work

to end of row. Cont. working on last 46 (49, 53) sts., casting off 3 sts. at neck edge twice, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row 5 times, at same time, when armhole measures as front, shape shoulder by casting off 7 (7, 9) sts. at armhole edge twice, then 7 (8, 8) sts. 3 times. Work other side to correspond.

COLLAR

With No. 10 needles, cast on 174 sts. Work 10 rows st-st.

11th Row: * K 3, make 1 by picking up thread between sts., placing on left-hand needle and knitting t.b.l., rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3.

Work 35 rows st-st., beg. with purl row. Cast off.

TIE

First piece: With No. 10 needles, cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: Inc. once in each st.

2nd Row: Inc. once in 1st st., p 2, inc. once in last st.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end every row until 30 sts. **.

Next Row: Inc. once in 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until 14in. from beg. point, ending on purl row.

Proceed thus: **1st Row:** Cast off 2 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Purl.

SUMMER BEAUTIES...ALL HANDMADE



NATURAL BEAUTY (right) is complemented by a pretty, pale blue knitted sweater with a flattering tie at the neck. It can be dressed up or down to suit all but the most formal occasion. Directions are given on page 3.

RELAXED JACKET in pale Parma violet, one of the topical shades of the season, is hand-knitted in stocking-stitch, with hemmed edges for a neater finish. Directions are given on page 3.



CROCHETED SHIFT can be worn straight or bloused into the waist with a self belt. It pinpoints the fashion importance of crochet in the overseas collections. Directions for making the shift are given on page 2.

FAMILY BEACH TOPS (right), notable for their newsworthy yarn—a linen, cotton, and viscose mixture—can be knitted in any one of seven sizes from 30in. chest for sub teens to 42in. for dads and not-so-slim mums. Directions on page 3.





RAFFIA-STRAW SUIT can also be separates. The appealing top has a high oval neck in front and dips to a V behind. The skirt is neatly shaped over the hips. Crochet directions page 6.



Drawstring blouse

(Shown right)

Materials: 11 (B 12, C 13) balls Patons 4-ply Bri-Nylon Knitting Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles; a medium-sized crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 33 (B 35, C 37) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 23 (B 23, C 23½) in.; sleeve seam, 16 (B 16½, C 16½) in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin. in width.

Abbreviations: T.b.l., through back loops; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

BACK

With No. 13 needles, cast on 132 (B 140, C 148) sts. and work lin. in k 1, p 1 rib. With No. 11 needles, proceed as follows:

**** 1st Row:** (K 13 (B 14, C 15) sts. t.b.l., p 4) 7 times, k 13 (B 14, C 15) t.b.l.

2nd Row: (P 13 (B 14, C 15) sts., k 4) 7 times, p 13 (B 14, C 15.) Rep. 1st and 2nd rows for 1½ in., ending with 2nd row.

Next Row: (K 13 (B 14, C 15) sts., p 4) 7 times, k 13 (B 14, C 15.)

Next Row: As 2nd row. Rep. last 2 rows for 3 in. **** Rep. from ** to **** until back measures 14 in.

To shape raglan: Cast off 3 (B 4, C 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

1st Row: K 2, k 2 tog., patt. to last 4 sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2.

2nd Row: P 2, patt. to last 2 sts., p 2.

3rd Row: K 2, patt. to last 2 sts., k 2.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. last 4 rows 3 (B 1, C 1) times more, then rep. 1st and 2nd rows until 36 (B 38, C 40) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back until 82 (B 84, C 86) sts. rem. in raglan shaping.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: P 2, patt. 34 sts., cast off 10 (B 12, C 14) sts., patt. to last 2 sts., p 2. Cont. in patt. on last 36 sts., dec. once at neck edge in next and every alt. row 10 times (11 decs.); at same time shape raglan as before in next and every alt. row until 3 sts. rem., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1. Work

DRAWSTRING BLOUSE, to bring out the gipsy in you, captures the color of sunshine and daffodils. It's hand-knitted in an easy pattern. Directions for 33, 35, and 37 in. sizes complete on this page.

1 row. K 2 tog. Fasten off. Join yarn at neck edge, work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles, cast on 56 (B 60, C 66) sts. and work 1½ in. in k 1, p 1 rib.

With No. 11 needles, cont. in st-st., inc. once at each end of needle in 5th and every foll. 6th row until 102 (B 108, C 114) sts. on needle. Work straight until sleeve measures 16 (B 16½, C 16½) in., ending with p row.

To shape raglan: Cast off 3 (B 4, C 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

1st Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Purl.

Rep. these 4 rows 3 (B 1, C 1) times more, then rep. 1st and 2nd rows until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew sleeves to front and back, noting that tops of sleeves form part of neckline. With right side facing and using crochet hook, work 1 row double crochet round neck edge, ending with sl-st. in 1st d.c.

Next Round: * Make 7 ch., miss 4 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end of round. Fasten off. Make a cord and thread through holes. Finally press all seams.



Duffle-bag for the beach

Hand-knitted duffle-bag with fish design is worked in an easy-care synthetic yarn.

Materials: Sirdar Super Nylon Double Knitting, 4oz. main color, 3oz. contrast; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; 7½in. circle of cardboard; ¾yd. 36in.-wide plastic for lining; 1 piece of iron-on stiffened interlining 26in. by 16in.; ¼yd. tape lin. wide; 1½yds. of cord.

Tension: 6 sts. to lin.
Measurement: Length 16½in.
Abbreviations: k, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; ins., inches; st-st., stocking-stitch; w.s., without shaping; beg., beginning; rep., repeat; cont., continue; m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color.

Care must be taken to carry wool not in use loosely behind stitches when working pattern.

BOTTOM

With m.c. cast on 10 sts. K1 row. Working in st-st. (1st row p.), cast on 3 sts. beg. next 2

NEWEST holiday resort trend — hand-made beach-bags like the one shown at left. It's lined with practical plastic.

rows, cast on 2 sts. beg. next 6 rows, then cast on 1 st. beg. next 14 rows. Work 11 rows w.s. Cast off 1 st. beg. next 14 rows, then cast off 3 sts. beg. next 2 rows. Cast off remainder.

MAIN PART

With m.c., cast on 146 sts. Work 8 rows in st-st. ** Join in c.c. With c.c. work 6 rows in st-st.

15th Row: K 1 c.c., * k 8 c.c., k 3 m.c., k 5 c.c., rep. from * to last st., k 1 c.c.

16th Row: P 1 c.c., * p 7 c.c., p 3 m.c., p 6 c.c., rep. from * to last st., p 1 c.c.

17th Row: K 1 c.c., * k 5 c.c., k 3 m.c., k 8 c.c., rep. from * to last st., k 1 c.c.

18th Row: P 1 c.c., * p 2 m.c., p 5 c.c., p 5 m.c., p 4 c.c., rep. from * to last st., p 1 c.c.

19th Row: K 1 c.c., * k 2 c.c., k 9 m.c., k 2 c.c., k 2 m.c., k 1 c.c., rep. from * to last st., k 1 c.c.

20th Row: P 1 c.c., * p 2 c.c., p 13 m.c., p 1 c.c., rep. from * to last st., p 1 c.c.

21st Row: K 1 c.c., * k 14 m.c., k 2 c.c., rep. from * to last st., k 1 c.c.

22nd Row: P 1 c.c., * p 2 c.c., p 10 m.c., p 1 c.c., p 2 m.c., p 1 c.c., rep. from * to last st., p 1 c.c.

23rd Row: As 19th row.

24th Row: As 18th row.

25th Row: As 17th row.

26th Row: As 16th row.

27th Row: As 15th row. With c.c. work 6 rows in st-st. (1st row p.). Break off c.c. ** With m.c. work 7 rows in st-st. (1st row p.). Join in c.c. With c.c., work 6 rows st-st.

47th Row: K 1 c.c., * k 5 c.c., k 3 m.c., k 8 c.c., rep. from * to last st., k 1 c.c.

48th Row: P 1 c.c., * p 6 c.c., p 3 m.c., p 7 c.c., rep. from * to last st., p 1 c.c.

49th Row: K 1 c.c., * k 8 c.c., k 3 m.c., k 5 c.c., rep. from * to last st., k 1 c.c.

50th Row: P 1 c.c., * p 4 c.c., p 5 m.c., p 5 c.c., p 2 m.c., rep. from * to last st., p 1 c.c.

51st Row: K 1 c.c., * k 1 c.c., k 2 m.c., k 2 c.c., k 9 m.c., k 2 c.c., rep. from * to last st., k 1 c.c.

52nd Row: P 1 c.c., * p 1 c.c., p 13 m.c., p 2 c.c., rep. from * to last st., p 1 c.c.

53rd Row: K 1 c.c., * k 2 c.c., k 14 m.c., rep. from * to last st., k 1 c.c.

54th Row: P 1 c.c., * p 1 c.c., p 2 m.c., p 1 c.c., p 10 m.c., p 2 c.c., rep. from * to last st., p 1 c.c.

55th Row: As 51st row.

56th Row: As 50th row.

57th Row: As 49th row.
58th Row: As 48th row.
59th Row: As 47th row. With c.c., work 6 rows in st-st. (1st row p.). Break off c.c. With m.c., work 7 rows in st-st. (1st row p.). Work from ** to **.

Next Row: P.

Next Row: K 35, cast off 3 sts., k 69, cast off 3 sts., k to end.

Next Row: P 35, cast on 3 sts., p 70, cast on 3 sts., p 35. Work 5 rows in st-st.

Next Row: K (to turn hem). Work 6 rows in st-st. (1st row k). Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press parts under damp cloth. Iron interlining on to wrong side of main part, leaving hem turning without interlining. Cut buttonholes in interlining to correspond with those in knitted hem and buttonhole through both thicknesses. Join sides of main part, sew cast-on edge of main part to bottom. Stick circle of cardboard to wrong side of bottom. Pin tape to wrong side of main part, top of tape ½in. down from hemline; hem in place to form cord casing. From plastic lining cut circle 8½in. in diameter and rectangle 26in. by 16½in. Join 16½in. sides of rectangle together, sew one 26in. edge to circle. Insert plastic bag inside knitted bag. Turn knitted hem over plastic to wrong side, hem in place. Thread cord through buttonholes and tape casing, join ends.

Raffia straw suit

(A Spanish design shown in color on previous page)

Materials: Six spools Jolly Italian Raffia (2 for top, 4 for skirt). If making larger size add 1 spool each for top and skirt; 2½yds. lining; 6in. slide-fastener; ½yd. stiffened belting; 2½yds. lining fabric; Nos. 8 and 9 crochet hooks.

Measurements: To fit 34in. bust; waist, 26in.; hips, 38in.; length of top, 17in.; skirt length, 24in. (For 32, 24, 36in. measurements subtract 4 star-sts. in width from each piece, for 36, 28, 40in. measurements, add 4 star-sts. to each piece.)

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; h.tr., half treble; star-st., star-stitch; 3-lp. star-st., 3-loop, star-stitch; sl-st., slip-stitch; dec., decrease; inc., increase; cont., continue; st(s), stitch(es); y.o.h., yarn over hook.

PATTERN STITCHES

Star-Stitch

Insert hook through side of previous st., y.o.h., draw through, insert hook into base of same st., y.o.h., draw through, insert hook into top of next st. in previous row, y.o.h., draw through, y.o.h., draw through 4 lps. rem. on hook.

3-Loop Star-Stitch

Insert hook into base of previous st., y.o.h., draw through, insert hook into next st., y.o.h., draw through, y.o.h., draw through 3 lps. on hook, 1 ch.

Use 1 strand raffia for suit.

TOP FRONT

With No. 8 hook, work 76 ch. loosely. D.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. to end.

Change to No. 9 hook. Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr. into edge st., 1 ch., star-st. to end (75 star-sts.). Rep. last row 16 times.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr. into edge st., 1 ch., 1 3-lp. star-st. into h.tr. (inc. made), star-st. to end (75 star-sts.) working 1

star-st. and 1 3-lp. star-st. (inc. made) into last st.

Next Row: As previous row (77 star-sts.).

Next Row: As previous row (79 star-sts.).

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 dec. by inserting hook into base st., then 2nd st., then 3rd, 78 star-sts.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 dec., 76 star-sts., turn.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr. in edge st., 1 ch., 76 star-sts. Rep. last row 7 times.

To Shape Armhole—Next Row: 1 ch., 6 d.c., 1 h.tr., 1 ch., 1 3-lp. star-st., 60 star-sts., 2 3-lp. star-sts., 6 d.c. Fasten off. Turn.

Next Row: Miss 7 sts., work 1 d.c. into 8th, 1 3-lp. star-st., 56 star-sts., 1 3-lp. star-st., 1 sl-st., turn.

Next Row: 1 sl-st., 1 h.tr., 1 ch., 1 3-lp. star-st., 54 star-sts., 1 sl-st., turn.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c., 1 3-lp. star-st., 52 star-sts., 1 sl-st., turn.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 1 3-lp. star-st., 50 star-sts., 1 sl-st., turn.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr. into edge st., 1 ch., 50 star-sts., turn. Rep. last row 6 times.

To Shape Right Shoulder—Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr. into edge st., 1 ch., 14 star-sts., 1 3-lp. star-st., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st., turn.

Next Row: 1 sl-st., 1 d.c., 1 3-lp. star-st., star-st. to end, turn.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr. into edge st., 1 ch., 9 star-sts., 1 3-lp. star-st., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st., turn.

Next Row: 1 sl-st., 1 d.c., 1 3-lp. star-st., star-st. to end, turn.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr. into edge st., 1 ch., 8 star-sts., turn.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c., 1 3-lp. star-st., star-st. to end.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr. in edge st., 1 ch., 5 star-sts., 1 3-lp. star-st., turn.

Next Row: Miss one, 1 d.c., 1 3-lp. star-st., star-st. to end. Fasten off.

To Shape Left Shoulder: Count 17 star-sts. from left armhole edge, join in yarn and work to correspond with other side.

TOP BACK

With No. 8 hook, work 76 ch. loosely. D.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. to end (75 d.c.), 1 ch. Change to No. 9 hook.

Next Row: 1 h.tr., 1 ch. into edge st., cont. with star-sts. (75 star-sts.).

Rep. last row 22 times.

To Shape Armhole and Shoulder—Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr., 1 ch., 34 star-sts., turn.

Next Row: 1 3-lp. star-st., 30 star-sts., 1 3-lp. star-st., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 1 ch., 1 3-lp. star-st., 27 star-sts., 1 3-lp. star-st., 1 d.c., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c., 1 3-lp. star-st., 24 star-sts., 1 3-lp. star-st., 1 d.c., 1 sl-st., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 1 ch., 1 3-lp. star-st., 22 star-sts., 1 sl-st., turn.

Next Row: 1 3-lp. star-st., 20 star-sts., 1 d.c., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 1 ch., 18 star-sts., turn.

Next Row: 1 3-lp. star-st., 16 star-sts., 1 d.c., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 1 ch., 14 star-sts., turn.

Next Row: 1 3-lp. star-st., 12 star-sts., 1 3-lp. star-st., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 1 ch., 10 star-sts., turn.

Next Row: 1 3-lp. star-st., 8 star-sts., 1 3-lp. star-st., turn.

Next Row: 1 3-lp. star-st., 6 star-sts., 1 3-lp. star-st., turn.

Next Row: 1 h.tr., 1 ch., 6 star-sts., turn.

Rep. last row 6 times.

Next Row: Dec. 1 st. at beg. thus:

Insert hook into base st., then into 2 following sts., work 5 more star-sts., turn.

Work 1 row without dec.

Last Row: 1 ch., 1 dec., 3 star-sts., break off.

Count 36 sts. from opp. side edge, join in yarn and work other side to correspond.

BOW

(Make 2)

With No. 8 hook, work 90 ch. loosely, work d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. to end (89 d.c.). Change to No. 9 hook.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr. into edge st., 1 ch., cont. with star-st. (89 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr., 1

ch., 1 3-lp. star-st. into h.tr. (inc. made), cont. with star-st. to end. Change to No. 8 hook.

Next Row: 1 ch., d.c. to end, break off.

Strap for Knot (make 2): With No. 8 hook, work 12 ch. loosely, 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. to end (11 d.c.), turn.

Change to No. 9 hook.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr., 1 ch., cont. with star-st. to end, turn. Change to No. 8 hook. Work a d.c. row. Break off.

SKIRT

With No. 8 hook, work 160 ch. loosely, work back into 2nd ch. with d.c., d.c. to end (159 d.c.). Change to No. 9 hook.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr., 1 ch. into edge st., cont. with star-sts. (159 sts.).

Rep. last row 51 times.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 h.tr. in edge st., 1 ch., 37 star-sts.; insert hook into base st., then into second, then into third st. (dec. made), 71 star-sts., insert hook into base st., then into second, then into 3rd st. (dec. made), 24 star-sts. (1 dec.), 24 star-sts. (156 star-sts.), turn.

Note: Turn each foll. row with 1 ch., 1 h.tr. into edge st., 1 ch.

Next Row: 24 star-sts., 1 dec., 23 star-sts., 1 dec., 70 star-sts., 1 dec., 36 star-sts. (153 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 37 star-sts., 1 dec., 69 star-sts., 1 dec., 22 star-sts., 1 dec., 22 star-sts. (150 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 23 star-sts., 1 dec., 21 star-sts., 1 dec., 68 star-sts., 1 dec., 35 star-sts. (147 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 36 star-sts., 1 dec., 67 star-sts., 1 dec., 20 star-sts., 1 dec., 21 star-sts. (144 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 22 star-sts., 1 dec., 19 star-sts., 1 dec., 66 star-sts., 1 dec., 34 star-sts. (141 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 35 star-sts., 1 dec., 65 star-sts., 1 dec., 19 star-sts. (138 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 20 star-sts., 1 dec., 18 star-sts., 1 dec., 64 star-sts., 1 dec., 33 star-sts. (135 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 35 star-sts., 1 dec., 21 star-sts., 1 dec., 21 star-sts.,

1 dec., 19 star-sts., 1 dec., 16 star-sts., 1 dec., 18 star-sts. (130 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 19 star-sts., 1 dec., 16 star-sts., 1 dec., 18 star-sts., 1 dec., 20 star-sts., 1 dec., 20 star-sts., 1 dec., 32 star-sts. (125 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 33 star-sts., 1 dec., 19 star-sts., 1 dec., 19 star-sts., 1 dec., 17 star-sts., 1 dec., 15 star-sts., 1 dec., 17 star-sts. (120 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 19 star-sts., 1 dec., 14 star-sts., 1 dec., 16 star-sts., 1 dec., 18 star-sts., 1 dec., 18 star-sts. (115 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 32 star-sts., 1 dec., 17 star-sts., 1 dec., 17 star-sts., 1 dec., 15 star-sts., 1 dec., 17 star-sts. (110 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 17 star-sts., 1 dec., 12 star-sts., 1 dec., 14 star-sts., 1 dec., 16 star-sts., 1 dec., 16 star-sts. (105 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 31 star-sts., 1 dec., 15 star-sts., 1 dec., 15 star-sts., 1 dec., 11 star-sts., 1 dec., 15 star-sts. (100 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 16 star-sts., 1 dec., 10 star-sts., 1 dec., 14 star-sts., 1 dec., 14 star-sts., 1 dec., 29 star-sts. (95 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 30 star-sts., 1 dec., 13 star-sts., 1 dec., 13 star-sts., 1 dec., 11 star-sts., 1 dec., 9 star-sts., 1 dec., 14 star-sts. (90 star-sts.), turn.

Next Row: 15 star-sts., 1 dec., 8 star-sts., 1 dec., 10 star-sts., 1 dec., 12 star-sts., 1 dec., 12 star-sts. (85 star-sts.), turn.

Work 7 star-st. rounds straight. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces, using a damp cloth. Cut lining same size as crochet, allowing ¼in. seams.

Top: Make 2 darts about 2in. deep and 4½in. long at bust-line on either side edge. Pin side and shoulder seams tog. and sew into place. Make 2 flat bows, stitching bow straps across centre of each. Sew bows to shoulder tops. Sew lining pieces tog., stitch in top.

Skirt: Sew side seam flat, leaving 6in. opening for slide-fastener. Sew belting round waist.

GAY AND GAMIN

(Shown in color on page 8)

THREE IN ONE

(Shown in color on page 8)

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; dr.tr., drawn-up treble; inc., increase, by working 2 dr.tr. into next st.; sl-st., slip-stitch; st(s), stitch(es); dec., decrease, by working next 2 sts. as 1 st., inserting hook into 2nd of the 2 sts., then into 1st.

Tension: 3 ch. to lin. approx. Use raffia double (1 strand each color) throughout, working into one loop of st. only and being careful to take up both strands.

HAT

Materials: Five pieces copper beach, 5 pieces tangerine Tura-Bast Brilliant raffia; Aero crochet hook No. 6; 2-3rd yd. grosgrain ribbon.

Begin with ornamental curl, then go straight into hat. Allowing 6in. end for fastening curl, work 24 ch., 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch. to end, 4 ch., sl-st. into 4th ch. from hook to form ring.

1st Round (wrong side facing): Starting at left of curl, work 2 ch. as 1 d.c., 11 d.c. into ring, sl-st. into top of 2 ch. (12 sts.).

2nd Round: 3 ch. as 1 dr.tr., 1 inc., * 1 dr.tr., 1 inc., rep. from * to end; join with sl-st., to top of 3 ch. (18 sts.).

Begin and end each foll. 2 rounds in same way as previous 2 rounds, counting sts. and taking

care sl-st. is joined in correct st.

3rd Round: Inc. in every st., ending with 1 dr.tr. into base st. of 3 ch. (36 sts.).

4th Round: As 3rd round (72 sts.).

5th, 7th, 9th Rounds: Dr.tr. to end (72 sts.).

6th, 8th, 10th Rounds: D.c. to end (72 sts.).

Turn at this point and work rem. rounds in opp. direction.

11th, 13th Rounds: Dr.tr. to end (72 sts.).

12th, 14th Rounds: D.c. to end (72 sts.). Fasten off, leaving end to st. loosely up inside back to neaten joining sts.

To round crown, put on block or other round shape and steam. Turn last 2 rounds to inside and st. to edge of 10th round, matching st. for st. Stitch grosgrain headband to headline. For larger fitting, steam and stretch very gently to fit headband.

BAG

Materials: 9 pieces each copper beach and tangerine Tura-Bast Brilliant raffia; Aero crochet hook No. 6; 4yd. matching lining.

Measurements: 23in. at widest point, 15in. high incl. handle. Begin at bag base with 4 ch. Join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round (wrong side facing): 2 ch. as 1 d.c., 11 d.c. into

ring, sl-st. into top of 2 ch. (12 sts.).

2nd Round: 3 ch. as 1 dr.tr., inc. to end, 1 dr.tr. into base st. of 3 ch. (24 sts.).

Begin and end each round as previous rounds.

3rd Round: As 2nd round (48 sts.).

4th Round: D.c. to end (48 sts.). Steam and flatten this section without stretching before continuing.

5th Round: Dr.tr. (48 sts.).

6th Round: D.c. (48 sts.).

7th Round: (5 dr.tr., 1 inc.) to end (56 sts.).

8th Round: D.c. (56 sts.).

9th Round: (3 dr.tr., 1 inc.) to end (70 sts.).

10th Round: D.c. (70 sts.).

11th Round: (6 dr.tr., 1 inc.) to end (80 sts.).

12th Round: D.c. (80 sts.).

13th Round: Dr.tr. (80 sts.).

14th Round: D.c. (80 sts.).

15th Round: 1 dr.tr., 1 dec. (70 sts.).

16th Round: D.c. (70 sts.).

17th Round: 3 dr.tr., 1 inc. (56 sts.).

18th Round: D.c. (56 sts.).

19th Round: Dr.tr. (56 sts.).

20th Round: D.c. (56 sts.).

Turn at this point and work rem. rounds in opp. direction.

21st Round: Dr.tr. (56 sts.).

22nd Round: D.c. (56 sts.). Fasten off, leaving ends for sewing. Stitch one end loosely down side of bag to neaten joining stitches.

Turn bag right side out. Turn last 2 rounds to inside, using rem. end to oversew edge to 17th round, matching st. for st.

HANDLE

Allowing 12in. ends, begin with 51 ch. Work 1 d.c. into 49th ch., then d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch., d.c. in each ch. on opp. side, 1 ch., join with sl-st. Fasten off, leaving 12in. ends.

Starting with 43 ch., work another piece the same.

Steam and stretch pieces to full extent (approx. 18 and 15in.). Lay pieces together with right sides facing and even overlap of longer at either end; over-sew, matching st. for st. Sew one end to bag where rounds join, the other directly opp. Shorter length should be just below top on outside of bag. Finish by fastening down longer ends.

LID

With wrong side facing, work as bag to end of 4th round.

5th Round: D.c. (48 sts.). Fasten off, leaving joining ends. Steam without stretching, right side down over rounded shape. Sew to top of bag at handle with a few sts. on one side only.

CURL

Make 4 and sew 2 to each side of bag at handle ends.

Allowing 12in. ends, begin with 24 ch. Work 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, d.c. to end. Fasten off.

LINING

Cut lining to width of bag at widest point and depth to turnover. Cut round for base, allowing for seams and top turndown. Join side seam, gather to fit base and pleat top. Stitch into place to cover raffia sts. on bag top turndown. Don't make lining too deep; it can spoil bag shape. For extra firmness double base lining and insert a round of stiffening.

DRAWN-UP TREBLE

With one loop on hook, y.o.h., insert hook, y.o.h., draw through and pull up to 3in. length (3 loops on hook), y.o.h., draw through 2 loops on hook, y.o.h. again and draw through rem. 2 loops.

RITZY-RED SET

(Shown in color on page 8)

KNITTED BAG

Materials: Two spools Jolly Italian Raffia; 1 pr. No. 11 needles; No. 11 crochet hook; 1 pr. slotted bag handles with bars.

Abbreviations: K, knit; k 1 b., knit into st. below; rep., repeat; st., stitch; tr., treble crochet.

Use 2 strands raffia tog. throughout.

With No. 11 needles, cast on 80 sts.

Next Row: Knit into back of each st. to end.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, * k 1 b., k 1. Rep. from * to end.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 2, * k 1 b., k 1. Rep. from * to end.

Rep. last 4 rows until work measures 14in. Cast off.

With No. 11 crochet hook, work 1 tr. row along cast-on and cast-off edges for handle slots.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly on wrong side with damp cloth. With right sides facing, sew side seams, leaving 24in. open at either side top. Thread handle through. Line if desired.

CROCHETED HAT

Materials: One spool Jolly Italian Raffia; No. 9 crochet hook.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; inc., increase by working 2 d.c. into next st.; lp-st., loop-stitch; sl-st., slip-stitch; st., stitch; y.o.h., yarn over hook.

PATTERN STITCH (Loop-st.)

Y.o.h., insert hook, wind yarn once round hook and index finger in an anti-clockwise direction, draw through, dropping loop off finger, y.o.h., draw through 3 loops on hook.

Use 2 strands raffia tog. throughout.

Ch. 3. Join into ring with sl-st.; work 1 inc., 1 d.c., 1 inc. into foundation ch. (5 sts.).

Next Round: Inc. in each st. (10 sts.).

Next Round: (1 d.c., 1 inc.) (15 sts.).

Next Round: (2 d.c., 1 inc.) (20 sts.).

Next Round: (3 d.c., 1 inc.) (25 sts.).

Next Round: (4 d.c., 1 inc.) (30 sts.).

Work 9 more rounds thus, inc. 5 sts. evenly in each round, staggering inc. to avoid lines forming up sides of hat (75 sts.).

Work 3 rounds straight.

Next Round: D.c., inc. 5 sts. evenly on round (80 sts.). Work 4 more rounds thus, inc. 5 sts. evenly each round and staggering inc. as before (100 sts.).

Work 5 rounds straight. Turn at this point and work rem. rounds in opp. direction. Loops are worked on wrong side.

Next Round: 1 ch. turn, lp-st. to end; join with sl-st. Rep. last round 11 times more.

Next Round: 1 ch. turn, sl-st. to end. Join with sl-st. and fasten off. Steam d.c. section of hat.

SNAP-BRIM FEDORA

(Shown in color on page 8)

Materials: Jolly Italian Raffia, one spool each main color and contrast color; No. 9 crochet hook.

Abbreviations: Alt., alternately; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; h.tr., half treble; inc., increase(ing); m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color; sl-st., slip-stitch; st(s), stitches; tog., together.

Use 2 strands raffia tog. throughout.

With m.c., ch. 17.

Next Row: D.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. to end (16 sts.).

1st Round: 3 d.c. into last d.c. of previous row, (1 d.c., 1 h.tr.) alt. along opp. side of foundation ch., 3 d.c. into last h.tr. (1 d.c., 1 h.tr.) to end (38 sts.). (Work h.tr. over previous d.c. and d.c. into previous h.tr.) Place marker.

2nd Round: (1 d.c., 1 h.tr.), inc. 2 sts. at one end, 3 sts. at other (43 sts.).

3rd Round: (1 d.c., 1 h.tr.), inc. as previous round (48 sts.).

4th Round: (1 d.c., 1 h.tr.), inc. 4 sts. at one end, 5 at other (57 sts.).

5th Round: (1 d.c., 1 h.tr.), inc. 4 sts. at each end (65 sts.).

6th Round: (1 d.c., 1 h.tr.), inc. 3 sts. at each end (71 sts.).

7th Round: As 6th round (77 sts.).

8th Round: As 6th round (83 sts.).

9th Round: (1 d.c., 1 h.tr.), inc. 4 sts. at each end (91 sts.).

Work 25 rounds straight. Break off m.c., join in c.c.

Next Round: (9 h.tr., 1 inc.) (100 sts.).

Work 5 h.tr. rounds straight. Break off c.c., join in m.c. for brim.

Next Round: (2 d.c., 1 inc.) (133 sts.).

Next Round: (1 d.c., 1 h.tr.) (133 sts.).

Work 5 rounds straight (as previous round). Last Round: Sl-st. to end, join with sl-st. and fasten off. Steam.

NAVY AND WHITE HAT

Materials: 8 pieces navy, 6 pieces white Tura-Bast Brilliant raffia.

Using navy, work as white hat to 12th round. Break off navy, join in white and cont. as white hat from 13th to 18th rounds. Fasten off. Make white curl to match navy one and fasten to crown centre. Turn up brim on 16th round. Stitch grosgrain headband to 13th round.

LIME-GREEN HAT

Materials: 16 pieces lime-green Tura-Bast Brilliant raffia, 2yds. fancy braid. Work as white hat to 18th round.

19th Round: (7 dr.tr., 1 inc.) to end (108 sts.).

20th Round: D.c. (108 sts.).

21st Round: Reverse direction again, d.c. to end (108 sts.). Finish as for white hat. If wearing brim up, turn it on 18th round. Stitch headband to loops on 13th round. Trim with braid.

HATS AND BAGS



RITZY-RED hat and bag worn with navy-and-white coin spots look like a winning combination to apprentice David Perry. Directions page 7.

SNAP-BRIM FEDORA (right) in contrasting shades of brown is crocheted. Wear it at a jaunty angle with summer cottons. Directions page 7.



Page 8 — Summer Knitting and Crochet



GAMIN AND GAY, the distinctive hat and bag (left), are youthfully styled in crochet. Either or both would make a delightful present. Directions page 7.

FLAUNT our three-in-one at summer race meetings — it's a complete hat wardrobe from one pattern. Green one, brim down, goes to the beach. See page 7.

The Australian Women's Weekly, October 7, 1964

to exist almost without sustenance. He took his breakfast alone very early before I was up, his lunch, enwrapped in equal mystery, and when he came in late at night he would go to the stove and, still wearing his bowler hat and with a look of abstraction, stand silently concocting himself one or other of his messes: Gluten Groates, Arrowroot, or Sandford Rusks and stirabout.

Certainly, he kept us on preposterously short commons, and as I was growing rapidly, I almost constantly felt hungry. I should have fared badly but for Mrs. Tobin, who had an undetermined arrangement for board wages with Leo, which, while lapsing periodically through Uncle's protests that he was short of ready cash, was eventually forthcoming when she threatened to give notice.

This pittance enabled her to supplement the bare necessities of our diet by what she called "her extras," all of which she shared unhesitatingly with me. Indeed, more often than not when it came to a matter of division it was I who received the larger portion.

Nor was it solely through my stomach that my first impressions of Annie were reversed. When my new suit arrived, its atrocious pattern threatened to condemn me to endless misery and shame. But one Saturday night, after a

week of anguish during which I felt myself the object of every laugh and stare in the city of Winton, Mrs. Tobin removed the offensive garments, dyed them a dark inconspicuous brown, dried and pressed them, and by Monday morning presented me with an outfit that was at least respectable.

Annie was without exception the most obliging, cheerful person I had ever known, seldom put out, a fount of amiability, always ready to laugh off her troubles and mine.

To her, most things, even my uncle's incomparable stinginess, seemed good for a laugh, and although she would explain this to me with the most devastating clichés, such as "life's a queer business, dear, we've got to face it with a smile" or "laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," these were merely the expressions of an untaught mind.

Nothing could detract from a nature that exuded generosity, honorable decency, and in which there was not a single streak of malice. When she told fortunes—she greatly liked to "read the teacups"—she always predicted favorable happenings, never ill tidings.

In all our association I did not once hear her make a mean or uncharitable remark. Even Leo, who surely merited her worst reproaches, she dismissed with a commiserating laugh. "You can't help but be sorry for the poor man. Faith, he's harder on himself than he is on us."

ANNIE was a widow with four surviving children, all sons. Three were in the British Army—she never said "the army," invariably prefacing the qualification as though her boys were in the service of a foreign power—two in India, one in Singapore, and the fourth had emigrated, but without success, to Canada. Although she seldom heard from them and then only briefly, she would sometimes speak of them to me, recalling some incident of the past with a reminiscent smile.

But mainly, during our long evening conversations, she had most to say about her late husband. She called him "Da." I must confess that I had slight interest in these family reminiscences, but as I had become extremely fond of Mrs. Tobin I made myself listen with every appearance of sympathetic interest.

Annie herself was deservedly popular among the group of Irish expatriates in the district who congregated, usually on Tuesday nights, at a public house kept by one of their number and named, with nationalistic spirit, "The Shamrock." Not infrequently these were festive occasions for me. When Annie had a few extra coins in her purse or when she had backed a winner, since she was not

above having threepence or even as much as a shilling on a horse, she would put on a man's cloth cap, which she secured carefully with long hatpins, and take me first to Bonelli's fish and chip shop for a fried fish supper, then, although I was still under the legal age, smuggle me in with her to the snug of "The Shamrock."

Her entry was invariably greeted with shouts of welcome and, when she had ordered a stout for herself—she never drank more than one—a ginger-ale for me, there would be cries of "Give us a song, Annie." After an exchange of chaff and without the least self-consciousness she would oblige with "The Minstrel Boy" or "Tara's Halls," followed, as an encore, by a great favorite which I think was called "The Wearing o' the Green."

"Oh, Paddy dear and did you hear

The news that's goin' round, The shamrock is forbid by law To grow on Irish ground."

Then a chorus, in which with tremendous feeling, everyone joined:

"The dear little shamrock, The sweet little shamrock, The dear little, sw-eet little shamrock of Ireland."

Despite these pleasures, or perhaps because of them, I could not bind myself to the fact that circumstances had reduced me to a submerged level of existence. For all practical purposes I now lived and worked in the slums of Winton.

The change was alarming, the locality deadly. Back to back tenements surrounded us, interspersed with narrow streets and mean alleys in which one saw exhibited every sign and symptom of poverty and misery—the shawled women, idle men, and, worst of all, the ragged, rickety, deformed children. Perpetually noisy, dirty, and choked with traffic, Argyll Street seemed to me a running sore.

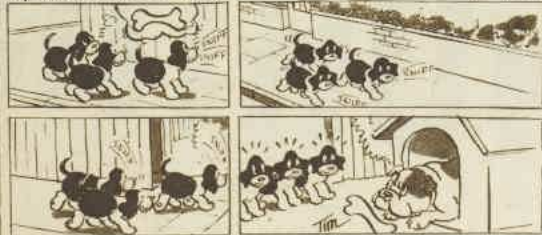
Saturday night on its crowded, flaring pavements was saturnalia: drunks rolling around, lying in the gutter, or being frog-marched to the police station, sailors on leave from the docks looking for trouble, factions of the rival football clubs fighting it out with fists and knives after the match, while with a clash of cymbals, a thump of the drum and a blare of brass that heightened the pandemonium, the Salvation Army paraded up and down, pausing from time to time to sing a hymn, preach the terrors of damnation, and pass the tambourine.

In all my daily contacts, human and inhuman, there was nothing to improve or stimulate my mind. When, driven by the afternoon vacuum in my stomach, I slunk into Bonelli's for a penny plate of chips, only to be met by a rush of broken English from the back shop: "Chipapota no ready. Green pea ready. You wanna green pea?" I felt bitterly

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



HAY FEVER?

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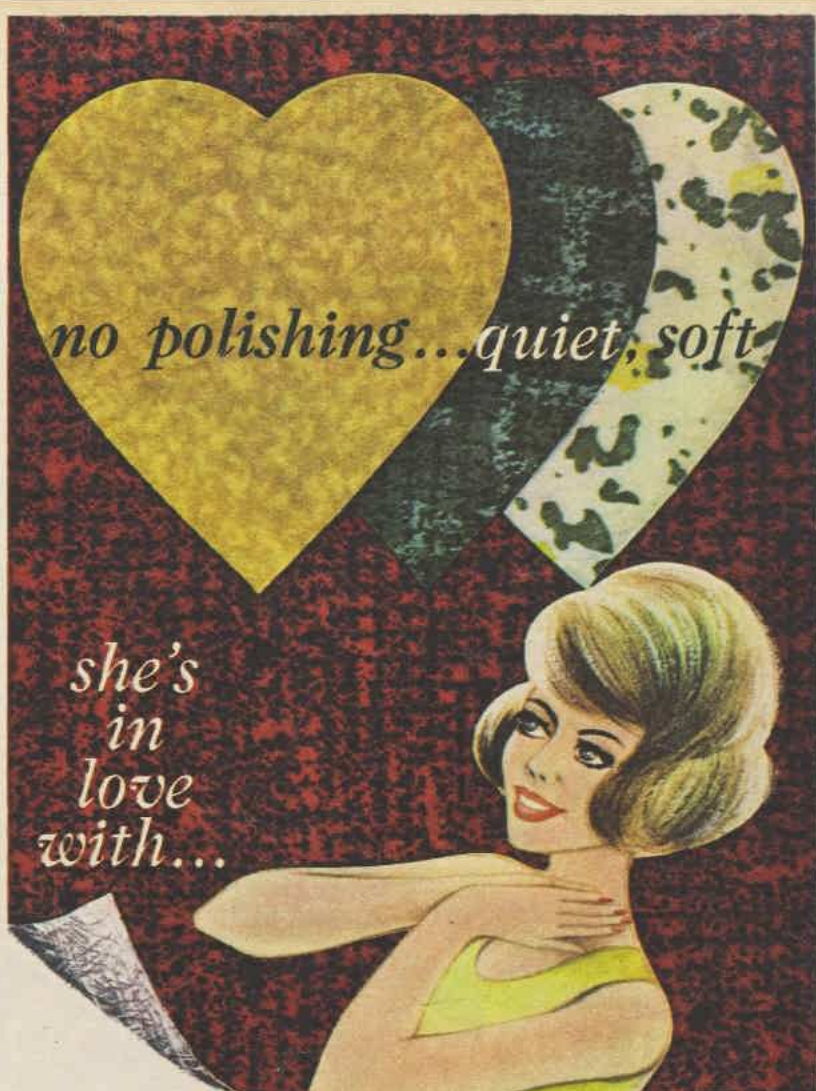


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Page 41

No More Nylon Worries!

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THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

VARIETY STORES AND SUPERMARKETS



AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● At some stage in everyone's life weight becomes a problem. Half the population goes round in a perpetual state of wanting to take off half a stone or more; and a quarter of the population needs, or thinks it needs, to put on half a stone or more.

THE other quarter (middle-aged, female) has the totally insoluble problem of balancing face and body — when the figure looks right the face looks tired and thin, and when the face looks right there are horrible centre-line bulges!

Two American doctors have come up with some interesting views on what makes fat people fat. These doctors believe that they don't know whether or not they are hungry.

People of normal weight, they say, get the message when hunger pains strike. Fat people, however, seem to ignore distress signals sent up by empty stomachs.

The doctors did their testing on 74 people, half of them overweight and the rest of normal weight.

Each of them swallowed a balloon, which was then gently inflated in the stomach, so that the doctors making the tests could then tell when hunger pains — stomach contractions — began.

Every 15 minutes each one was asked whether he or she was hungry.

Lean women, they found, almost always got the message. Only when hunger pains had actually begun did they say they were hungry.

But there was a different story with overweight people. Overweight women tended to say they were not hungry, even when their stomachs said they were.

Overweight men reacted quite differently. They said they WERE hungry, even when there were no hunger pains being registered by the balloon.

The psychological explanation of this, the doctors say, is that it's due to the different eating habits of the two sexes.

Housewives can eat as much as they want in private. They can have that extra slice of toast with the last cup of tea after the family have rushed off for their morning buses, and biscuits or cake for mid-morning or mid-afternoon snacks.

They therefore find it easy to underestimate their daily intake of food, and they truly believe that they don't eat a great deal, haven't got big appetites, and don't suffer from hunger.

Men, on the other hand, have to do most of their eating in public in restaurants with their friends, or at home with the rest of the family looking on. They can't conceal the fact that they have big appetites, so they don't try to. Instead they make a joke of it, freely admitting that they're big eaters and "always hungry."

The "faint immorality" of eating more . . .

OUR response to our hunger pains, whether we pay the respect due to them, deny that they exist, or imagine that they're ever-present, is probably fixed fairly early in our lives by the eating habits we develop as children.

A very human approach to the subject of diet was made recently by the world-famous American anthropologist Margaret Mead.

Most people take the attitude that there's something faintly immoral, or at least sadly self-indulgent, about anyone who eats more than they do themselves.

Margaret Mead's relaxed attitude to the appetite is that food is good and that it's unfair for people to have to spend half their lives refusing what they want.

What she urges is that a proper pattern of want should be established in babies, so that for the rest of their lives their wants and their needs will be pretty much the same thing.

"We must bring up our children to live in a world of plenty without having to diet," she says.

"Why should people have to spend their time miserably not eating? Food used to be monotonous and you didn't eat too much of it.

"But now our food is so good and so plentiful we've introduced variety and in-between-eating with snacks and vending machines, and as a result you get adults who have to spend their time refusing their food."

As a step in the right direction in training today's babies so that they won't grow into tomorrow's calorie-counters and lettuce-leaf munchers, she says that mothers should study their babies so that they learn to tell when they are actually hungry.

When they're hungry they should be fed, instead of every three hours or every four hours, when the rules say they SHOULD be hungry.

It does seem to make sense. In that way the baby would very soon associate the idea of eating with the feeling of hunger, instead of the idea we normally force on him of having to take the food while it's there, regardless of what messages his stomach is sending up to his brain.

Is it a crime to leave food on a plate?

IN the same way, Dr. Mead says, we should stop making it seem a crime for children to leave food on their plates.

This seems to me the most pristine good sense. But, oh, how hard it is to achieve that measure of detachment, when so-called expert opinion says that the child must have this and must have that every day, must eat regularly, and must have a mixed and varied diet.

I would hate to count the number of revolting dollops of sieved vegetables I've swallowed in my time, just out of fury because some baby wouldn't eat it after I'd gone to the trouble of pushing it through the sieve!

Maybe it was better for the baby for me to swallow the stuff, but it must have reinforced my habit of eating by the clock instead of waiting for hunger to strike.

The whole of civilised life seems to force us to do that. Primitive people didn't even think of setting out on a hunt until they began to feel a little hungry, and by the time the food was caught they'd developed a really good appetite.

Every housewife knows how little she wants her evening meal on the days when she has been out to afternoon tea. But she eats it because the clock and the rest of the family say it's due, and she doesn't want to waste it when she has had the trouble of cooking it.

I suppose that's one reason why appetites are so good on holidays, when there no longer have to be set times for meals, and the whole family can go on to what the child experts call "demand feeding."



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Is he
jealous of
the baby...



... or
unhappy
with you?

By LYNN MINTON

● Nineteen-month-old Billy didn't want any more dinner. He turned his plate upside down and began to finger-paint on the table with the creamed spinach.

"STOP that!" his mother snapped. Billy's lower lip quivered — his mother never talked to him that way before his baby sister arrived.

Like Billy, most children under two go through a bad time when their mothers come home from the hospital with a new baby.

Sometimes the trouble is jealousy, but as often as not a toddler is upset by the way his mother has changed.

Suddenly she begins to make more demands on him. She disciplines him more. She has less patience. She spends less time with him.

It is, of course, easy for a mother to forget that her older child is still a baby.

He looks so big compared with the new infant and he is able to do so many things for himself. But the fact remains that he is very young, and he can't be expected to grow up overnight without some suffering.

What can you do to make this difficult time easier for him? Since he will have enough trouble adjusting to the necessary changes that come with a new baby, don't increase his burden needlessly.

Make up your mind, for instance, that this is not the time to toilet-train him or to wean him from a comforting bedtime bottle.

Up to now he has been accustomed to having you all to himself, so don't desert him; try to give him some time with you alone when the baby is asleep. Initiate a story before bedtime if you haven't already done so—just the two of you together at the end of the day.

Recognise his new status

And in recognition of the new role that has been thrust upon him, try to give him some special treats commensurate with his new status—an afternoon alone at Grandma's ("Because you're so grown up now!") or a later bedtime.

Of course, there have to be differences in care between a little boy or girl and a newborn baby.

You must carry a baby and feed him, and you long ago stopped doing this for your toddler. Fortunately, the older child senses the helplessness of the baby.

While he may ask to be fed or carried occasionally, he will tend to accept such differences as these. It is the other more subtle differences that will concern him.

You scold the toddler but never the baby—and how can an older baby know that this is simply because he can understand and the newcomer can't?

You talk to the baby in a soft, special way but speak to your two-year-old the way you speak to everyone else. And you respond differently to the same behaviour.

One day, for instance, the baby pushes a little fist into your eye when you pick him up.

You lovingly take the fist away. Your big child in imitation smacks your face and you turn on him in annoyance and say, "Don't do that again!"

To the older child this may seem a fierce injustice. Obviously you can't always be aware of situations that may seem unfair to him, but if you're on the lookout for them you may respond with more understanding.

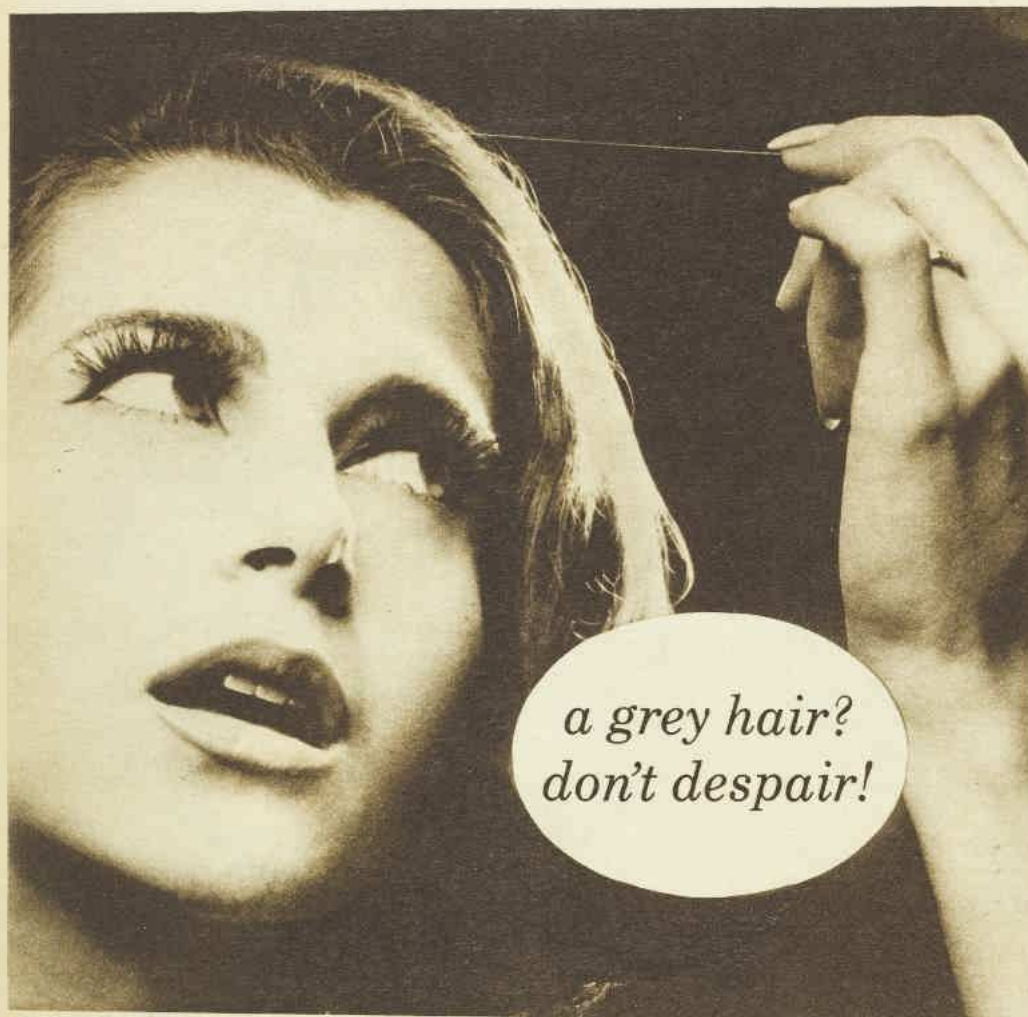
Your first child is probably particularly mischievous when you are bathing or feeding the baby.

You can try to prevent this by giving him something to occupy himself with while you are busy—perhaps a doll that he can bathe and feed in imitation of you.

If he still seems to do his best to provoke you, try to correct him without anger in your voice.

This is not easy, because your impulse is to be angry with him, but since you also sympathise with him try to let him know you do.

Sympathy instead of irritability may not work miracles, but if your toddler feels that you still accept him and love him, the sight of the new baby in your arms will be easier for him to take.



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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

that my star had waned since those days of happiness and promise when Miss Greville, discoursing on the Orchis maculata in an atmosphere of Eton, paused to address me across the impeccable table: "Another cutlet, Carroll?"

I knew now that my mother couldn't have had the faintest preognition of what lay in store for me. Those earnest conversations with Leo, while she anxiously studied his sad, pale, plausible face, must have induced in her an entirely false impression of the prospects he could offer me. Yet I could not bring myself to write and reveal the truth.

This would alter nothing of my situation, and from her frequent letters Mother had trouble enough fulfilling her teaching obligations at the school in time to take the train journey to Cardiff to attend her all-important night classes, which, she had confided to me, were proving harder than she had foreseen, with many technicalities she found difficult to understand.

NEVERTHELESS, as I felt myself slipping into a kind of bog, stifled by the prevailing smoke and grime, I tried to brace myself by striving again for that elusive Greek ideal which I had pursued in the past, a physical adequacy which was so far not reflected in my attenuated form.

The solitary bath in Leo's establishment served at present as a repository for an accumulation of useless household rubbish, old door handles, bent nails, broken picture frames, bashed cardboard boxes, and the like, which Uncle had not allowed to be thrown out; but aided by Annie I cleared away this debris. Although the enamel was chipped and rusted, the antique tub held water, and thereafter every morning when I got up I did fifteen minutes of body building exercises, then took a cold dip.

In the evenings, which had begun to lengthen, I returned with joy to my old love. It cost only a halfpenny fare to take the yellow tram from Argyle Street to Kelvingrove Park on the western outskirts of the city, but as I often lacked that coin I did not mind walking all the way along Sandimount Street and Western Road, since I was wearing my old gym shoes which made me feel light and full of springiness.

At the park, which extended in a series of tree-lined avenues and curving drives beneath the University, I would pause to gather myself, then begin to run, through the gathering twilight, on the circuit I had mapped out for myself. Except for an odd couple spooning on a bench, few people were about at this time.

The sense of freedom and inexplicable delight which I experienced in this swift transit through the cool air, still luminous with the fading sunset, afforded me an escape from all my woes which, as though blown away by the wind of my speed, fluttered and fell behind me.

After I had spent myself I would sit and rest, looking up at the University, the old noble building outlined dark and towering against the western sky. The chances that I should ever study there were now depressingly remote, yet when my breath came back, impelled by an ineradicable longing, I

climbed the hill and wandered round the precincts. Passing through the deserted cloisters I read the names above the lecture rooms, drawn always to the Department of Biology, where, lingering outside the locked door, I sniffed the aromatic odors of carbolfuschin and Canada balsam. Then indeed, turning away to return to the city, I felt that I had fallen on evil days and that my life had sunk to a dull and profitless routine.

One afternoon as I walked up Union Street rather slowly, returning from yet another of Leo's commissions, a young man, bareheaded, and of extreme elegance, came out of the Criterion Hotel accompanied by a stylish but rather overdressed woman somewhat older than himself. I knew him instantly, and as his eye met mine in mutual recognition I instinctively called out "Terence."

He did not appear to hear me. Avoiding my glance, continuing to address his companion in the liveliest manner, he passed me as though I did not exist, while, cut and humiliated, I stood staring like a fool. A few paces up the street, opposite the entrance to the hotel grill, an open red Argyle car upholstered in padded red leather was waiting with a chauffeur in attendance. Toward this rich vehicle Terence escorted his lady friend, saw her seated with every sign of solicitude, then, after a vivacious and tender farewell, watched her driven off.

As he turned I stirred myself, and began to move hurriedly away, confronted suddenly by the recollection of that moment eight years ago when in Terry's company I had repudiated Maggie. Now she was avenged.

At that moment, however, a piercing whistle, such as might be used to summon a cabby, made me spin around. Terence was coming toward me in leisurely fashion, handsomer, more charming than ever, not a hair out of place and immaculately got up in striped trousers and a dark jacket, a regular fashion plate. As he looked me up and down I quivered slightly. In the face of such sartorial, mannered perfection, it was impossible not to blush for my own inadequacy.

"Well, well, well. What a long drink of water you've turned into," Terence said slowly. "What are you doing up here, man?"

The total absence of communication that now existed between my mother and Lochbridge had left him in ignorance of our present situation. When I explained, he emitted another whistle, but in a low and meditative key.

"So you're working for that skinflint. I never pass him in the street but I want to spit in his eye. Why didn't you come to me, man? I always liked your mother. A nice little woman. I'd have straightened you both out in no time. No time at all."

"Why... what are you in, Terry?"

"The hotel business. Learning it on the inside. I'm the receptionist here at the Cri."

Deeply impressed, I looked from Terence to the pillared marble portico and through the wide glassed doors to the vista of rich carpeting and gilt chairs to the foyer beyond. The Criterion was a new hotel with a sophisticated Continental atmosphere, not large but exclusive. In Winton it touched the heights of fashionable opulence.

"I suppose Leo feeds you well," Terence said suddenly, examining me sideways with a satiric eye. "Or could you do with a bit of a snack?" Before I could answer he went on. "Well, then, you nip round to the back of the building and I'll let you in at the other entrance."

The service entrance was easily found, and Terence, already at the door, admitted me to a long passage which led into the hotel kitchen, an enormous lofty chamber, dazzling the eye with its display of shining metal and gleaming white tiles. A young man in a white apron and puffed cap was reading a newspaper.

"Tony," Terence said, "I've just discovered a long-lost starving relative. Can you knock up something for him?"

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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Page 45



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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Tony lowered his newspaper. He did not look particularly pleased.

"Three o'clock in the afternoon. And me the only one on duty."

"That's why we're here." When Terence smiled, no one could withstand him for long. Tony put down his paper and got up.

"What does he want?" "Something with beef in it. And plenty."

It was a relief to find the staff dining-room, into which Terence now led me, completely empty. Here, after a surprisingly short interval, Tony brought me a large helping of what looked like stew.

"That suit you?" "Oh yes, thank you."

As I began to eat, Terence took a chair opposite me and lit a cigarette.

"Heavens, kid," he said after a few minutes, "you've got a swallow. You must be famished."

"Not really, Terry. It's just that this is the most delicious meat I've ever tasted."

"It ought to be. It's Boeuf a la Bordelaise. As a matter of fact, my friend,

Miss Josey Gilhooley, had some for her lunch today in the grill."

When he said this in so conscious a manner I felt some response was expected of me. I could not well say that she was pretty, since even in my brief glimpse of her I had been struck by the prominence of her nose. So I said: "She's very smart, Terry."

He nodded complacently, with a gratified proprietary air.

"Was that her car?"

"Her old man's. Gilhooley the builder. They're rolling. For your own information, kid, and strictly on the q.t., Josey and I are as good as engaged. At least, it's not official yet, but she's practically my fiancée."

"I always thought you liked Polly Grant," I said unthinkingly.

The nearest possible approach to a flush passed over Terence's face, confirming those early rumors of his frequent visits to Ardencaple.

"That was just a flash in the pan. This is the real thing." He added after a pause: "Don't you ever go out with the girls yourself?"

The idea was so preposterous I merely shook my head.

"What!" exclaimed Terence, "you haven't got a girl yet?"

I FELT myself redden. I had no wish to enlighten Terence on my longings in that direction defeated by an abysmal shyness — a state of inner conflict only maintained in balance by the discipline I inflicted on myself.

"I'm not interested in girls," I lied bravely. "I'm kept busy all day," I said defensively. "And at nights I go out to the park and run."

"You do?" For the first time Terence seemed interested. "I remember you were pretty fair." He seemed to make a joke of this, then considered me thoughtfully. "Have you done any serious running — at sports and such like?"

"Oh, yes, I went out often with the Ardencaple Harriers and won the under-fourteen steeplechase two years in succession."

"You did!" He regarded me even more thoughtfully.

"One of these night I might come out and clock you. I still keep up with the track, although I've too much on my mind to go in for it myself."

"I remember your telling us how you won the two-twenty at Blackrock."

He looked pleased.

"Sure. I left them like they were standing still. I was the champion there, man, or near enough to it. A pity you never managed to go to Blackrock."

I acquiesced sadly, by adding under my breath: "I'd still give anything to go."

"Well, who knows?" he said encouragingly. "It's not too late. There's ways and means. As I mentioned before, I have connections. Gilhooley is a big man. A strong Catholic, too, and Irish as you make them. Don't give up too easy. Why, speaking offhand, it just occurs to me that the Bursar there now, a fellow called Phelan . . . or is it Feeney, was a pal of mine. He took the collar. I might write to him; he'd do anything for me. Or even the Principal, they remember me there, I can tell you."

Terence's expansive attitude quite lifted me up. My eyes glowed as I murmured my gratitude.

"Say nothing of it." He pushed back his chair and got to his feet. "I must get back to the reception now. We've some important guests coming in this afternoon. But keep in touch with me. I want to time you on the mile. If it works out it might do you some good. Don't forget now."

"I won't, Terry. I'll come to the service door."

"That'll be easier for you," he approved. "By the way, did you know that Nora was in town?"

"No, Terry."

"Well, she is, and doing famously for herself."

"In what way?"

To page 51

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY, week starting Sept. 30

- *****
- ARIES**
MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, blue, white.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat.
- TAURUS**
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, grey, navy.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thurs.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, red.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, green.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, tan.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, blue, white.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, pink, jade.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, silver, red.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sat.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- ★ Regrettably, more unfortunate aspects than fortunate ones. There's a good one 30th-1st. Cash in on it and push your career. The 2nd-5th is ill-starred for romance—perhaps a parting.
- ★ About the only lucky patch is 30th-1st, which is fortunate for orange blossoms—but they could wilt rest of week. Best not to form new partnerships, love or legal.
- ★ A lucky little break, 30th-1st, which helps marriage and partnership, and especially favors legal matters. Rest of week, particularly 2nd and 5th, unfavorable. Beware of accidents.
- ★ There could be good news for the health and home, 30th-1st. However, adverse aspects prevail, chiefly affecting friendship. You could part from a friend, be disappointed in a hope.
- ★ On the whole, love and romance could prove casualities, with a possible emotional upset on the 2nd and a disappointment on the 6th. But 30th-1st benefits social life and new ideas.
- ★ The 30th-1st provides an opening which guarantees success, especially in furthering personal affairs and prestige, particularly for those born September 17-19. Rate the rest of the week adverse.
- ★ Usually a period to go full steam ahead, this week could bring you to reefs and rocks unless you keep a sharp look-out. The 1st your best day for important things.
- ★ The 1st is fortunate and could bestow success on home affairs, real estate. Some could mount higher the ladder of achievement. However, rest of week adverse for marriage, new ventures.
- ★ The 30th-1st assist domestic issues. Fine for buying land and signing real-estate contracts. However, emotional upset and loss is indicated. The 5th could be a depressing day.
- ★ There could be a setback to a long-cherished hope. Friends could play a prominent and, in some cases, an unhappy role. However, the 1st compensates by helping romance and enterprise.
- ★ You perhaps have felt a slowing down—you could be working harder for the same result. For many this influence will increase. The 1st is favorable, but rest of week adverse.
- ★ Many Pisceans, especially those born February 20th-25th, could find their burdens being lightened, particularly 30th-1st, which encourages fruitful action. Rest of the week is unpropitious.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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BAD CHIEF YESTERDAY Good Chief today

Based on a real life story

Yahoo! Another Cowboy bites the dust!

"Just look how happily Bobby's playing today," says his mother. "Only yesterday the children were squabbling and fighting. But last night I gave Bobby a Laxette. No tears today!"

Children's upsets are often due to constipation. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Not habit-forming. No embarrassing urgency. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.

When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/3.



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If your back aches like sin and rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYS-TEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific Laboratory-tested and Certified CYS-TEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 4/6.

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CHILDREN'S NOVELTY



BETTY THE DOLL is edible from her licorice hair to her shoes. Bake one like her for a little girl.

TOOT THE TRAIN pulls carriages laden with sweets. It would make a pretty centrepiece for a table.



● If there is a child's birthday in your family soon, or if the children have been specially good, bake one of these novelty cakes as a celebration or a reward.

The four cut-out cakes are fun to make—and you can imagine how delighted the children will be when you produce an edible double-decker bus, a pram, a train, or a doll in a blue dress.

WE give a recipe for a basic cake mixture for these novelty cakes, but you could use packaged cake mixes instead. These are convenient and give excellent results. There is also a recipe for frosting.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce standard cup measure are used.

A FEW HINTS

- It may not always be possible to get exactly the same type of biscuits and sweets shown in the pictures on these two pages, but with a little imagination (and a visit to the nearest sweets store) you can alter the decoration by using substitutes.
- If possible, always use decorations that are edible.
- It's best to bake the cakes the day before decorating; they will be firmer and therefore easier to cut and handle.
- Use colored shiny paper to cover board or cardboard base; then, if a little frosting is dropped or otherwise goes astray, it can be cleaned off easily with a little dampened cotton-wool without marking the paper.
- Remember to get everything ready before beginning to mix the frosting — the cake cut and in position on the board, spoons and knives at your side, and the array of sweets nearby.

BASIC MIXTURES

CAKE MIXTURE

Four ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour (or 8oz. plain flour and 4 teaspoons baking-powder), pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time and beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill into tins as given in individual directions and bake in moderate oven.

VARIATIONS

Light Fruit: Add 6oz. mixed fruit, $\frac{1}{2}$ tea-

spoon each spice, nutmeg, and grated lemon rind.

Orange Cake: Omit vanilla, and cream grated rind 1 orange with the sugar.

Seed Cake: Add $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. caraway seeds and 2 tablespoons finely shredded peel.

Marble Cake: Divide mixture into 3 portions. Color one portion pink with food coloring, fold $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cocoa blended with 1 tablespoon of warm milk into second portion, and leave third portion plain. Spoon mixture alternately into tin, then drop tin sharply on to table once or twice to dispose of any air bubbles between the 3 mixtures.

Note: The basic cake recipe above is equal in quantity to 1 packet of cake mix.

FROSTING

Two egg-whites, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice or 4 tablespoons water (the lemon juice gives a good taste to the frosting), little flavoring such as vanilla, grenadine, pineapple, etc., good pinch cream of tartar, food coloring as described in various separate cake ideas.

Note: For this frosting an electric food-mixer is necessary because the mixture has to be beaten 21 minutes.

Place egg-whites, sugar, water, and lemon juice in heatproof basin, place over saucepan half filled with hot water. Beat continuously 21 minutes over simmering water at medium to high speed until mixture is thick, white and fluffy and all sugar grains have dissolved. Mix in cream of tartar and flavoring.

Now work very quickly — remove bowl from over hot water and quickly mix in colorings. Spread over cake, spooning as much as possible out of hot bowl; it begins to set round sides of bowl if left for any time.

The frosting will set slightly crusty on the outside and be of marshmallow texture in centre.

LULLABY PRAM

THE baby doll in the pram (lower right) and the pram-handles are the only non-edible parts of this cake. The doll costs about 5/- at most shops.

One and a half quantities of basic cake mixture, 1 quantity frosting, 1 baby doll, yellow, brown, and green food colorings, pipe cleaners, 4 round jam-filled biscuits for wheels, colored coconut, icing, or plastic flowers and leaves.

Fill one and a half quantities of cake mixture into 1 greased loaf-tin (measuring 5 x 8in. at top) and a small heatproof pudding-basin, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter. Bake in moderate oven, about 50 minutes for loaf-tin and 30 minutes for pudding-basin.

To cut out: Trim corners off loaf cake to make pram the right shape. Cut away 1-3rd of pudding shape, so forming hood. Hollow out this and the pram slightly, so doll will fit in comfortably.

Use scraps of cake to make supports under pram where wheels will be placed.

To assemble: Cover 12in. round cakeboard with silver paper; first arrange the support pieces of cake in position, then pram and hood. You may need to use 1 or 2 cocktail sticks to hold hood firmly.

Make up 1 quantity of frosting and reserve a little. Color remainder golden brown, and use to cover outside of pram. Take a skewer and dip in bright yellow coloring. Run skewer through frosting to form a basket effect.

Coat inside of hood and pram with reserved white frosting, allow to set; place doll in position in pram. Use white or colored frosting to make hanging cover for doll, but do not cover doll with frosting.

Make pram-handles of pipe cleaners, bent to shape and coated with a little frosting, colored dark green.

Stick a little frosting on 4 round biscuits, place in position round pram to form wheels, making sure to cover cake support pieces.

To decorate: Spread little egg-white or glue on board, sprinkle with colored coconut. Arrange a colorful selection of piped icing or plastic flowers and leaves on board.

CAKES



RECIPES AND DIRECTIONS

FROM OUR

LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

THE RED BUS

THE bus (top right) could be a school special, to decorate the table at a party for young scholars.

Two quantities of basic cake mixture, 1 quantity basic frosting, brown, yellow, and red food colorings, 4 biscuits for wheels, licorice, 2 yellow jubes, few white and toasted marshmallows, little doll, about 2 dozen colored square sweets, colored coconut.

Two loaf-tins are needed for this cake — 1 tin measuring 10in. long x 6in. across top, for base cake; another tin measuring 8in. long by 5½in. across top, for top deck of bus. Bake both cakes in moderate oven about 30 minutes.

To cut out: Make larger cake the base, place smaller cake on top. First cut out back door of bus from one corner, making it 2½in. high and cutting in 2in. from each corner. Be careful to leave a thin layer of cake to form entrance platform.

Cut out engine and window space at front of bus on same side as door and platform. To do this, measure up 2in. from base of cake at corner. From this point, measure 2in. along this side and front of cake. Do the same again 2in. higher up. Cut out this second section of cake in a square, leaving the first 2in. as engine of bus. The cut-out piece makes a hole where driver sits. Shape engine section to give slightly rounded effect.

Use scraps of cake as supports under bus where wheels will be placed.

To assemble: Cover oblong cakeboard or piece of thick cardboard with green paper, arrange bus in position with cake supports underneath.

Make up frosting and, before coloring, reserve few spoonfuls of white. Use this to coat inside of door section, driver's compartment, and window. Add little brown to remainder of white frosting and use to cover platform. Color bulk of frosting bright red, coat remainder of bus with it.

To decorate: Stick biscuits in wheel positions with little frosting, making sure cake supports are covered. Use thick piece of licorice for front bumper bar, 2 yellow jubes for headlights, fine pieces of licorice for grille guards, thinly sliced white marshmallows for front windows. A little doll can be pressed into cake to represent driver. Make 2 number-plates from flat pieces of licorice, paint on numbers with little frosting.

Place toasted marshmallows at top front and back of bus for advertising boards. Colored advertisements cut out from magazines could be placed in these positions to make it more realistic. Place colored square sweets round bus in 2 rows to form windows. Make hand-post and steps of small piece of licorice.

Spread little colored coconut on board to represent earth, make bus-stop sign from small piece of licorice coated with yellow frosting.

Little toy figures, trees, bus seat, and shelter could also be added to this cake.

BETTY THE DOLL

EVEN the features of the doll (top left) are edible. So are her black plaits and hair ribbons.

One and a half quantities of basic cake mixture, 1 quantity frosting, pink and blue coloring, licorice straps and twists, 3 pink marshmallow-topped biscuits, 2 green sweets for eyes, jelly-beans, colored chocolate sweets, about 6 round, flat, red sweets for polka-dots, 1 lollipop.

Fill cake batter into 1 greased lamington-tin (7 x 11in.) and 6in. sandwich-tin. Bake in moderate oven; lamington-tin will take about 30 minutes and smaller tin about 20 minutes.

To cut out: Smaller round cake becomes doll's head.

Cut body and limbs from slab-cake. Cut 3in. strip off one of the 7in. sides, divide this in halves, so making two 1½ x 7in. strips of cake; these form arms. Cut little wedge piece off each of these for feet.

Next cut wedge-shaped dress section. This is done by finding centre of one of the 7in. sides and marking 1in. each side of this mark. From these marks, cut down to bottom corners of cake, so forming wedge. The 2 pieces left form legs. Trim off the very fine points on leg pieces; use these as thumbs.

To assemble: Cover large piece of firm cardboard or thin board with colored paper. Arrange in position the head, dress section, arms and thumbs, legs and feet.

Make up 1 quantity frosting, divide in halves. Color 1 half pale pink, the other blue. Frost in arms, legs, and face with pale pink, then darken a little of remaining frosting to bright pink, and use to make rosy cheeks on doll. Spread blue frosting over dress section and feet.

To decorate: Make hair and plaits of licorice straps and licorice twists. Use 3 pink marshmallow biscuits to make bows on plait ends; make eyes of 2 green, flat, round, and shiny sweets, and eyelashes of licorice. Make mouth of 2 colored chocolate sweets and 1 jelly-bean.

Add bright red, shiny, round sweets to dress in polka-dot pattern; make necklace of jelly-beans. A few licorice pieces represent laces on shoes.

The doll carries a lollipop in one hand.

TOOT THE TRAIN

THIS little train (picture lower left) with its freight of confectionery will delight little girls as well as little boys.

Two quantities basic cake mixture, 2 quantities frosting, red, pink, yellow, blue, and purple colorings, licorice, 1 marshmallow, 2 round sweets with holes in centre for lights, selection of colored sweets for carriages, musk sticks, 6 or 8 round sweets for wheels, pieces of plastic or wooden cocktail sticks, coconut, cotton-wool.

Make up 2 quantities of basic cake mixture, fill into greased nut-roll tin (7 x 3in.) and 3 bar-tins (10 x 3in.). Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Remember to fill nut-roll tin only about half full.

To cut out: Cut four ½in. slices from nut-roll to form 4 wheels. The remainder is the engine.

First bar-tin: Cut bar-tin cake in halves crosswise — one section becomes a carriage; slice the other in halves horizontally through centre of cake. One of these pieces becomes the windshield; put the other piece aside to use as cake supports.

Second bar-tin: From this cake make the coal tender. Cut off 4in. section crosswise. From one end of this 4in. piece cut down through cake again to take out oblong piece for the platform — do not cut right through base of cake but leave about ½in. of cake for floor of platform. From remainder of this bar-cake cut 3 to 4in. piece to form another carriage. Trim the last little end of this cake to form a funnel.

Third bar-tin: From this cake cut 1 or 2 more carriages, as desired, and use remainder as supports.

To assemble: Assemble on large piece of thick cardboard or thin wood covered with colored paper, preferably green to represent grass. First arrange the engine (nut-roll), windshield, and funnel. Place scraps of cake underneath to give support where wheels will stand.

Make up 2 quantities of frosting and divide into 4 sections — leave first white, color second pink, third yellow, and fourth blue.

Coat engine funnel and windshield with pink frosting. Next place coal tender in position, coat with yellow frosting. Coat 4 wheels with white frosting, place 2 on each side, one set near engine, the other set near coal tender. Add little extra red coloring to any remaining pink frosting; use this to coat one carriage.

Coat another carriage with blue, then add little purple coloring to frosting to make a pretty mauve. Use this for another carriage. Place all these in position, about 2in. apart, behind engine and coal tender.

To decorate: Place marshmallow on top of engine to represent small smokestack. Two round sweets with holes in centres become lights on windshield. Along front of engine, place long strip of licorice as bumper bar, and little round piece right in centre of engine front. Push thin strips of licorice into frosting to connect wheels; place a little centre round of licorice on each wheel.

Cut thin pieces of licorice to form the name "Toot," or other name, and press into engine frosting.

Arrange pieces of licorice in the tender to represent coal. Connect carriages with a little piece of plastic or wood cocktail stick; use round sweets as wheels. Fill each carriage with sweets.

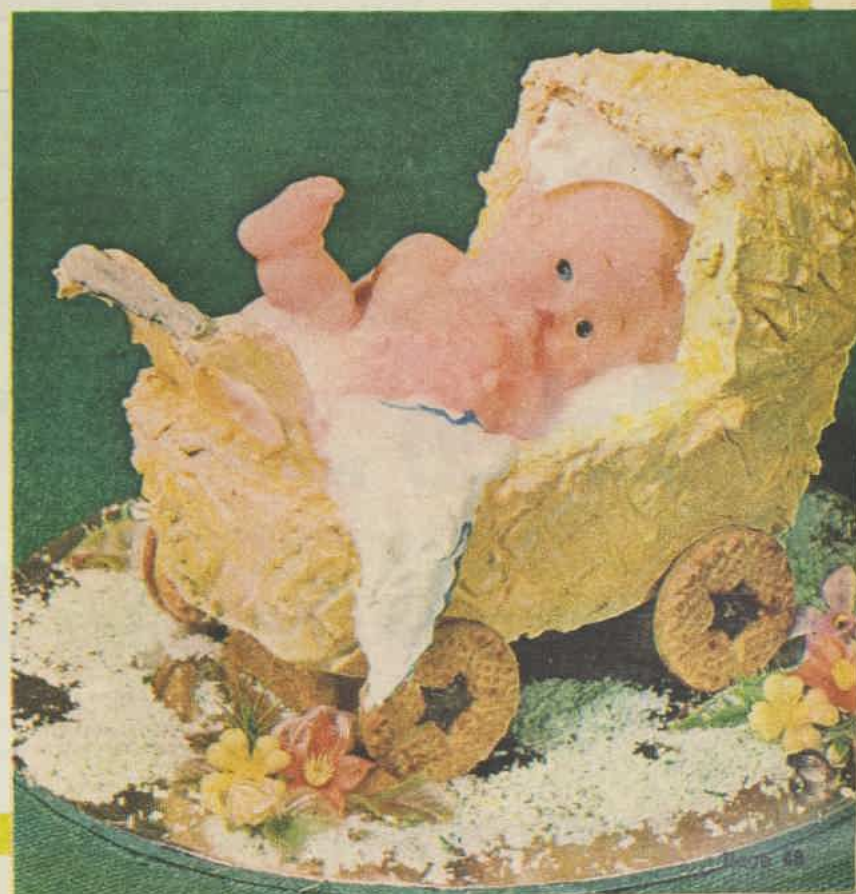
Place train tracks made of musk sticks and licorice between carriages. Cotton-wool makes the smoke for engine.

Spread a little colored coconut on board.



THE RED BUS is made with two cakes baked in loaf-tins. It is complete with headlights, windows.

LULLABY PRAM contains a celluloid doll which could be a prize or birthday gift for a little guest of honor.





Savory pastry has cheese flavor

- A recipe for an unusual savory pastry wins the £5 prize this week.

SAVORY pieces of pastry have a filling of devilled cheese. Recipe is given at right.

THIS prizewinning pastry has a devilled cheese filling and topping and can be served hot or cold.

SAVORY CHEESE PALETTES

One pound puff pastry, 4oz. grated tasty cheese, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, cayenne pepper, melted butter or substitute. Roll pastry out thinly to about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick

and 20 in. square. Brush surface lightly with melted butter or substitute, sprinkle with mustard and cayenne pepper. Spread the grated cheese over pastry. Fold the two outside edges to meet the centre. Brush over with more melted butter and fold again, turning folded edge into centre. Now fold pastry double into one long roll. Cut into slices $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Flatten each piece on cut side with lightly floured rolling-pin. Brush tops with more melted butter, sprinkle with cheese, mustard, and cayenne pepper. Bake on greased oven-slide in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Hobbs, Box 101, Gayndah, Qld.

PERFECT PARTNERS



Bakeo

PASTRY MIX & CANNED PEACHES

Another new idea for sweets! It's easy—with Bakeo Pastry Mix and canned peaches. Try it soon!

PEACH RAISIN TARTS

Make pastry according to directions on Bakeo pack. Bake tart shells and cool. **PEACH AND RAISIN FILLING:** In a saucepan place: 1 cup syrup from small can peaches; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water; 2 cups seedless raisins. Bring to boil, cover and simmer 15 minutes. Mix together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; 2 tablespoons cornflour; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Stir into hot raisin mixture till mixture thickens and clears. Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; 2 tablespoons orange juice. Stir till butter melts. Pour this mixture over 2 lightly beaten eggs in bowl. Return this mixture to pan and cook, stirring constantly, for 2 minutes. Fill tart shells $\frac{3}{4}$ full, top with peach halves. Serve with cream if desired.



HOME HINTS

- Readers win £1/1/- for each of these useful household hints.

IF furs are wrapped in newspaper during the summer, it will keep them free of moths. — Mrs. D. McIntosh, 18 Glen Rd., Roseville, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Knit the welt of a child's jumper first; then cast off, turn upside down, pick up stitches along the first row and start the body from there. If finished garment shrinks or becomes too small, it is easy to unravel the first rows of ribbing and knit more. Do the same with cuffs. — Mrs. R. Vause, 59 Mercury St., Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
When moving, pack fragile porcelain, crockery, or pottery in a box of sawdust to prevent breakage and chipping. — Mrs. B. Vertigan, 2 Matthew St., Glenhuntly SE9, Vic.

★ ★ ★
For a caravan holiday, make sheets, hand towels, tea towels, face washers, etc., of fine patterned cotton. They dry quickly, add color to the caravan, and are easily claimed should they blow away. — W. D. Leighton, Box 137, Tolga, North Qld.

★ ★ ★
Make small scoops for your spice canisters by breaking off the handles of plastic teaspoons to about 1 in., then filing the rough edges smooth. — Mrs. E. F. Valentine, 11 Kent St., Collaroy, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
To save time, prevent scalded fingers, and keep your table silver bright, put an aluminium sink-tidy or colander in the washing-up water. Place silver into the tidy or colander. The silver is kept hot, can be lifted out easily all together and quickly wiped. This is a help after a party with many small forks and spoons to wash. — Mrs. Ruth Excell, "Penare," Farrington Rd., Kalorama, Vic.

LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

A SIMPLE baked custard becomes a special dessert when you substitute coffee for some of the milk and add rum as a flavoring.

DANISH COFFEE CUSTARD

One cup skim milk, 1 cup strong black coffee, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons liquid sweetener (or to taste), 1 dessertspoon rum, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg.

Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk with liquid sweetener. Add to remaining milk and coffee; scald in top of double saucepan over simmering water. Beat eggs, slowly add milk and rum; stir until well blended. Pour into ovenproof dish, sprinkle with nutmeg. Place dish in pan of hot water, bake in moderate oven about 1 hour or until silver knife inserted in custard comes out clean. Cool, then chill before serving.

Serves 5; calories per serving, 70.

"She's junior assistant to Miss Donohue, the buyer in Earle's. The Donohues are good friends of ours; old Donohue and my old man were pretty close at one time, so it was all fixed up nicely for Nora to train under her. You know what a buyer is, don't you?"

I did, more or less. And as Earle's was the leading establishment in Winton for women's fashions I knew also that Miss Donohue's position must be a good one.

"Nora's always asking about you," Terence went on. "Why don't you look her up? She lives with Miss D. I'll give you the address. It's in Park Crescent."

He took a gold-cased pencil from his waistcoat pocket and wrote it down.

I could not thank him enough. Indeed, when he had shown me out by the back door, I went on my way rejoicing in the fortunate chance that had reintroduced me to my own people. I had been so long without proper human companionship that the prospect of friendship with Terence and Nora excited me.

And more: the subject of Black-rock had been raised. What might Terry, or Terry's friend, do for me? The name Gilhooley, linked to that splendid car, to say nothing of the dashing daughter to whom Terence was affianced and soon would probably marry, suggested possibilities which, while as yet undetermined, seemed almost unlimited.

For several days I waited hopefully in the expectation that Nora would get in touch with me. I was reluctant to take the initiative and Terence must surely have spoken to her of our meeting. But as no word came from her, on the following Saturday when I was free I wandered in a desultory fashion toward Park Crescent. The afternoon, I remember clearly, was mild, still, and sunny, full of a delicious promise of spring.

PARK CRESCENT

was situated in a favored residential district on the west side of the city. It stood high, a quarter circle of tall Georgian houses, now converted to flats, overlooking Kelvingrove Park. Already discouraged by the superior atmosphere of this locality, which contrasted markedly with the crudities of Argyle Street and Templar's Hall, I barely paused outside No. 9 and did not arrest my self-conscious transit until I was fifty yards farther down the Crescent. Here, with the air of a disinterested observer, I leaned over the railings and surveyed the Park beneath me.

Should I, or should I not, advance boldly and ring the bell? The spears were breaking on the chestnut trees, yellow forsythia was already in bloom, perambulators were circling on the broad path where I took my evening run. Nora could not possibly wish to see me. Yet I had liked her when we last met and I wanted her as a friend. Half turning, I perceived that the street maintained a total emptiness. At least I should be unobserved if I were rejected and thrown out.

Bracing myself, I turned back, mounted the portico steps of No. 9, and went into the long entrance hall. From a variety of doors, peering in the semi-darkness, I selected one on which was tacked a visiting card with the name: Miss Fidelma Donohue. I straightened my tie and reminding myself that I was fairly presentable in my soberly dyed brown suit, pressed the bell.

The door was smartly opened by a short, tight, bustling little woman dressed for the street in a stylish hat and coat who, in a well-corseted attitude, her head thrown back, appraised me with a hard, bright, competent eye and inquired: "Well, young man?"

"Is Miss Nora Carroll in?" I murmured. "I'm her cousin, Laurence Carroll."

She relaxed immediately, her expression altered, she smiled a welcome. At ease, she had a full, rather humorous mouth, richly embellished with a gleaming double set of false teeth.

"Come in. Why haven't we seen you before? And why didn't you give us word you were coming?"

As I entered she put a hand on my shoulder and continued to look me up and down.

Continued from page 47

"Yes, you're a regular Carroll. I knew your father well, poor lad. So now you're making your fortune with your Uncle Leo." Without giving me time to deny this suggestion she went on, impelling me toward a half open door. "Nora's in there. Hurry in now and get acquainted, for as bad luck would have it, we've both got to go out. But don't forget to come again."

I saw that, like a fool, I had come at the wrong time and was prepared to apologise and retire. But, under her propulsion, I entered the room she indicated, a small feminine bedroom, done up with flowered chintz curtains and chair covers of the same material.

My cousin was seated before the

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

looking-glass of her dressing-table. She turned, and we gazed at each other. Although I knew she must be my cousin I scarcely recognised in this alarmingly attractive girl the skinny child who had butted me at my father's funeral.

For there was no doubt about it — Nora was a beauty. Not only so, but untouchably smart, wearing a ruched silk blouse, dark green skirt, and a necklace of speckled green beads, exactly the kind of girl for whom, with a lowered glance, I hurriedly stepped off pavements, lest my contaminating presence should offend her. Yet she was smiling to me, and her dark eyes, with their thick fringe of long curling lashes that seemed darker

against her fresh delicate complexion, sparked with pleasure and mischief.

"Oh, Laurence, what a fine tall boy you've grown into! But oh, dear, I can't help thinking how I treated you in the hen-house. Do you remember the egg?"

"Of course, Nora."

"Anyway, it's done wonders for your hair. You've lots of it, and such a nice chestnut shade. But oh, dear, I did bang you against that wall."

She came forward, put her arms round me, and gave me a full, long kiss.

"There!" she said. "That makes up for it. After all, aren't we cousins?"

"Oh, Nora," I said faintly, "it's a treat to see you again. I've wanted to."

"Then why didn't you before now, you silly fellow? No, no, it's really my fault. We're an awful family, the way we don't keep up with one another. Of course Simon's in Spain, and Leo is impossible, but we shouldn't have lost touch with you. We'll have to make up for it now. Stuck all those months with Leo can't have been any fun."

"No, not much, Nora. But then I'm not much of a one for fun."

"We'll have to go into that. And into all that's been happening to you." She had taken up her hat from the dressing-table. It was a little chip straw with a single rose on the brim. "But not now, dear Laurence. It's a great shame, but

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NIGHT N' DAY CAKE

TULIP

Make this Night n' Day cake with Tulip, Australia's quality margarine

NIGHT N'DAY CAKE: 4 ozs. TULIP, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 tspn. vanilla, 1 desspn. hot water, pinch salt, 8 ozs. S.R. Flour, 2 lev. tbsps. cocoa, 1 cup milk
EXTRA METHOD: 1. Cream TULIP, sugar, vanilla and hot water until white and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. 2. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spoon half the mixture into a greased and floured 8" square or round sandwich pan. 3. Add blended cocoa and extra milk to remaining mixture in bowl, mix well, spoon into similar pan as plain mixture. 4. Bake in mod. oven 25-30 mins. Cool.
PEPPERMINT CREAM: 3 ozs. TULIP, 1-2 tbsps. milk, 9 ozs. icing sugar, few drops peppermint essence, green colouring (optional), toasted coconut. **METHOD:** 1. Cream TULIP with icing sugar. Add milk to make a soft icing, add essences to taste, spread a little between layers of cake. 2. Tint remaining cream pale green or leave white. Spread over top and sides of cake. Decorate top and sides with coconut.



Miss Donohue and I have an engagement that just can't be put off."

"I'll clear out at once," I said hurriedly.

"Oh, dear, aren't we touchy!" She finished putting on the hat at the mirror and swung round. "Now tell me, is that becoming? Be careful, it's a model borrowed from the showroom."

She burst out laughing. "Oh, Laurie, you are a funny chap, but if I'm any judge, a nice one. Now listen, we're all going, Miss D., Terence and I, and some others, to the second house of the Alhambra on Saturday night, and you're coming with us unless," she looked at me mockingly, "it will make you even more miserable!"

"Oh, no, it won't, Nora."

"Then meet us at the stalls en-

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trance at nine o'clock. We'll have the tickets."

I left the house walking on air in a trance of happiness which, as I turned instinctively into the Park, was succeeded by a surge of restless exaltation. How kindly Nora had received me, how naturally and affectionately I had been accepted, invited to another meeting, made to feel that I was wanted. No one had ever kissed me like that... never, never in my life. The soft warmth of those lips pulsed and persisted in my guileless blood, and in a slow, delicious expansion I felt my heart go out toward my cousin.

Sudden recollection of my absurd fancy for Ada, with whom I had not even been privileged to ex-

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

change a word, made me blush. That had been mere childish play. This was the real thing. I was grown up now. I understood life. And as I hacked along at a pace that made me sweat, I began to picture a future in which Nora and I would constantly be together. I no longer felt alone and Winton had ceased to be a wilderness.

Suddenly, as I came along the river walk, sharply intruding upon this blissful reverie, a static object, peculiar yet strangely evocative, caught my downward abstracted eye. Surely, in the remote past, I had been familiar with that short ebony stump, terminating in the angle iron that affixed it to the thick-soled surgical boot. I stopped instinctively

and raised my head. Seated alone, on the park bench, a little shrunken man in a black bobtail suit, celluloid dickey, and string black tie, was regarding me with a benevolent half smile.

"Laurence Carroll," he said.

That he should recognise me, in my present state and after an interval of seven years, struck me with such force I dropped out of my dream and responded involuntarily.

"Pin Rogers!" And then, hurriedly apologising: "Oh, I'm sorry, sir. I was so surprised you knew me it just slipped out."

"I'd have known you anywhere, Laurence," he said amiably, making a sign that I should sit beside

him. "As a matter of fact, despite your elongation, you haven't changed one iota."

Dubious as to whether this was complimentary or disparaging, I accepted his invitation and sat down. He continued to inspect me.

"Were you walking for pleasure or for profit?"

I had a wild and frantic desire to reveal myself, to tell him about Nora and of the splendor that had gloriously changed my life. Fortunately I was now sufficiently sane to restrain the impulse.

"Actually for neither reason, sir. I was on my way back to Argyle Street."

"Why Argyle Street, of all places?"

"That's where I work."

"Work? In what capacity?"

"Well, sir, I'm a sort of apprentice in a wholesale warehouse."

"You mean that you have left school?" When I nodded he looked at me quizzically and murmured: "Then we are in the same boat."

"Have you retired, sir?" I asked tactfully.

"In a manner of speaking," he said. "I have, in fact, been pensioned off. But I am still active, thank heaven, in a personal and particularly interesting way. I am compiling the Annals of Ardencaple parish, Laurence. I have access to all the records in the University Library, and as I now occupy a quiet, decent room in Hillside Street quite near, I have every facility for what one might well term a labor of love."

He was still the same mild, prosy little man, characteristically making the best of his present situation, which did not strike me as particularly entrancing, and with my mind too overcharged to allow me to appreciate our meeting properly, I had begun to seek some means of escape when he said: "Now tell me about yourself."

W

ITH some reluctance I set off on a bare outline of the events since my father's death, of which he had heard. But he would not permit this brevity and kept drawing me out, pressing for more information, interspersing my answers with barely suppressed exclamations of interest and regret, until he had squeezed me dry of my entire history.

When I had done, having eventually warmed to my subject, I looked for some expression of sympathy by way of reward. Instead, with his head cocked at a sharp angle, he began to tug at his little pointed grey beard.

Finally, in an absent manner, he said: "And your poor mother was such a happy little body." Then, before I could recover from the shock of this remark which, from Pin, seemed almost indecent, he glanced at me then away again in a manner which made me feel he was bringing himself to say something unpleasant. "I'm bitterly disappointed in you, Laurence. I thought you were a bright boy. I never imagined I'd find you clerking in a city warehouse."

"But how could I help myself?"

I protested.

"In a dozen different ways. Most of all by showing some gumption. You want to go up there, don't you?" He cocked the little beard upward, not of course suggesting that heaven was my destination, but in the more immediate direction of the University which, from our position by the river, towered on the hill above us.

"I've wanted to go in for science, or even medicine, for long enough," I answered shortly. "I've wanted a lot of things I never got."

"Then why don't you try a little

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

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harder? There are scores of University bursaries, especially in classics, open to clever boys. You are clever, aren't you?"

"I don't know. I hope I am."
"Then let's see, right away, how we stand." He spoke with enthusiasm and, while I gazed wonderingly, fumbled in the inside pocket of his braided jacket and produced a thin, black, worn morocco booklet, rather like my prayer book.

"This is my New Testament, Laurence," he said briskly. "Just open it at random and construe." I opened at random, then after a blank pause, attempted a feeble joke.

"This is Greek to me, sir. I don't know a word of it."

"What, no Greek? Oh, dear, that's a blow!" He paused, frowning at me. "Then how are you in Latin?"

"I've gone through 'Selections from Ovid,' and all of a book called 'Pro Patria,' and, well, I sort of started a bit of Virgil."

"Started a bit of Virgil," he repeated, making a clicking noise with his dentures which appeared to express the ultimate in dissatisfaction.

Again there was a silence. Then he said:

"Define the fifth proposition of the third book of Euclid."

Hot with embarrassment, I faltered: "Afraid I haven't been taken beyond the second book."

EVEN then he did not give up. There, on that park bench, while the perambulators rolled past and a park attendant watched suspiciously as though we were conspiring to pillage his flower beds, Pin put me through a comprehensive examination, and when it was over he gave out a kind of hollow groan.

"Who has been teaching you? Or ruining you?" He tugged at the straggle of beard as though trying to uproot it. "You are utterly and completely uneducated."

"No, I'm not," I said angrily. "I know lots of things about botany and zoology, perhaps more than you do, sir. I'll bet you can't tell the difference between the four different species of erica, or how the chromosomes fission in an amoeba's nucleus."

He considered me with a wan, compassionate smile.

"My poor boy, these are precisely the subjects you would take, and doubtless excel in, after your admission to a scientific curriculum. But to gain that admission you require knowledge of a totally different kind, a standard text-book proficiency, which you simply have not got."

There was nothing I could say to this. Suddenly I looked up.

"Couldn't you . . . I mean, as we're both in Winton . . . couldn't you coach me, sir . . . ?"

At once, and with fatal certainty, he shook his head.

"Impossible, Laurence. You're so far behind you need at least two years' hard and constant study. I'll not be here more than six months. On your side and mine it would be hopeless."

A long, dull, unhappy silence followed this extinction of my one sustaining hope, always at the back of my mind, that I would somehow break through my difficulties to a brilliant, scintillating career.

"It's a great pity, Laurence. You were such a promising pupil. Don't you remember those little sagas you produced for me when I set the weekend essays? They were uncommonly good. You had such an unaccountable sense of words. I used to read them to the class." He paused suddenly, reflectively, looking at me in a manner which struck me as odd. He murmured a word to himself which came to me indistinctly. It sounded like Ellison, or perhaps Elison. Was it a final benediction?

Then, rather undecidedly, he said: "I suppose there's no harm in our

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies two beautiful teapots, shown at right.

Could you tell me anything about some old china which belonged to my great-grandmother? The teapots of both sets are identical, the first numbered 1051 (light green and gold design), the second numbered 1180 (dark green and gold). — Mrs. B. E. Cobby, Ascot Vale, Vic.

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

keeping in touch. Have you a pencil? Take down my address, Two hundred and twelve Hillside Street. You might come and see me one evening next week. And now I mustn't keep you. I'll walk down with you to the tram stop."

I answered sulkily. "I don't take the tram."
"But I have to, Laurence," he said mildly.

WE walked together to the park gates. His progress, conspicuously slow and more ungainly than before, attracted curious and often vulgar stares. On the incline he was audibly short of breath. In a bad, sullen mood it did not please me to be publicly identified with him, to be an adjunct to this freakish, hobbling progress. He had not helped me in the least, but had merely cast me down. When at last he hoisted himself to the step of the tram and called, "Mind, now. Come early next week," I barely answered before abruptly turning away.

At least he had not robbed me of all my future. I still had Nora. And as I went on toward Argyle Street I began to think of her again.

The second "house" of the Alhambra opened at nine o'clock, but on Saturday night, as could be expected, I arrived outside the entrance to the stalls well before that hour. I was in fact so early that the outrush of the audience from the first performance almost swept me off my feet. Thereafter a cold wind blowing fog from the river made standing a chilly business.

With an eye on the Central Station clock I paced up and down, warming myself, less with this activity than with the prospect of seeing Nora. But time was going on. Ten, five, three minutes to nine . . . now the curtain must be going up. I began to worry. Had I mistaken the date or come to the wrong door? Fifteen minutes late, as I was on the point of leaving, they arrived.

The party was larger than I had expected: Terence and Miss Josephine Gilhooley, Nora, Miss Donohue, and a hard-looking young man in an expensive suit who turned out to be Miss Donohue's brother. They were all in a mood of combined and well-established gaiety which induced the belief that they had probably had dinner together. The suspicion that I had been

excluded from this prior event was confirmed by the effusiveness with which by way of compensation they greeted me.

"I do hope you haven't caught cold, dear," Miss Donohue exclaimed, clutching my arm.

"Josey, this is Laurence," Terence said gaily.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. I always say that any friend of my friend is a friend of mine, only they ought to have told me about you sooner." Miss Gilhooley, who was wearing a rich-looking fur coat and swathes of mauve tulle round her head and neck, joined in the attempt to make amends. She pressed my hand, leaving on my palm an imprint of perfume that persisted throughout the evening, and added: "I hear you're a great runner. You look it, too. I always say you can tell by the look."

"We think he might be good," Terence said judiciously. "Martin and I mean to give him a try-out one of these days."

So far Nora had not spoken. Now, though still silent, she smiled at me, a smile of recognition and acknowledgment, with, I thought, a hint of intimacy that more than made up for all my waiting. Better still, as we went into the theatre she said quickly in my ear, explaining everything: "It was Miss Gilhooley's party, Laurence. So I couldn't very well invite you to the Criterion. But next time you'll be sure to come."

Unfortunately, in the disturbance created as we crushed our way into the centre of the stalls, I lost my place, so that Terence, in the lead, sat with Miss Gilhooley, then came Martin with Nora, while I, at the end, was left with Miss Donohue. This arrangement did not at all suit me. In my disappointment I looked along the row hoping for a commiserating glance from Nora, but with her usual animation she was talking to Donohue. On the stage a juggler was tossing balls in the air.

"The opening turns are never much good, dear," Miss Donohue whispered in my ear. "But just wait till you see Hetty King." She had unwrapped a large box of chocolates and having offered me my choice placed the box conveniently open on her lap. "Help yourself when you feel like it, dear."

Then, with an inward sinking, I perceived that Martin was holding Nora's hand. At first sight I had not liked Donohue, who had not spoken to me, merely favored me

with a cold hard look, and that impression was now strongly reinforced. He was too good-looking in a raffish, morose, dangerous way. With his prominent cheekbones and slightly flattened nose he had the appearance of a boxer.

"Look, dear, the Simultaneous Brothers," said Miss Donohue.

Obliged to give some attention to the miming of these integrated twin-like figures in flannels, striped blazers, and straw hats, I nevertheless could not remove my troubled gaze from that other pair. The unnatural position thus maintained, with one eye on the stage and the other along the row, at last attracted the attention of Miss Donohue, who asked in an undertone: "Have you twisted your neck, dear, you seem to have a crick in it? Or don't tell me you have a squint?"

With an effort I returned my eyes to their normal focus and hastily reassured her that I didn't need glasses.

THE fall of the curtain for the interval saved me. Terence and Donohue immediately rose to go out to the bar and, as Miss Gilhooley stretched across the intervening space to talk to Nora, I turned to Miss Donohue with rare determination.

"I haven't had the pleasure of meeting your brother before, Miss Donohue," I remarked, conversationally, with a painful attempt at subtlety. "Does he live in Winton?"

"Well, part of the time, dear. But then he travels round the country a lot."

"On business, Miss Donohue?"

"Naturally, dear. He's a commission agent."

"Do you mean a commercial traveller, Miss Donohue?"

"You are green, aren't you, dear? Still, I like you for it, you're a very sweet boy. No, dear. Martin's a bookmaker. He has a stand at most of the race meetings and is in the way of building up a fine connection. Have a chocolate, dear, one of these. I don't like the caramel centres, they get in my dentures."

"It seems to me, Miss Donohue, that he and Nora are pretty good friends."

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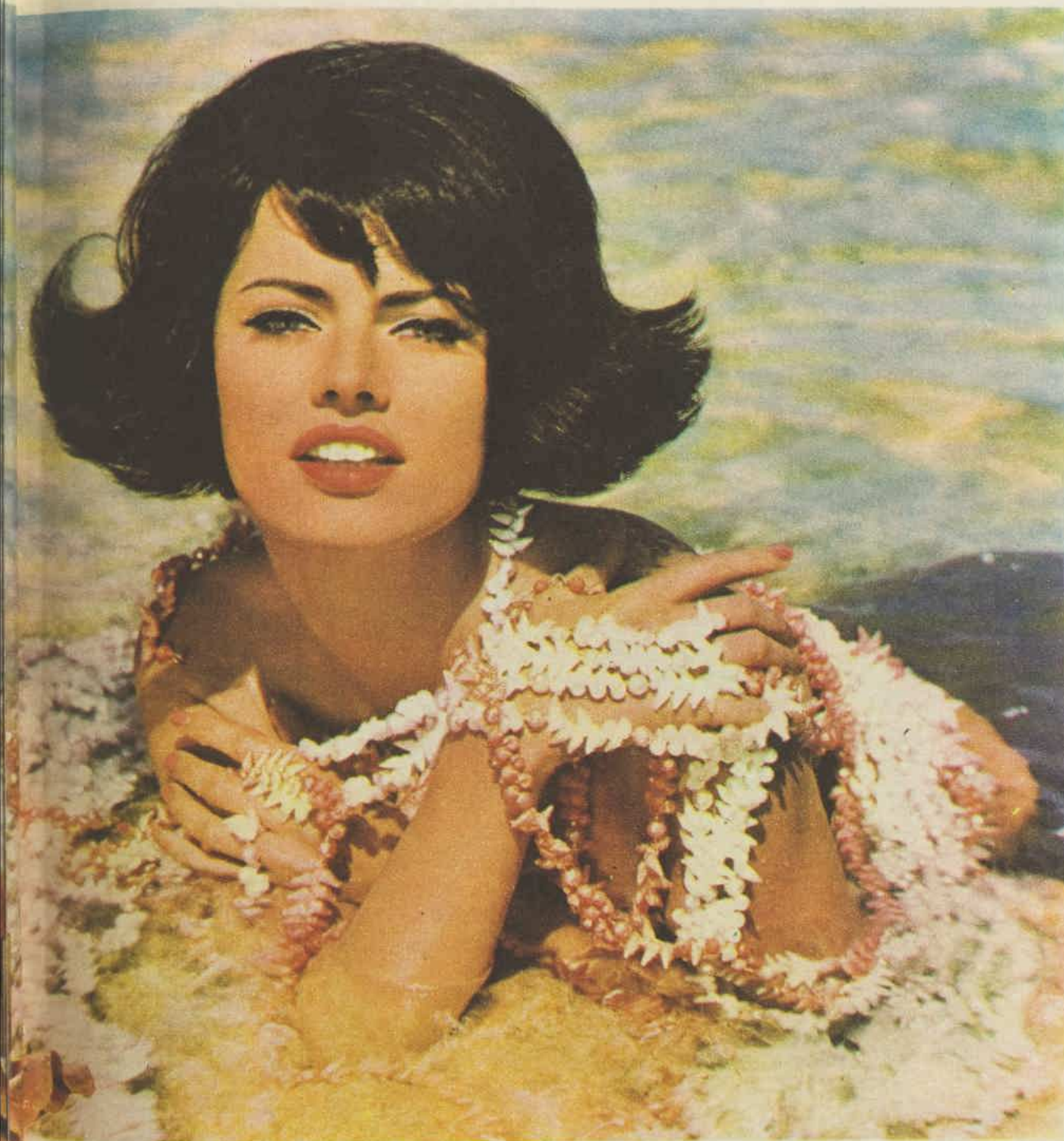
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"You might put it rather stronger than that, dear," she said, giving me a queer look. "There's what you might call an understanding there. They're not exactly engaged, Nora's too young yet, only seventeen, you know, and I want to bring her on for a year or so, at Earle's, so she can have her own business when she settles down. Nora's a lovely girl. A trifle wild maybe, it's the Irish in her, too full of mischief. But a dear girl. I'm very fond of her."

"I'm sure we all are, Miss Donohue," I croaked, in a vain effort to save face.

The rest of the show was dust and ashes in my mouth. As the final curtain fell and the orchestra bashed off a few bars of "God Save the King," I had a melancholy sensation of relief. In the general scurry Terence and Donohue hurried to the

Continued from page 54

bar for a last quick drink, while the two ladies, with a conscious air, retired to Cloaks. At last I was alone with Nora, waiting in the emptying foyer.

"You haven't enjoyed yourself," she said accusingly, yet with a note of sympathy, as if to indicate that she understood me. Indeed, when defensively I protested that I had she shook her head. "No. You thought it was pretty crude, and perhaps it was. This isn't at all the kind of thing you like."

"I would have liked it, Nora, if I'd been sitting with you."

"Then why weren't you?" She widened her eyes. Her breath, as she stood close to me, was warm

and sweet. "It would have been nice."

"I thought you wanted to sit with Martin."

"Martin!" she exclaimed. "I get enough of him. He's much too pressing. I was wanting you to be beside me."

My heart gave an enormous, joyful bound. Freed of my load of misery, I felt the blood rush into my face.

"But, Laurence," she was looking at me provokingly. "Terry says you don't care much about girls."

"I care about you, Nora. If you want to know, I've never cared about anyone the way I do you. I like you very much."

"Well, I like you, too," she said.

"I really mean it. And I want to see a lot of you, show you around a bit, take you out of yourself. It's a hard world, Laurence, and if you'll forgive me, I think you could do with a little more experience of it. You've got to learn to mix with people and have a bit of fun now and then. Am I offending you by saying all this?"

"No, you're not, Nora."

The others were approaching, and she went on rather quickly.

"Then I tell you what. Next Sunday Mart and Terry are going to be away. So you come up to Park Crescent and we'll do exactly what you want."

"Oh, Nora," I breathed. "How

perfectly wonderful. Shall I come in the morning?"

"Come when you're ready," she said. "But not too early or you'll find me in bed."

I was alive again, quite ready to smile when the others reappeared and pretend gaily that I'd had a wonderful time, to exchange hearty goodbyes and thank Miss Gilhooley when she said she wanted me to come to her next party, all of which was a performance completely foreign to my nature but which I now accomplished because I knew that Nora truly cared for me.

When at last I left them, I walked on air all the way back to Templar's Hall and the clanging of the trams made music in my ears.

Apart from my mother's regular weekly letters, I had nothing to expect from the mail. The postcard which arrived by the morning delivery on the following Wednesday and was handed to me at breakfast by Mrs. Tobin was therefore a surprising event. It came from Pin, and it said briefly:

Why have you not come to see me? I shall expect you Wednesday or Thursday of this week without fail.

Now, I had already given Pin up. His appraisal of my ability, or lack of it, had left a sore spot on my mind, and I had no wish to be catechised and dismissed again. If my prospects were as bad as he made out he could clearly be no possible use to me. I would not go to him. Any action to improve my situation must await the return of my mother.

NEVERTHELESS, as the day wore on, I kept pulling the card out of my pocket and staring at it. After all, it was a rarity. And I began to ask myself if some sense of urgency might not be detected in the message. Then, after all, I did owe an obligation to my old teacher. In the end, with characteristic inconsistency, at seven o'clock that evening I stood knocking at the door of 212 Hillside Street.

It was a boarding-house, of a noticeably modest class, a fact which I deduced from the smell of boiled cabbage in the bare little hall and the cracked linoleum on the stairs leading to Pin's lodging, a bed-sitting-room on the second floor back. He was there, reading at the window, but obviously expecting me, and he received me without reproach. Over his shoulder I saw immediately that he had provided for me, obviously from his own purse. A bottle of lemonade and a plate of sweet biscuits had been set out on the round table by the window.

"Laurence," he began, when he had seated me. "I had a thought the other day which might or might not be a happy one. Since then I have made it my business to pursue it."

"Yes, sir," I said dutifully. "First of all, let me offer you some refreshment."

He poured the lemonade and pushed the biscuits hospitably toward me.

"Won't you have some yourself, sir?"

He smiled and shook his head, then, after watching me for a few minutes, he said, with a certain impressiveness: "Laurence, I want to talk to you about the Ellison."

"The Ellison," I repeated blankly. He nodded, and learned toward me.

"As you probably know, there are all sorts of foundations, trusts, scholarships and the like endowed to the University. Some of them are unusual, and while perfectly acceptable to the Senate you might even call them peculiar — inasmuch as they reflect the character of the donor." He paused, holding me so tightly with his eye that I forgot to finish the biscuits.

"Now John Ellison was an odd sort of man, Laurence—a Forfar grain miller in a modest way of business, not particularly literate, but a fervid Scots nationalist with a passion for Scottish history.

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I'm led to believe that he went every year to Bannockburn on the anniversary of the battle. At any rate, when he died, at the age of eighty-three, he left all his estate to found a scholarship, thirty pounds a year for five years, open to students bent on entering the University, for the best commemorative essay on a Scottish historical character, the subject to be set unseen by the Professor of Divinity, the essay to be written in the space of two hours in the University Hall on the last day of the first week of August. That's just about three months from now."

Again he paused, then said mildly, but with a certain impressiveness: "Laurence, how would you like to spend those three months cramming Scots history, and sit for the Ellison at the end of it?" I gazed at him stupidly. My reaction, beyond the initial surprise, was mainly one of instinctive rejection. The idea was so utterly unexpected, the basis of the scholarship so preposterous, verging even on the absurd, and my competence for the undertaking so manifestly questionable, I shrank away from it, like a rabbit bolting for its hole.

I KNEW that I could not do it, that it was all quite beyond me, and I immediately set about arranging my refusal, logically, and in terms least likely to hurt Pin.

"It's kind of you to bother about me, sir. But when you speak of time you forget I have a job already that keeps me occupied most of the day."

"I was speaking of your spare time, Laurence. In the evenings and possibly the nights at your disposal you could, with my help, steep yourself in history."

"But where would I get the books?"

"With my present facilities at the University Library I could borrow all the books you need, and more. Rare books, splendid, interesting books." He added pointedly: "And you know how you used to love to read."

"In any case," I said, "you have no guarantee that I could do the essay, beyond those early compositions, which were only childish efforts. And you've already informed me I'm only half educated."

"Nevertheless, you're clever, Laurence," he countered dryly. "Besides, I doubt if literary ability is the main criterion in question. The judges will be looking for national spirit."

"National spirit!" I protested. "I'm half Irish!"

"That gives you the imagination to transpose yourself and become more Scottish than the Scots."

"No, I really don't feel up to it, sir. I'm too young to go to the University. I'd rather wait till my mother comes back. Her course finishes in September. When she gets her appointment in Winton she means to take rooms or a small flat. Then I may be able to go to school again."

"You're not too young for the University. You'd be past sixteen if you entered in the autumn. And that's too old to think of school, at least the kind available to you." He went on accusingly: "As for your mother, wouldn't it be a great thing if you were able to

Continued from page 56

tell her that you'd tried the Ellison, perhaps even," he paused, "that you had won it. In that event, what a joy, what a relief for her, your starting at the University with more than enough to keep you there. Thirty pounds a year guaranteed for five solid years. Think of that, Laurence. And don't forget, I'd help you."

Whether deliberately or not, he was pulling out all the sentimental stops, evoking tenderness for my mother and contempt for myself, playing so unfairly on my emotions that an angry flush came into my cheeks and I could find nothing to say.

He glanced away, tugging at his beard, appearing not to notice my

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

humiliation, but not before, in a subdued tone, he sounded the last outrageous, unpardonable chord.

"I suppose you can imagine what it would mean to a useless old man like me if I coached you through to win the Ellison."

Was he play-acting, descending to these base ends to win me over? Pin was a scholar, a classicist, and a man of culture, yet in his veins there flowed a strong infusion of homely sentiment. I believe now that he meant and felt every word he said. Then, it was enough for me to know that I was defeated. And he knew it, too. Rising spryly, he hopped—being at ease in his slippers and divested of the stump—toward a cupboard in the wall.

"You can't drink that now, it's gone flat. I thought you'd manage another bottle. I have it in the press."

He produced fresh lemonade and decanted it into a clean tumbler. "There's more biscuits, too, if you want them."

I accepted them to gain time to collect myself, and disposed of them in downcast silence. No one could have been less elated at the prospect of our enterprise than I. He must have sensed this, for he addressed me in a different, authoritative manner.

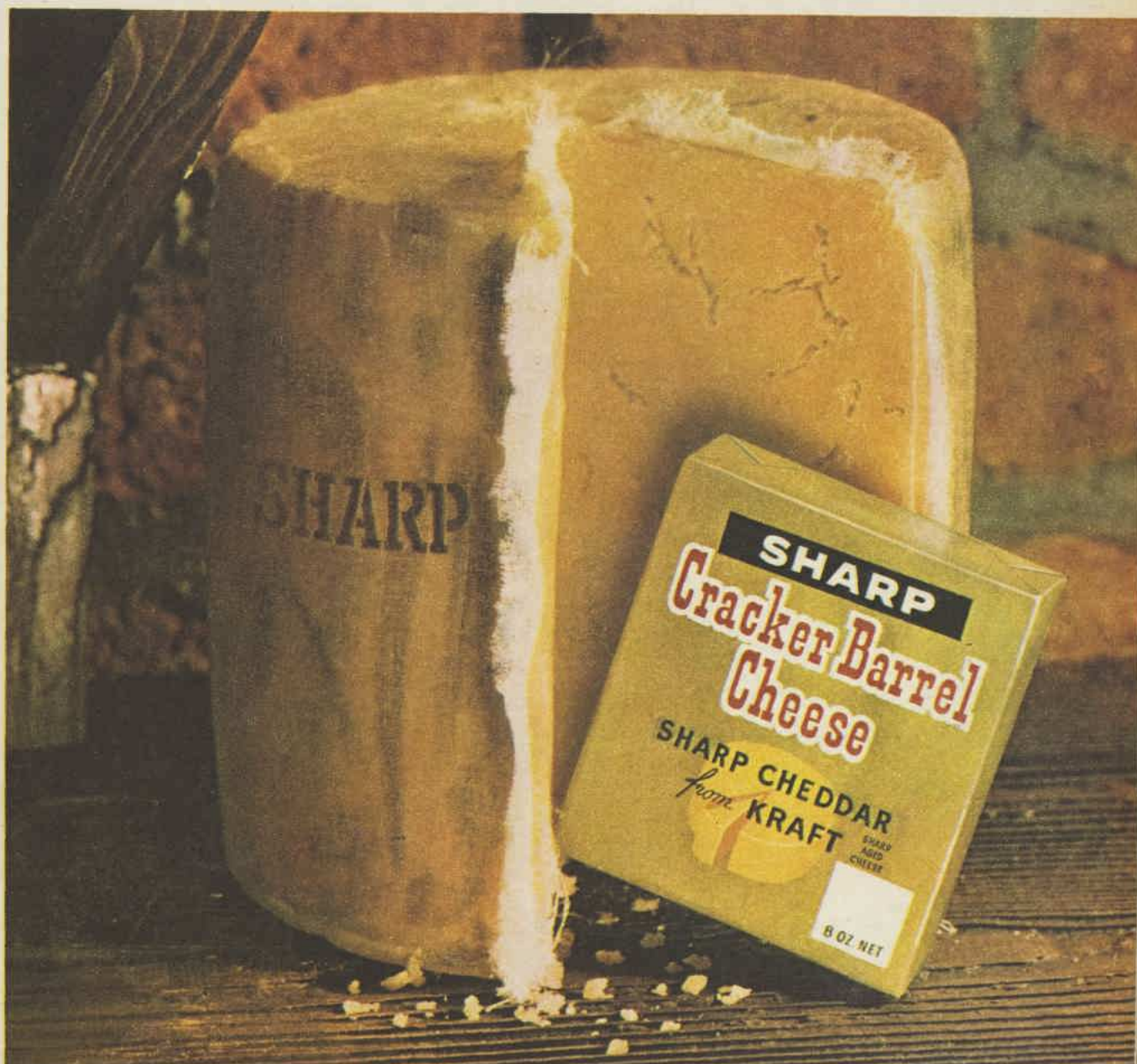
"Now pay attention. You will come here to this room at seven o'clock three nights a week, when we will spend at least two hours

together. I have drawn up a schedule of your reading. Here are your first two books, the first Hume Brown's "General History of Scotland," the second Duncan's "The Border Wars."

He handed over one of the volumes and turned the pages of the other at random. "You don't realise what a splendid time you are going to have... the amazing people you are going to meet. And to think that I had to drag you to it. Take this Earl of Angus, for instance, named Archibald Bell-the-Cat; he was a character, I can tell you. Draw your chair nearer and we'll go over him together."

In spite of myself, I became interested. Whatever Pin might have been in the pulpit he was always a sympathetic and engaging teacher.

To page 59



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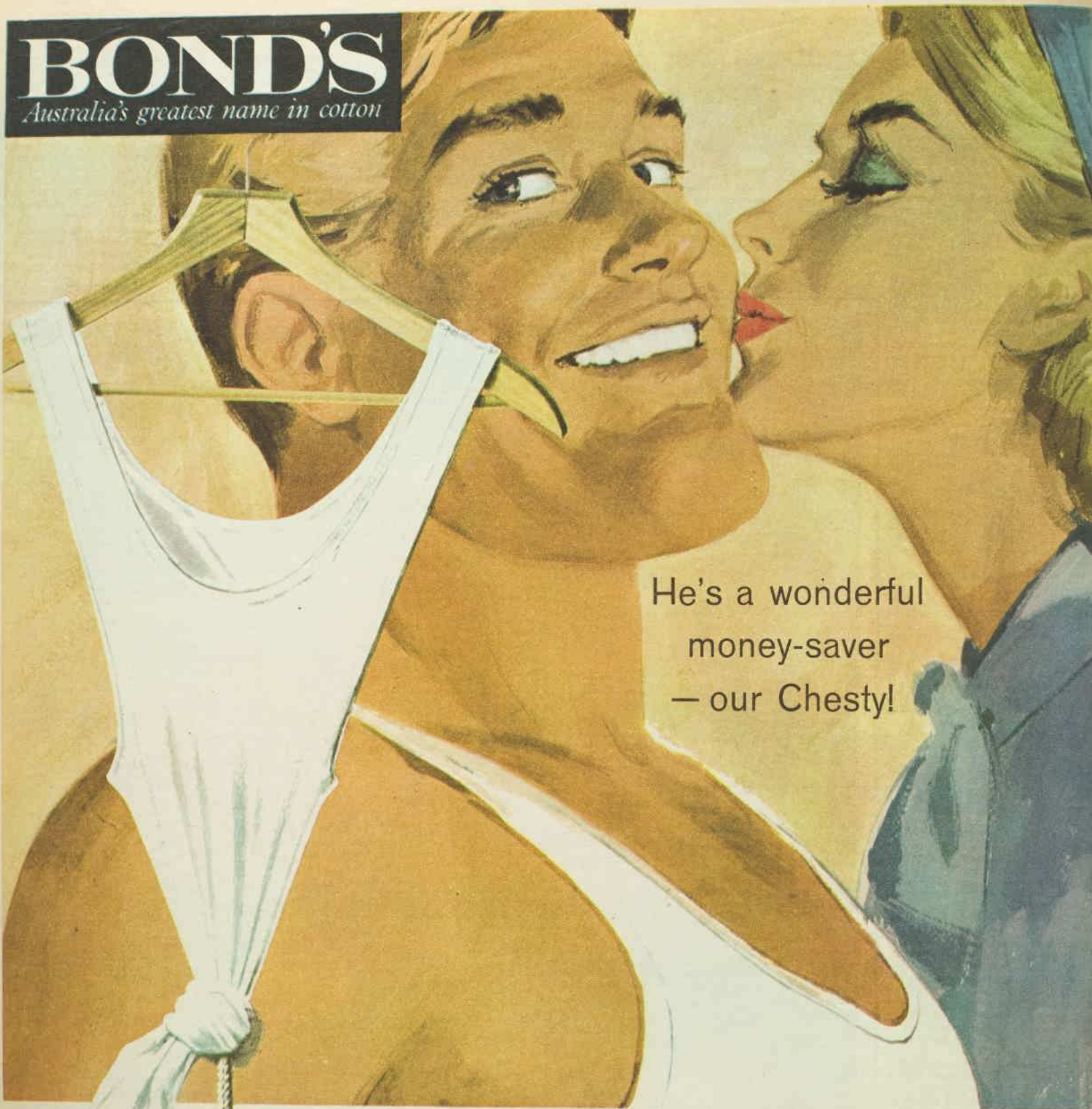
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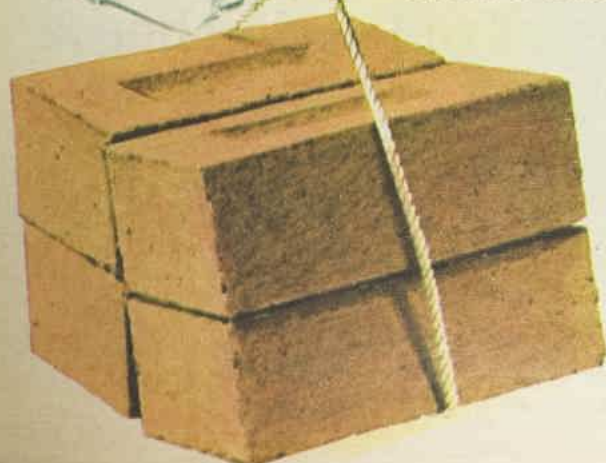
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1964

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A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 57

I was sorry when at nine o'clock he ended the session.

"That's enough for a start. Now apart from the reading I've set you, I'll expect a short written account, say five hundred words, on what we've just been over. Bring it when you come on Friday."

With the books under my arm I took my usual sprint through the park and then, so eager was I to resume my acquaintance with the Border Reivers, I continued my run all the way to Templar's Hall, choosing the back way by the river, speeding along deserted side streets and ill-lit alleys, hearing my footfalls echo behind me between the dark sheds of the docks, until at last I was in my own room, propped up in bed, with the candle lit and the book open on my knees.

Sunday, so eagerly anticipated, came at last. Although I was up and about by seven, I went out as usual to the ten o'clock Mass at St. Malachi's with Mrs. Tobin. St. Malachi's was our neighborhood church, serving the poorest district in the city, and remains associated in my mind with rows of women in shawls and the perpetual sound of coughing. But Mrs. Tobin liked it, she had friends in the congregation, and I always went with her.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Behold I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

— Revelation 3:20.

Actually, on this exceptional morning I had thought of going to the nine o'clock, so that I might arrive at Park Crescent about ten, but reflecting on Nora's hint that I should not come too early, I decided that I ought to get there around eleven o'clock. Although this, perhaps, on second thoughts, seemed rather late.

The University clock was, in fact, booming out eleven strokes as I pressed the bell of No. 9, spruced up in the best I had, and nervous, of course, but alive with anticipation. My dedication to the Ellison was now a settled thing, but it was still a long way off, and nothing would have made me miss the chance of a day with my adorable cousin.

Perhaps the bell had not rung. I pressed it again and waited. There was no response. Once more I had my finger on the button when sounds reached me from within, then the door was opened, partially, but enough to reveal Nora in her nightdress and dressing-gown. She blinked at me, with a vague expression, only half awake. At last, not particularly pleased, something seemed to strike her.

"It's you, Laurence," she said. "You'd better come in." Tightening the cord of her gown and scuffling along in her feathery mules, she led me into the kitchen, sat down on the edge of a chair, and with difficulty suppressed a yawn.

"Oh, Nora," I exclaimed grievously, yet fascinated by the picture she made. "I'm afraid I've disturbed you."

She looked at me, meditatively rubbing her shoulder under her nightdress, then suddenly began to laugh.

"Don't worry, man. I was a bit late last night, out with the gang. Seeing Miss Donohue off. She's away to Perth with Terry and Martin. But if you'll put on the kettle and make me a cup of tea, I'll be ready in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

WHEN she had shown me the pantry cupboard and retreated to her bedroom, I decided to make her a proper breakfast. Life with Mother had made me fairly expert at improvising a meal. By the time she came back the tea was infused and I had made a rack of toast and plenty of scrambled eggs.

"Well I never." She viewed my preparations set out on a checkered tablecloth. "This is luxury. Beats the Criterion. You'll have to share it with me."

"I've had my breakfast, Nora."

"What did you have?"

"Oh, mostly the usual stir-about. That's a kind of porridge, Nora."

"Then you can stand another. That Leo should be shot. Dead."

She brought out another cup and poured the tea. We started on the toast and scrambled eggs. I had never imagined that breakfast with anyone could be so agreeable. My cousin, now fresh as a daisy, was prettier than ever. Although still barelegged and in mules, she was wearing a soft white blouse and a short tartan skirt that had a lot of yellow in it.

"It's the Kerry Tartan," she explained, smoothing it over her knees. "If you're Irish you've got to be proud of it. Now tell me straight, Laurence, what would you like to do with me today?"

It was her coloring, I decided, the dark hair and eyes against the creamy skin, that made her so enchanting. I loved to watch her wide, soft mouth sipping the tea, and as she crunched the toast her small even teeth were as white as my father's had been — the good Carroll teeth.

"I'd like best . . . that's to say if you'd like it . . . if we could go somewhere into the country."

"Ah, you're not a city boy." She glanced out of the window. The sun was shining on the white wall of the courtyard.

"Still, not a bad idea. Winton's ghastly on Sunday. Suppose we take a run down to the houseboat?"

"The houseboat?" She was enjoying my surprise. That, I thought suddenly, was Nora's special charm — her capacity for enjoyment.

"Lots of people have houseboats on Loch Lomond. Martin . . . and Miss Donohue . . ." she added, "have one, not far from Luss. For holidays and so on. It's fun. We'll take the bikes, you can have Miss D's, and we'll be there by one o'clock."

This prospect, after months in the purlieus of Argyle Street, was a real excitement. I could hardly wait to be off. I jumped up.

"Let's start soon, Nora. I'll hurry up and wash the dishes and make some sandwiches, if you like."

"No sandwiches, man. They're deadly. And never mind the dishes. If you want to go now, we'll go, but first let me get my stockings on. Hand me them. Over there."

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"What heavenly tea!"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1964

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

A pair of lisle stockings had been washed and now hung, dry, two slender filaments, on a rail by the kitchen range. As I brought them to her they were light as gossamer.

Sitting there, she began to draw them on, watching me out of the corner of one eye with sheer mischief and something else, a sort of beguiling inquiry that came from beneath her lashes.

"There!" she declared casually, rising and shaking herself down. "Once I get my shoes on we'll be off."

The two bicycles were in the basement cellar. We wheeled them out through the yard and set off. Miss Donohue's machine, an old model with high handlebars and a fixed low gear that had no free wheel, made me work hard. I had to pedal twice as fast as Nora to keep up with her. Going downhill she would dart ahead and turn round to mock me as, perched on the high saddle with my feet on the front fork and the pedals spinning wildly, I rattled behind her. I felt sure Miss D. hadn't used the machine for ages.

But the exercise was just what I wanted, the roads had a Sunday freedom from traffic, and the open country, already tender with the green of spring, was a sheer intoxication. The hawthorn was bursting into bloom. I sniffed the sweet perfume as we swept past. In the meadows lambs were bleating after their mothers. Primroses and cowslips were already showing under the hedges. When we came to the Loch, winding along the lovely curving shore, Nora began to caper on the bike.

"Look, Laurence, no hands." Then she started to sing.

THIS violation of the Sunday stillness had an unaccountable effect on me. I liked it until suddenly it made me remember that Nora had not been to church that morning and that I was undoubtedly to blame for this omission. I pedalled up to her and exclaimed in consternation: "Nora, you didn't get out to Mass this morning. And the way I rushed you off, it's all my fault."

She stopped singing.

"Yes, Laurence," she said gravely. "That's a bad sin on your conscience. I didn't want to bring it up on you, but it's been worrying me a lot."

"Oh, dear," I mourned, "I'm terribly sorry, Nora."

"Well, don't upset yourself, my lad. Maybe it's not mortal, and if it is, there's some I've heard of that are a lot worse."

As she spoke she jumped off her bike. We had reached a quiet cove with a pebbled beach on which a small dinghy lay moored to a stake by a rusty chain. Some fifty yards offshore a curious yet inviting white-painted structure with windows and a door that in miniature exactly fulfilled my conception of Noah's Ark floated gently at anchor. It was the houseboat.

Nora took a key from her bicycle satchel and unlocked the padlock on the dinghy's chain. We pushed off and, each taking an oar, rowed to the houseboat. Inside, it was exactly like a little house, with a bedroom, a sort of lounge that was the sitting-room, and a kitchen fitted with a metal stove. It was also in a state of extreme disorder, the bed unmade, newspapers and dishes cluttering the table, an empty bottle lying on the floor.

"A bit of a mess," Nora said, looking round and wrinkling her nose. "Well, never mind, that's not our problem. What would you say to a bathe?"

"I'd love it," I said, longingly, for I was hot and dusty. "But I've no pants."

"Who's to see you," she answered coolly. "I'll not look and even if I did, aren't I your cousin? Go in off the top deck. But, mind you, it'll be cold."

A ladder staircase led to the top deck, which was flat, surrounded by an ornamental balustrade. Woods enclosed the cove on two sides, and beyond the lake shimmered in the sun. In the distance the Ben was bluer than the

sky. I threw off my clothes and, still dubious of my total nudity, hurriedly dived in.

The shock of the snow-fed water was breathtaking. I came up gasping, but as I struck out my circulation came back to me with an exhilarating rush. I had been swimming for some time when an unexpected splash made me swivel round. My unpredictable cousin had joined me in the lake. Impossible to discern whether or not she had on a bathing suit. Only her head was visible as, with a fast breaststroke, she bore down upon me. But the thought that, like myself, she might be in a state of nature stung me.

I took off like a frightened trout,

making instinctively for the shore. But she had anticipated this and cut me off. I turned. She followed, a maddeningly persistent mermaid. Only with an effort that left me gasping did I reach the opposite side of the houseboat and haul myself out to safety.

A towel had been placed beside my clothes. I rubbed myself down and got into them like lightning. Five minutes later she appeared, dripping, shaking water from her hair and, to my immense relief, adequately covered.

"Why didn't you stay and let me duck you? Really, Laurie, you're

To page 62



• DU PONT'S TRADE MARK FOR ELASTOMERIC FIBRE



GIRLS ARE MADE FOR COLE OF CALIFORNIA.

Confessions of a Cole-crazy girl.

"This summer, dear diary, I'm going to cheat. I'm going to look a picture in dégagé. Dégagé. Free. At ease. Lines that move as my body moves, clinging here, releasing there, like music in motion. Who created dégagé in swimsuits? Who

else? Cole of California! This dégagé Cole is "Sun Dance," in colours of Gold, Aqua, and Tawny. The shorts have the cute new "Little-Boy" legs, are made of miracle Lycra* to mould gently, never go out of shape—even wet!

Cole
of California

so shy, it's painful. Anyhow, I'm hungry and we both need something to eat."

"If you've anything to cook . . . I muttered helpfully. "I could light the stove . . ."

"When you know me better, and I hope you will, you'll discover I hate cooking . . . about as much as I hate sandwiches. In any case, there's nothing to eat on this tub but tins of sardines and mouldy biscuits."

I started to tell her that these would do, but she had already started to go below, saying: "I'll be ready in a tick. Then I'll tell you what's on the cards."

She was not long in coming back. Then we got into the dinghy and under her directions I rowed about half a mile up the lake and into another bay where, on the short road, there was an inn with the

Continued from page 61

sign: Inchmurren Arms. John Rennie, Proprietor. We disembarked at a little wooden jetty. Here I hesitated. Truth must be spoken.

"Nora . . . I've no money." "What!" She affected an exaggerated surprise. "Not even a round O for Paddy Murphy? Then ye're stuck."

As I reddened she burst out laughing.

"Don't worry, dear Laurence, this is my treat."

Nora was apparently a fairly regular customer, the pub-keeper knew her at once and shook hands with her.

"Mr. Donohue not with you today, miss?" He then gave me a long stare followed by a dismissive

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

turn of his head, and said: "There's chicken, roast beef, or boiled mutton with apple dumpling or curds and cream to follow. You'll have the Snug to yourselves." As a kind of afterthought, he added: "The wife will be sorry to miss you. She's down the village at the daughter's."

The Snug was not a particularly good room, the table covered with oilcloth, and spittoons on the sanded floor. A sad stuffed pike in a glass case swam over the mantelpiece. But the food, when it came, was the best country fare. We had the roast beef, thick slices pink in the middle and charred at the edges, with floury potatoes and greens. With this Nora ordered a glass of beer. I took lemonade. Then

the homemade apple dumpling with lashings of thick, fresh cream. I had a second helping. Finally a round of sound, yellow Dunlop cheese was put on the table. Sitting back and finishing her beer while she nibbled a sliver of cheese, my cousin viewed my activities on a much larger wedge with a faint smile.

"We'll do this again, won't we, man?"

"Oh, Nora, if only we could . . . This is all . . . so perfect."

"There's just one thing we need to top it off. Remember the sup of port I gave you in the bar when we were both kids? We'll each have another sup now."

She got up and went out of the room to fetch it. After a longish

time she came back with a glass in each hand.

"Rennie tried to keep me talking about horses," she said. "Martin usually gives him a tip."

At the mention of that name the sweetish port tasted slightly bitter. Even so, it was giving me courage.

"Nora . . . Do you come here often with Martin?"

"Well, occasionally. And with Miss D., too."

"I suppose . . ." — I was developing a way of going round this painful subject — "it's only natural that you're fond of Martin."

"Sometimes I like him a lot. Other times I hate him. I'm out with him now."

"I hope you stay out with him."

"Why?" "Because, if it won't offend you," the port was helping me, "I'm terribly fond of you myself."

"Why should it offend me?"

"Well," I muttered deprecatingly, "I'm not much, you know, Nora."

"For pity's sake, man!" She sat up. "When will you stop running yourself down? You don't think enough of yourself. If you want to know, I'm liking being with you in a way I never thought I would. Do you hear me? I'm enjoying this every bit as much as you are. You'll see, I mean it. Let's go back to the boat."

As I got up a delicious euphoria pervaded me, induced by the lunch, the port, and this warm expression of her regard. Decently, under the pretext of discussing horses, Nora had already paid the bill. Outside, as we came through the inn garden, the velvet wallflowers, hot in the sun, distilled their faint delicious fragrance. It was a beautiful still afternoon.

W

WE reached the houseboat, tied up the dinghy, and went inside. Nora was looking at me with that faint suggestive smile I had noticed when she drew on her stockings. Yet somehow it had changed. She was no longer mocking me. Instead of mischief in her eyes there was warmth and a strange, sweet, vague allurements. She gave a little laugh.

"After that gorge I feel like a nap. Don't you? We could stretch out there."

Following her gaze, I saw that the bed had been made up. She must have done this when she was changing after the swim.

"But it's such a lovely day, Nora. Wouldn't it be nicer lying on the top deck?"

"I've tried it." She gave me a slight endearing grimace. "It's awfully hard."

"I could take these cushions off the settee."

"Well . . . if you like." She gave in. "But it's not half as cosy as the bed."

I gathered all the cushions and carried them up. They were rather knocked about, exuding feathers, but seemed soft enough when I spread them on the deck and we lay down on them. It was blissfully warm. I shut my eyes. Even through my closed lids the sun made a radiance that matched my state of mind.

"Are you comfortable, Nora?"

"Yes," she said. "I never thought of the cushions. That was clever, Laurie. But where are you?"

She stretched out an arm. Still with blind eyes, I found her small, warm hand and held it.

"I'm so happy, Nora. Thank you so much for everything. And especially for being with me."

"You're still too far away. Come nearer."

As I turned on my side her arm encircled my neck. I opened my eyes. Her face was ravishingly close to mine. I could see the blue specks in her dark eyes, the mole on the angle of her cheekbone, so exactly placed it became a beauty spot. A tiny bead of perspiration glistened on her upper lip. Her skin, usually creamy pale, had a slight suffused flush. A strange and scented warmth came from her nearness. It made my heart flutter and miss a beat.

"Shall I tell you something, Laurie dear?" Then she spoke slowly, with a pause after each

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All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



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word, as though to bring its meaning home to me. "I like you very, very much."

"And I like you, Nora dear," I breathed. "In fact, I absolutely love you with all my heart."

"Then love me, dearest Laurie." She drew me tightly to her and put her lips against mine. A great wave of sweetness passed through me. In all my life I could not wish for anything more than this. I felt carried away, out of myself, borne on a stream of the purest, most powerful emotion, a feeling so utterly detached from my body that it was like a rapture of the soul.

Then suddenly there came a loud arresting shout from the shore.

"Miss Nora, I've brought you some flowers to take home."

"Oh, damn," Nora groaned. "It's Mrs. Rennie from the inn, blast her."

"Some for you and some for Miss Donohue," came from the beach again, and turning on my elbow I saw a stout little woman waving masses of daffodils at us.

"I'll go for them," I said.

"No, stay here. Don't move an inch. I'll get rid of her and be back in no time at all."

NORA got up, though with reluctance, shook back her hair, and a moment later I heard the splash of the dinghy's oars. Presently the sound of amicable greetings, of voices in conversation drifted over the lake. Mrs. Rennie was a talker and less easy to get rid of than Nora had hoped. How wide the sky was, and how drowsy the slow lapping of the lake. I began to feel that I was floating dreamily through the clouds, floating more and more dreamily until, in the end, the long bicycle run, the stupendous lunch, the port, and the hot sun had their way with me. To my everlasting shame, I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was cooler, the sun was beginning to go down and Nora was not beside me. I sprang up to find that she was below, and had actually made tea. She greeted me not, as one might expect, with reproaches or disdain but tenderly, and with a certain new, and to me puzzling, clinical interest. She kissed me cherishingly on the cheek, uttering words of commendation which I thought strange.

"You're a doat of a lad, Laurie. Such a gorgeous day, and not a thing to reproach ourselves with."

"Did you have a sleep, too?"

"No, lad. I had another swim to cool off, then I put the kettle on, sat down and had a bit of a think to myself."

"About what, Nora?"

"Ah," she smiled. "I'll tell you some day."

When we had drunk the tea, which I found most refreshing, we locked up the houseboat, rowed ashore and, having padlocked the dinghy, set off unhurriedly on the bikes for home. Nora rode very close to me, often putting a hand on my shoulder so that we could

Continued from page 62

talk. Indeed we talked most of the way to Winton. I told her about the Ellison and she urged me to work hard for it. Other advice she gave me, warning me not to let Terence take advantage of me.

"Terry's a good sort, there's not a bit of harm in him, but he'd wear the bird off the bush. As for Donohue, that fellow would skin his own grandmother."

It was late when we reached Park Crescent. My lamp had gone out and we had walked our bicycles up the last part of the hill. I took Nora's from her and said I would put both machines in the cellar. As I stood in the darkness she gave me a quick hug and a kiss.

"Good-night, dear Laurie. And bless you for being yourself."

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Then she ran up the stairs and was gone.

It was four o'clock on a hot Saturday afternoon in mid-July, and Mrs. Tobin had brought a cup of tea to my room. Before going out she shook her head at me as I sat behind a pile of books at the wicker table I had rescued from Leo's junk rooms.

"Education's a wonderful thing. But if I were you I wouldn't keep at it that hard."

"But I have to, Annie," I agonised. "Time's getting terribly short."

"Well," she considered me. "Don't give yourself brain fever, like Mrs. Finnegan's lad when he failed for the post office."

I was too strung up to treat this as a joke. For more than two months I had been grinding steadily under Pin's direction, and had worked myself into a state of nerves. From those early appetisers, Hume Brown's "General History of Scotland" and "The Border Wars" I had progressed to more solid reading: Barron's "Scottish War of Independence," Skene's "Celtic Scotland," Gregory's "The Stuart Kings," and was now absorbed in "The Thistle and the Rose." Apart from my real objective, in which I scarcely dared to hope, I had become interested in the subject for its own sake.

At night, my best reading time, I would find myself so caught up in such excitements as the feud between

Rothsay and Albany, leading up to Rothsay's mysterious death at Falkland, that only the final guttering of my candle — an illumination surely in keeping with the fourteenth century — brought me to a halt. I now went to Pin four evenings a week, a truly heroic devotion, less on my part than on his. Often my thoughts went back to the days when I foolishly pretended to have a tutor. Now I had one: a patient, admirable teacher.

"You write from the heart, Laurence." He would shrug regretfully. "Not from the head. We'll have to leave it that way."

I turned to Mrs. Tobin's kindly offering. As I drank the tea, which had begun to get cold, my gaze returned, not for the first time that afternoon, to the postcard. It had come yesterday and now lay, too

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Everyone's heading for India



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Taj Mahal, Agra.

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Continued from page 63

conspicuously, on the table beside my notes on the regencies of Murray and Lennox. Frowning, I took it up and, as if to deduce some meaning that had hitherto escaped me, read it through once again.

Meet me under the clock at Central Station five o'clock Saturday without fail. It will be very definitely to your advantage. Terence.

Of course, I would not go. I had made up my mind not to go. Time was too precious now to waste on futile meetings. Above all, had not Nora, my dear Nora, distinctly advised me to be wary of the elegant Terry. Yet that final sentence had an alluring ring. In the end I jumped up, seized my can, and set out for the Central Station.

WHEN I arrived it was ten to five. This was a favorite meeting place, and others were waiting beneath the big clock. I joined them. At five minutes past the hour, striking a note of unusual punctuality, Terence appeared, carrying a small Gladstone bag. He was not alone. Donohue was with him.

"Good man, you're here. And looking great." Terence greeted me warmly. "I hope we haven't kept you. But we can't talk here. Let's go into the buffet."

We went into the first-class buffet.

"What'll you have?" Donohue asked hospitably. "This is on me."

Commendably turning the offer to my advantage, I said I would have a ham sandwich and a glass of milk.

Terence waited until we had been served, then, having inquired of me solicitously if everything was all right, he took a pull at his stout and made the following announcement.

"Now, man, you've often heard me say I wanted to clock you on the mile. Well, it's today we're going to do it."

"But I haven't been doing much serious running lately. I'm rather out of form."

"Ah, a fit young fellow like you is never out of form. Is he, Mart?"

"Shouldn't be," Donohue replied noncommittally. "From what I see, there's not an ounce of fat on him. Still, I'm not convinced he can stay."

"Don't worry. He'll stay all right."

"But has he the speed?" Donohue looked at me doubtfully. "He'll need that for a fast finish."

"I'll guarantee it," Terry said emphatically. "Haven't I told you how he sprinted me practically level when he was a kid?"

"That was years ago."

"Maybe so. But there's his two big wins with the Harriers this year and the year before."

"Mm, yes," said Donohue, as if half convinced. "Well, I suppose we may as well give him his chance."

"And a real chance it is." Terence turned to me. "It's all fixed up, man. The togs are here for you. My own Blackrock kit, if you please."

He tapped the Gladstone bag with his toe. "And I've arranged for us to try you out at the Harp ground."

"But why, Terry?" These preparations, the interest displayed in me, and the manner in which Donohue had been unwillingly won over were extremely flattering, yet I was not to be taken in by them.

"Later, later, man. What's the use of going into it till we see what you can do."

"No," I said determinedly. "I have to know how it'll affect me."

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

"Didn't I tell you on my card?" Terence exploded. "It's definitely going to be a good thing for you. Provided you're all we think you are, which now I'm beginning to doubt."

That note of scepticism decided me. I agreed to go. Actually, I saw no harm in the expedition. And now I did want to show them what I could do. Because I disliked him and resented his association with Nora, Donohue especially I wished to convince. We left the buffet and got into a taxi from the rank outside the station.

Our objective lay quite far out in an eastern suburb of the city. After a drive of some twenty minutes it was revealed as a football ground belonging to the Harp Juniors Club. I had never heard of the Harp Juniors, and their domain, surrounded by a rusty corrugated iron fence in the process of falling down, enclosed an extremely worn football pitch and a small wooden pavilion. Surrounding the pitch there was, however, a cinder running track.

"Here we are then," Terence exclaimed enthusiastically, telling the taxi driver in an aside to wait. "You stop by the track, Mart, and I'll go in with Laurence."

We entered the pavilion, which was even less impressive than the ground. The floorboards were bare and broken, a few old striped jerseys hung on pegs, and dust was everywhere.

The bag, when snapped open, revealed shorts, singlet, and spiked running-shoes. Solicitously aided by Terence, who had constituted himself my valet, I began to change. Everything fitted well except the shoes, which were too long, leaving an inch of soft leather beyond my toes. I pointed this out to Terence.

"It's not a bad thing," he said, with an expert's judiciousness. "It'll give you more spring."



We went outside, Donohue was strolling up and down, with his hands in his pockets and an air of expectancy.

"There he is," Terence exclaimed, pushing me forward. "And doesn't he look a runner, every inch of him."

"He has the height. And look at those legs."

Donohue's tone, in which I sensed a grudging respect, was highly gratifying. Actually, in this lightweight kit with the Blackrock colors I felt that I should not disappoint them.

"Now, Laurie," Terence, with a glance that seemed to repress Martin's enthusiasm, put one hand on my shoulder. In the other he held his watch. "Four times round this track is exactly one mile. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Then get set." He stood back, eyes on the watch. "Go!"

I made a good start and, doing my level best, went

round the track four times. The sandwich I had just eaten troubled me somewhat on the final two circuits and Terry's shoes, while bending freely on the hard cinders, had less spring in them than he had promised. When I drew up, pale and panting, I felt dissatisfied with my performance. Apparently I was mistaken. Bent over the watch, Terence gave out a whoop of delight.

"Well run, man. I knew you'd be right for us, and you are."

To be concluded
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THE MATCHMAKER

Continued from page 25

"You're yelling like a fish-wife!" the neighbor's boy shouted in retort, his tanned face furious and his handsome eyes snapping with anger.

"Insults!" the redhead shrieked, wringing her hands. "That's all you ever give me, insults! Criticism! Belittling!" She paused for breath and then brought out solemnly, "You don't appreciate me, you take me for granted, that's what!"

"What do you mean, I give you only insults? I gave you an engagement ring and you're wearing it! And what's insulting about a diamond ring, I ask you?" the young man bellowed in rage, his hands shoved into his pockets and doubled into clenched fists.

"Your ring!" the redhead repeated, gasping and tugging wildly at her hands. "Do you think a ring buys me? This for your ring!" and with a magnificent gesture of scorn she flung wide her shapely arms and something bright and flashing sailed through the air over the bushes and plopped to moist earth an inch from Wotan's extended and busy nose.

STARTLED, he drew back in a crouch and examined this sudden possible enemy. When it seemed inanimate, he sniffed it, then licked it and finally picked it up and tried to chew it. It slithered around among his teeth and would not crack, and then with a twist of his tongue he forced it over his left canine and there it stuck.

Wildly, he pawed his nose, shook his head, rolled on his back, but the diamond was wedged sideways and the ring stuck.

Frustrated about the mail, frustrated about the rat-rabbit scent, and now indignant at this recalcitrant bone, Wotan bolted for home, snarling and snuffling the whole way until he hurled himself at Mrs. Rupert's feet in such a paroxysm of contortion that the poor woman screamed for her husband.

"It's nothing," Mr. Rupert diagnosed immediately on seeing Wotan scrape and sneeze, "he's just got some bone wedged in his mouth again. He will eat anything. Come here, Wotan, you fool. What have you done to yourself now?"

He spoke with the patience born of experience, but as soon as he opened Wotan's jaws and saw a platinum ring impaled on Wotan's tooth he wasted several seconds in astonished silence before he gently worked the ring loose and let it lie in his palm while Wotan, relieved, galloped away to roll and wriggle in the spring grass.

"Now just how did he get hold of this?" Mr. Rupert said in awe, holding up the ring for his wife to see.

Mrs. Rupert adjusted her glasses and examined the ring.

"It's Nancy's ring," she identified, "the one Jason gave her for their engagement."

"I know that," Mr. Rupert said impatiently. "Can you tell me how Nancy's ring gets stuck on Wotan's tooth?"

The two elderly people looked at each other and then, of one accord, reached the same decision. They would wait and see before plunging into the torrid waters of the stormy relationship that characterised the Nancy-Jason romance.

They did not have long to wait, for neither of the young people concerned was patient by nature. Jason was the

first to arrive, tramping on to the kitchen porch and saying without preamble, "That order for Nancy's birthday cake, Mrs. Rupert, please cancel it."

"Certainly, Jason," Mrs. Rupert agreed serenely, "Nancy's birthday's not for another month, so it isn't exactly baking away yet."

Jason side-stepped this. "After what she did," he said wrathfully, "I wouldn't give her, I wouldn't give her..." he searched desperately for something insignificant, "even a muffin!"

"Oh, come, now, Jason," Mrs. Rupert objected calmly, "the summer folk think very highly of my muffins, especially the blueberry ones, and you never said 'no' to a plate of them, either."

"Do you know what she did?" Jason demanded, exactly as he had demanded year after year for the past eighteen years in every Jason-Nancy squabble, "Not half an hour ago?" He glowered at them challengingly. "She threw my ring into the bushes, the one I borrowed sixty-two dollars from you to buy for her with my savings," he explained to Mr. Rupert, who clucked sympathetically and then said, "It's a common enough gesture with engaged couples."

"But she threw it away!" Jason protested. "Like that!" and, as his arm imitated Nancy's parabola, Wotan watched to see if maybe a ball were being thrown or something else chasable. "Into the bushes!"

"I guess she didn't want it," Mr. Rupert commented. "At least not today."

Jason stared at him. "You don't understand," he said bitterly, as he hunched his shoulders and kicked at a tuft of grass. "Anyway, no cake," he said emphatically and started off toward his own house, passing Wotan, who lay stretched full-length on the grass. "Aaaah," he said enviously to the dog, "you've got it made, no problems, it must be wonderful to be as mindless as you."

"What they need," Mr. Rupert commented as he watched Jason swing along the short-cut footpath, "is to be married and have at least two children." His eye caught a movement in the distance and he picked up the binoculars he used for bird-watching. "What superb timing," he murmured, "here comes Nancy."

NANCY came up at a jog-trot, and she looked hot and angry.

"Has Jason been here?" she asked, which was standard procedure in all their quarrels, because both took their troubles to the Ruperts with the same confidence that Wotan brought them his old shoes and mouldy bones.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Rupert said. "You look hot. Would you like an iced tea?"

"No thank you. Then you know?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Rupert said. "Perhaps a martini would hit the spot better?" he offered.

Nancy declined absently, and blurted out, "But I can't find it! I know exactly where I threw it, and I've gone over every inch of ground, every millimetre, and I swear it's not there!"

"But I thought you didn't want it?" Mr. Rupert observed. "Jason told us you threw his ring away. Isn't that what you're talking

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is it me ... or

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What advice should a mother give to her daughter about pain?

(AND PAIN
RELIEVERS)



The right advice at the right time will help establish a lifelong pattern of sensible use

WHAT IS PAIN?

Pain is the term applied to unpleasant sensations or discomfort arising from the skin or deeper organs, which includes vital organs. Naturally, everyone seeks to dispel such unpleasant discomforts even though, in some instances, they may not be aware of the cause.

Many pains or discomforts are, however, not due to any disease but to spasm or fatigue of normal organs. All healthy girls and women experience such pain of greater or lesser degree at certain times.

When pain is suspected as an indication of some disease, the logical thing to do is to consult a physician. When there is nothing of significance to rectify directly, the customary course is to seek relief from pain with the aid of a pain reliever, technically known as an analgesic.

HOW DO ANALGESICS WORK?

The process is, of course, highly complex, but can be expressed briefly as follows. After absorption in the blood stream, the active ingredient in the analgesic acts by NEUTRALISING the pain sensation in the pain organ (the thalamus) at the base of the brain.

GETTING THE MOST FROM AN ANALGESIC

Though it will surprise many, it is a well-established medical fact that analgesics act best when combined with exercise, good hygiene and zestful living. It definitely does not pay to inactively and dolefully accept the situation, expecting an instant miracle from the analgesic. As in many other health matters, one's mental attitude is an important contribution.

CHOICE OF ANALGESICS

Analgesics can be grouped into several general classes. There are those in the narcotic class, for very severe pain, which are administered by doctors. Then follow others which, although they can be purchased over the counter, are not advisable for everyone to take; and there are others again which have a wider application. The important thing for the public to realise is that there is a marked difference in analgesics — not so much in the way each works against pain, but in aspects involving habituation and other undesirable side-effects.

APPROXIMATELY 900 MILLION DOSES OF ANALGESIC TAKEN IN A YEAR IN AUSTRALIA

This staggering total of doses of tablets and powders was arrived at by a survey of the pharmaceutical industry and general retail store outlets. It can be regarded as reliable. Mostly these analgesics are taken for "every-day" pains and discomforts, in many instances with unnecessary regularity. It would be safe to say that only a minute percentage of people know much, if anything, of the analgesic of their choice, or of its characteristics. The fact that recently Sweden and Switzerland saw fit to have certain ingredients removed from some analgesics warrants an understanding of the analgesics in use in this country.

Analgesics obtainable over the counter in Australia today contain various additives to their base substance, and these include Codeine, Narcotics, Caffeine, Barbiturates and Stimulants. Some of these additives are less harmful than others, but because some of them are habit forming when used to excess, the danger of over-use is ever present. A glance at the table below will show the

side effects characteristic of each drug in conditions of over-use.

THE ADVANTAGE OF 'ASPRO'

The great advantage of 'ASPRO' can be summed up in a simple sentence. Taken as directed, it possesses absolutely *no disadvantage*, while doing all that can be asked of a pain reliever. But there are other accompanying reasons for the wisdom of using 'ASPRO'. With the pace of living in 1964, the soothing way in which 'ASPRO' works is a great help. 'ASPRO' action can be best described as a "sympathetic" action, steady in its effect and kind to the nerves. 'ASPRO', therefore, is more valuable under today's living conditions than at any other period in its fifty years service.

Furthermore, those who need to take analgesics frequently or fairly regularly can keep on taking 'ASPRO', knowing that their system will not become accustomed to its effect. This does occur with some analgesics and medicines. 'ASPRO', even after years of use, is always one hundred per cent effective each time it is taken.

THE 'ASPRO' TABLE OF COMPARATIVE ANALGESIC SAFETY

'ASPRO' does not contain NARCOTICS	therefore 'ASPRO' does not create a habit
'ASPRO' does not contain CODEINE	therefore 'ASPRO' does not affect regularity
'ASPRO' does not contain CAFFEINE	therefore 'ASPRO' does not agitate
'ASPRO' does not contain BARBITURATE	therefore 'ASPRO' does not cause drowsiness
'ASPRO' does not contain STIMULANTS	therefore 'ASPRO' does not irritate
and 'ASPRO' is NON-TOXIC	therefore 'ASPRO' does not harm heart, arteries or lungs

'ASPRO' FOR PERIOD PAIN 'ASPRO' can help you through those difficult days before you are due. In this way you can lessen depression, tension and nervousness and do all that can be done about the pain. The purity of 'ASPRO' conforms to the standard of the British Pharmacopoeia, the guiding authority of the medical profession.

'ASPRO'

'ASPRO', tried and proved for: headache, nerve pain, muscular pain, neuritis, colds and flu, sore throats, toothache, sleeplessness, periodic pains.



about? If you threw it away, why are you scrambling around in the bushes for it? Can't you make your mind up?"

Nancy looked incredulous, then screwed up her face and burst into tears.

"Men!" she sobbed. "Men! They never understand anything!"

"Really, Nancy," Mr. Rupert said coldly, winking at his wife, "I must say I think you're given to exaggeration."

"What are you quarrelling about, dear?" Mrs. Rupert inquired soothingly. "It's customary to be in heated argument when one throws engagement rings away."

"I don't remember," Nancy wailed, "it wasn't important!" She stopped on a sudden intake of breath, "I mean, it wasn't important enough to throw a ring away about, but Jason can make me so angry!"

"He's been doing it for years," Mr. Rupert per-

Continued from page 66

mitted himself to remind her.

"You mean," Mrs. Rupert translated adroitly for her tear-smudged guest, "if you'd really meant it you'd have handed the ring back to him, politely, but when you threw it away you didn't really mean it."

"But what am I going to do?" Nancy asked soberly by way of corroboration. "I can't expect him to buy me another ring. And how can we make up without a ring?"

Mrs. Rupert opened her mouth to say everything was all right, the ring was perfectly safe, but her husband cut her short before she got a word out.

"You'll have to learn to think before you act, Nancy," he said carelessly. "Acts do have consequences, you know, and you can't always expect some one else to bail

THE MATCHMAKER

you out of mischief of your own making."

Mrs. Rupert looked admiringly at her husband. Before retirement he had been a professor, and every now and then she was reminded that he had an uncanny knack for handling young people, especially young people who behaved ridiculously.

Nancy was subdued.

"All right," she agreed, "so I was wrong. But what do I do?" She paused and then said hastily, "Did Jason say anything else?"

"He cancelled your birthday cake," Mrs. Rupert told her.

"How idiotic!" Nancy cried out. "How does he know he'll be angry with me then? That's a month off!"

"Well," Mrs. Rupert told her, "he can always reorder it."

Nancy muttered and complained a bit more, got neither sympathy, advice, nor consolation and eventually plodded homewards, her pretty head drooping in misery.

MRS. RUPERT

asked her husband in concern. "Are you sure this isn't being very naughty of us?"

"Oh, undoubtedly it is," he replied cheerfully, "but one day they have to learn. Jason's parents are both ailing and can't be bothered with his problems, and what with Nancy's father being so deaf and her mother so active on all those fool committees, she doesn't get too much guidance and we really can't wet-nurse them through marriage. Let them simmer down, get a scare. The ring can turn

up at the right psychological moment."

"But aren't we compounding a felony?" Mrs. Rupert worried.

"For heaven's sake!" Mr. Rupert said with asperity in his most professorial voice. "Wotan didn't steal the ring off Nancy's finger! He merely found it!"

By Monday morning, Jason had composed a suitable and dignified note about the entire matter which he intended to drop off in Nancy's mailbox, but he met the summer delivery boy and gave it to him instead, as he was late for work and a detour to Nancy's would make him later. After all, he had slept badly after being up almost all night with his composition.

When the delivery boy got to the Rupert mailbox, he found Wotan waiting, so he opened the box, saw some letters and shoved the pile into the newspaper wrapper. By accident, he also shoved in Jason's letter to Nancy, which he realized a split second after he had given Wotan the bundle to take home.

"Hey, Wotan, wait a minute!" he called, and lunged toward the dog to retrieve the paper, and Wotan, offended to the tip of his tail at any interference with his courier-duty, growled in his throat, raised the hair on his back, sunk his teeth more firmly in the pliable paper, and scurried off through the rabbit tracks underneath the concealing foliage of the bushes.

"Come back here," the delivery boy shouted ineffectually and then decided he'd

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pink, and aqua drip-
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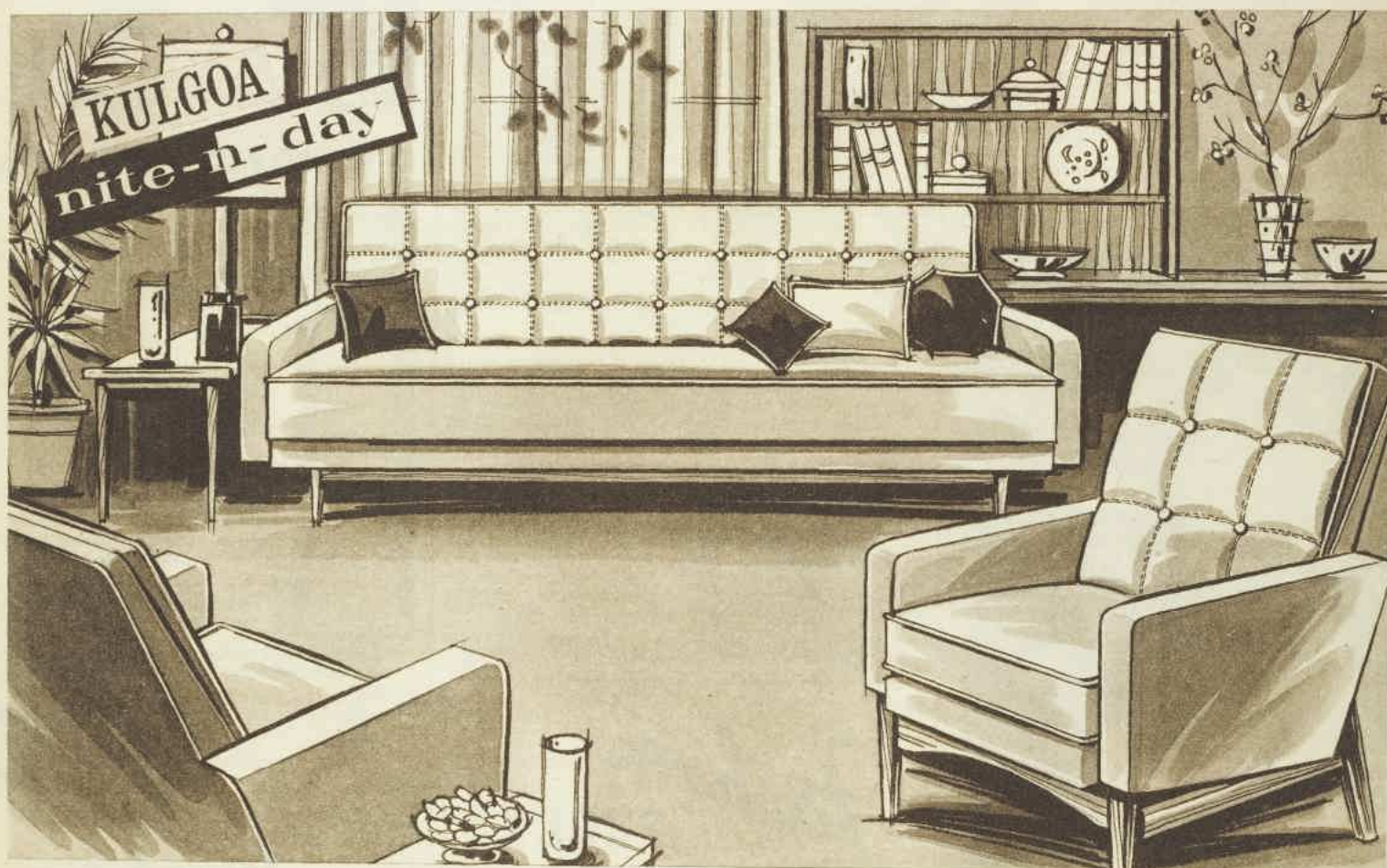
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DON

so nice to come home to . . .



D239.1411

phone the Ruperts about the letter instead of going to the house to wait for Wotan to show up and therefore be late with deliveries all along his newspaper route.

Mr. Rupert always sorted the mail, so he came upon the letter and held it speculatively in his hand. It had got smudged in its passage through the rabbit trails, and the marks of Wotan's teeth had gone clear through the envelope on both sides.

"You're not going to play around with the United States postal system, are you?" Mrs. Rupert asked anxiously as her husband silently extended the letter to her with Jason's familiar scrawl.

"My dear," Mr. Rupert pointed out, "this is not franked, therefore it does not have postal protection. It's a hand-delivery, so to speak," he amplified, looking speculatively at Wotan. "I'll just delay it a little."

An hour later the phone rang and the newspaper boy, a sturdy teenager, asked if Wotan were at home?

"Yes, he's here," Mr. Rupert said. "Do you want to speak to him or shall I take a message?" Mr. Rupert firmly believed an inane question should get an inane answer, lack of explicit should be met with nonsense.

THERE was some stuttering over the wire and then Mr. Rupert said gently, "He's lying on it at this moment, but I expect the addressee will visit us today, so I'll undertake delivery if you like." He paused and nodded. "Not at all, you're most welcome."

Nancy put in a late-afternoon appearance, considerably bedraggled and, seeing her come, Mr. Rupert placed both tooth-pierced letter and ring on Wotan's cushioned basket. Wotan himself had long since lost interest in both letter and ring and lolled unconcernedly in his bed, surrounded, as it were, by some five hundred dollars' worth of jewellery and

Continued from page 69

THE MATCHMAKER

a love-letter beyond the price of rubies.

A sluggish thunderstorm was brewing, and Nancy flung herself on the porch steps where Mrs. Rupert rocked while she shelled peas and Mr. Rupert read his grass-stained paper.

She glanced around with tragic indifference, and then closed her eyes in silent suffering, but an instant later they flew open and she stared at Wotan relaxing on his bed, head down between his paws, the wicker back neatly framing his body so that he was all of a uniform color combination in shades of russet.

out touching the ring, and held the chewed-up envelope out to her.

"Wotan's postal delivery is of a very individual nature," he remarked, "but then, it's on a bone-a-year basis, so to speak."

Nancy tore open the soggy envelope and read her letter, and then looked tearful and foolish and helpless.

"I guess you don't think much of me," she said at last.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Mrs. Rupert modified. "But all that temper, it's so energy-wasting, especially when you reach our age."

Rupert scratched Wotan's ears, they heard Nancy's voice float out toward them.

"I don't want this to establish any precedent, Jason," she was saying, "but this time I'm willing to admit I went too far, but it's all your fault for getting me so riled up, and, anyhow, just this once..." there was an abrupt silence, and then Nancy shouted, "Wotan's found your ring! Wotan! Wotan!"

FROM between the caressing hands of his master, Wotan sat up straight on hearing his name so vehemently shouted. Mrs. Rupert looked across the peas at her husband, and then over the fields, quiet and dark under the impending storm.

"Were we as addled when we were their age?" she inquired reflectively.

"My dear," Mr. Rupert replied, "I distinctly remember you flinging your ring at my feet, which was far more prudent than Nancy's outdoor boisterousness, and undoing a packet of letters of mine and dropping them at my feet, too, and words to the effect that if I were the last man on earth..." he wisely refrained from concluding as he saw Mrs. Rupert beginning a search for a suitable rejoinder.

Inside the house Nancy had thrown caution to the winds.

"If you'll just shut up and listen to me for once, I'll tell you how your letter got into Wotan's bed!"

"But how can she?" Mrs. Rupert protested. "She doesn't even know, we haven't had a chance to tell her!"

"Never mind," Mr. Rupert rejoined comfortably, "she'll make it up as she goes along." "Dear me," he said with a sigh, folding the newspaper neatly, "it's going to be awfully quiet around here once those two are settled in their own home."

(c) 1964 by Susan Yorke.



"That's my ring!" Nancy said in a strangled voice, pointing to Wotan, who raised his head at the unexpected attention. "And that's Jason's writing on that envelope!"

"Why, so it is, my dear," Mrs. Rupert agreed without interrupting her rocking. "You're sure you're interested in these titbits Wotan drags home out of the bushes?" Nancy flushed and dropped her hand with its pointing finger, and Wotan dropped his head.

Mr. Rupert bent down and retrieved the letter with-

And then who can guarantee a small dog will be around to put the pieces together again? It's really asking too much of Providence.

She joggled the peas in the pot and then said sharply, "Really, Nancy, it's well after five o'clock, and there's nothing wrong with our telephone." She swooped down and picked up the ring and held it out to the girl while Wotan watched alertly. "It's not a party line," she concluded, "so whatever you say is private."

Some minutes later, as Mr.

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At the first sign of crankiness, stomach upsets, listlessness or loss of appetite, Mother knows there is nothing better for her little family than a Ford Pill just before bedtime. Children accept them readily. Ford Pills are the ideal laxative for children, as they are thorough and effective but gentle and absolutely safe for even the most delicate systems. Yesterday's listless, cranky child starts the new day happy, sunny, full of life and bubbling energy, thanks to Ford Pills.

MOTHER KEEPS SLIM AND TRIM

She follows the Ford Pill Diet Chart as a natural, easy way to keep her figure so slim and attractive without missing meals, without monotonous food substitutes, without any exhausting exercises.

Mother takes Ford Pills, too. She finds they keep her active, attractive, full of sparkling health and energy, able to look after her home and cope with all the demands of her healthy, happy, very lively family.

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If you suffer Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headaches, Stomach Upsets, Loss of Appetite, Irritability, Depression, Listlessness, vague Aches and Pains, start taking Ford Pills. You will feel a thousand times better, brighter, fit to face the

strain and stress of modern living. Scientifically compounded to an approved formula, Ford Pills contain concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.





Robyn's career outlook is fine and sunny

● Pretty 18-year-old Robyn Archer never gets caught in the rain. It's her job to know what the weather is going to do — she's a trainee meteorologist.

ONE of Robyn's jobs is to adjust the barograph, which records pressures.

"WHEN I tell people I'm a cadet meteorologist there are two reactions," Robyn said. "They either look startled or they don't know what a meteorologist is — I say weather forecaster now. "None of my friends expects a

weather forecaster to take his work seriously," she laughed. "They think forecasting consists of throwing a dart on a chart."

But Robyn doesn't blame them. "Before I obtained my cadetship I didn't realise just how much it all involved," she said.

Robyn is one of the few girls in

Australia who have chosen meteorology as their career. "Until a few years ago girls were unheard of as weather forecasters," Robyn said. "Today, however, more and more girls are gaining meteorology cadetships."

During the past four years three girls have trained with the N.S.W. Bureau and are now qualified meteorologists.

"I don't really know why I decided to train as a weather forecaster. It has always fascinated me—particularly the effect weather has on people," Robyn said.

"I didn't realise how much a weather forecast mattered until I began working at the Bureau. There are always people ringing up to find out what the weather will do—for farmers, or other agriculturists, the weather can affect their livelihood."

Robyn applied for a cadetship in December last year. The N.S.W. Bureau offers only one cadetship a year. "And I was lucky enough to get it," she said. "To apply you must have your Leaving Certificate."

Four years' training

A meteorology cadetship consists of four years' training. For the first three years the trainee is sent to university to study for a Bachelor of Science degree, working during term holidays at the Bureau as an assistant.

In the final year the cadet is sent to Melbourne to study at the Bureau of Meteorology Training School.

"Once you graduate you can be sent to any of the weather bureaus in Australia," Robyn said.

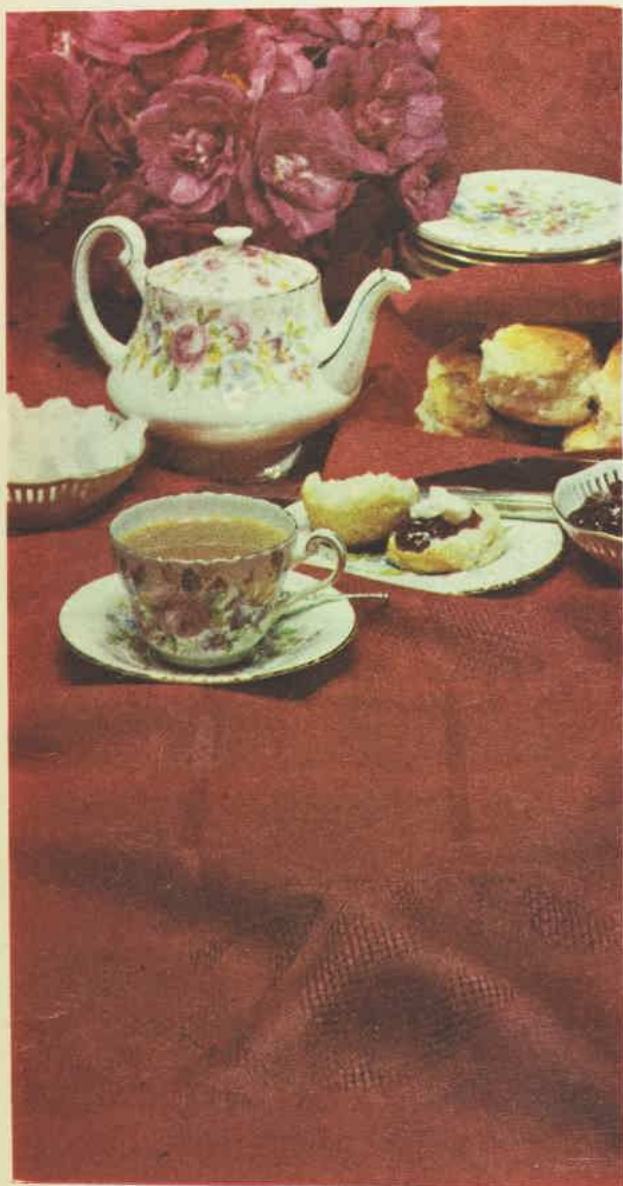
"I am not sure whether I will work as a meteorologist in a Bureau when I graduate or whether I will go into research."

But Robyn has plenty of time to decide what she will do once she is qualified. At present she is only a first-year cadet. "Which means I have a lot to learn yet. I really love working in the Bureau during holidays — answering telephones, studying charts and reports, and learning more about weather forecasting all the time," she said.

"It's all so interesting and such fun — even if my friends always blame me for each rainy day!"

— Jenny Irvine

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pure Irish Linen it's lovely ... it lasts.

IL1495FP



REPORTS on weather all over Australia come through on the Telex which Robyn clears.

Johnny Chester's own TV show

"TEEN SCENE," a new teenage show produced by ABC-TV, will start soon, starring Beatle-support singer Johnny Chester. The weekly half-hour show will be seen in Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane from October 3; in Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart from October 10; and in Rockhampton and Townsville from October 17. Audiences in country and other areas will see "Teen Scene" at the same time transmission begins in some capital cities. The national time-slot planned for the show is 6.30 p.m. ABC-TV channels in Newcastle, Canberra, Orange, and Wollongong will take the show from Sydney; Ballarat, Bendigo, Shepparton, and Gippsland from Melbourne; Toowoomba and Lismore, N.S.W., from Brisbane; and Launceston from Hobart.



ABOVE (from left to right): Johnny Florence, Ron Patrick, Tony Lee, and John Edwards, who sing as "The Thin Men." They will appear in "Teen Scene." BELOW: Johnny Chester and his Chessmen, who will be in every edition of the new show. The are, from left, Frank McMahon, on bass guitar, drummer Michael Lynch, vocalist Johnny Chester, Les Stacpool, on guitar, and his pianist brother, Albert.



TALKING records and music at rehearsals for the new ABC-TV teenage show "Teen Scene," are Olivia Newton-John, who will make guest appearances on the show, and Johnny Chester, who will host the programme.

ALAS, POOR YORICK — HE'S ON THE SHELF!

● While other girls collect recipes and glory-box items, 20-year-old Deborah Morgan, of Collaroy, N.S.W., collects skulls (see picture below).

"I DON'T collect them out of morbid curiosity," said Deborah, a pretty blond schoolteacher, "but the structure and form of some of the skulls are fascinating."

Deborah began her collection (she has about 40 skulls ranging from tiny bats' heads to humans') when she found a sheep skull three years ago on a country trip.

"I found the smooth lines and the bleached whiteness of the bones quite beautiful," she said.

The three human skulls in Deborah's collection once belonged to a young Indian girl, an Australian aboriginal man, and an old American negro.

The aboriginal skull was found at Ballina, N.S.W., in 1924.

Deborah acquired the negro skull when she wrote to a firm in America which specialises in mail-ordering skulls to various parts of the world for ten dollars each.

"I call that one Yorick," said Deborah, "and he must have been a very old man because he hasn't a tooth in his head."



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

QORK is helping Mandrake to return to Earth. He moves to within an "arm's length" of Earth—400 miles. Mandrake leaps into space from Qork's hand and hopes he will make a safe landing. NOW READ ON...



WHEN QORK IS AN "ARM'S LENGTH" FROM EARTH—ABOUT 400 MILES—MANDRAKE LEAPS INTO SPACE—



—WATCHED BY A GREAT TELESCOPE ON EARTH—



AS MANDRAKE LEAPS INTO SPACE—



—HE IS WATCHED FROM EARTH—AND FROM SPACE—



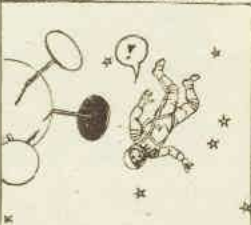
MANDRAKE SKY-DIVES FOR SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES—IN FREE FALL—



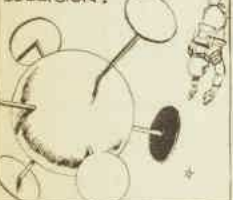
—THE LONGEST JUMP IN HISTORY!



BY CHANCE, HE FALLS THROUGH THE ORBIT OF AN UNMANNED SATELLITE—



—THEN DIVES UNDER IT—JUST MISSING A DISASTROUS COLLISION!



NEARING EARTH—HE PULLS THE RIPCORD!



HE TOLD ME TO WAIT—BY THEIR MOON. HOW CAN A LITTLE CREATURE LIKE HIM HELP ME STAY ALIVE?



CONTINUED

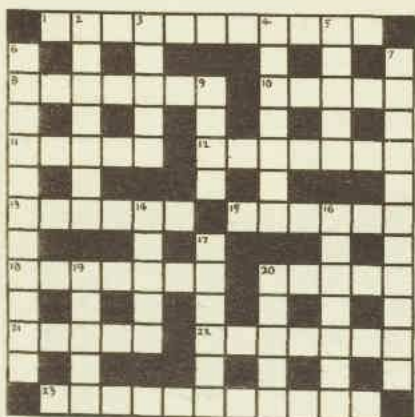
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A jolly green sweet (6, 5).
8. Sought seclusion (7).
10. He cuts away the rind (5).
11. Body of troops (5).
12. Shorten with a construction over a river (7).
13. Priest (anagr., 6).
15. Fierce heat with an end which is severe in Scotland (6).
18. The late autumn (4-3).
20. An air turns in a chord of three notes (5).
21. Concise, mostly Gaelic (5).
22. A retired performer becomes a man who forcibly demands (7).
23. These birds should be good fielders (3-8).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Catches vermin (3-4).
3. A backward son covers these standards (5).
4. The highest title of sovereignty (7).
5. Glaring (5).
6. Sporting implements, half insect half beasts (7, 4).
7. For them business is not compulsory (4-7).
9. Expensive or cherished (4).
14. Woman's name (5).
16. One who leaves out something (7).
17. The most peculiar (6).
19. Joyous hymn, starting with a vehicle (5).
20. A he cat to give instruction (5).

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR YOU TO WIN TWO CARS

• Here's your chance if you haven't yet entered (or want to enter again) our road safety contest, offering as prizes two brand-new Volkswagen sedans — one each (worth £1125) for the winning boy and girl.

READ the rules shown below and, if you are eligible, sit down with a pencil and several sheets of paper.

Read the 30 suggestions for improved road safety carefully and then work out in which order of importance you think they should go.

For instance, if you think the compulsory wearing of seat belts would do more than any of the others to cut the road toll, then that is your number one choice. You might think that more road safety instruction in schools is the next most important. Then that would be number two. And so on.

When you are sure of your selection cut out the entry form and number the suggestions in order of importance, from one to 30, in the squares provided. You must place a number in each square.

You can put in as many entries as you like—as long as each entry is on our entry form.

Before you post your entry (all must be received in Sydney on or before October 6, 1964) read the rules again and check that your entry is correct and that you haven't forgotten to include your name, age, and address. It would be a pity if your otherwise good entry were disqualified for an oversight.

Don't forget, either, to complete the sentence "I resolve..." (in no more than 12 words altogether). In case there are two or more winners with otherwise identical entries, the best personal resolution would provide a winner.

The best order of suggestions submitted by a boy will win him a car, and the best order submitted by a girl will win her a car.

A panel of experts from the Australian Road Safety Council will be the judges.

CONTEST RULES

1. **WHAT TO DO.** On the entry form (below) indicate, in your opinion, in order of importance the 30 suggestions for improved road safety. In the event of a tie between two or more boys or of a tie between two or more girls the prize will go to the entry including the best resolution for road safety expressed in no more than 12 words (the total to include the words "I resolve"). Send as many entries as you like, but each entry must be on a published entry form.
 2. **CLOSING DATE.** Contest closes on October 6, 1964.
 3. **WHO CAN ENTER.** This contest is open to males and females who have not turned 25 on or before October 6, 1964, and who, on or before October 6, are old enough to hold car drivers' licences in the State in which they live.
- Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., its associated companies, the Commonwealth Department of Shipping and Transport, and members and staff of the Australian Road Safety Council and the State and Territorial Road Safety Councils are not eligible to enter this contest, nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.
- This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of September 9.

YOUR ENTRY FORM

Read the rules carefully — then number the 30 suggestions for improved road safety in the order which you consider most important. (You must place a number in each square.) Complete the personal road safety resolution.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Establishment of more training centres for learner drivers. | <input type="checkbox"/> Maximum 60 m.p.h. speed limit for the open road. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stricter control of pedestrians. | <input type="checkbox"/> Ban regrooved motor vehicle tyres. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> All vehicles to stop before moving on to a level crossing. | <input type="checkbox"/> Compulsory suspension of licences of drivers repeatedly convicted of moving-traffic offences. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Greater use of "horror" in road safety education campaigns. | <input type="checkbox"/> Compulsory wearing of seat belts by drivers and passengers. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> More built-in safety features in new cars, such as padded dashboards, safer door locks, and collapsible steering columns. | <input type="checkbox"/> Increase minimum age for driving licences. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Uniform road signs and markings throughout Australia. | <input type="checkbox"/> Stiffer practical tests for driving licence applicants. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> More road safety instruction in schools. | <input type="checkbox"/> Stricter enforcement of traffic laws. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cancel licences for serious offences such as drunken driving, excessive speed, and dangerous driving. | <input type="checkbox"/> More commercial and community support for road safety. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Probationary licences for new drivers. | <input type="checkbox"/> More divided highways with controlled access from side roads. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Uniform, easy-to-understand traffic laws. | <input type="checkbox"/> Failure to wear seat belts to be deemed contributory negligence in legal action. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> All new cars to be fitted with seat belts. | <input type="checkbox"/> Compulsory safety helmets for motor cyclists, scooter riders, and their passengers. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Maximum speed limit of 40 m.p.h. for newly licensed drivers (for first year). | <input type="checkbox"/> Compulsory attendances at lectures and films by drivers convicted of traffic offences. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> More traffic police. | <input type="checkbox"/> Compulsory chemical tests for drivers and pedestrians suspected of intoxication. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Compulsory annual inspection of all motor vehicles at Government testing stations. | <input type="checkbox"/> Better street lighting. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Greater use of Press, radio and TV for road safety education for young people. | <input type="checkbox"/> Organise road-accident-prevention courses for youth organisations. |

NAME (MR./MRS./MISS)

ADDRESS

DATE OF BIRTH

STATE

I RESOLVE

Mail Your Entry to "ROAD SAFETY CONTEST," BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY

CONTEST CLOSING OCTOBER 6, 1964

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1964



FIRST PRIZE: "Boys Fishing"



SECOND PRIZE: "First Kiss"



THIRD PRIZE: "The Umpire"

● A young man, 20, and two 19-year-olds recently won a world-wide perfume firm's national art award for Australian artists up to 25 years old. The national winner received 100 guineas.

S.A. DOMINATES ART QUEST



Vytas Kapociunas

WINNER of the perfume firm's national art award, 20-year-old Adelaide art student Vytas Kapociunas, of College Park, was born in Lithuania.

He migrated to Australia 13 years ago with his parents and sister.

He chose a fishing scene for his oil entry because, to him, it's typically Australian.

Vytas can remember taking part in an art contest run by a suburban picture theatre when he was nine years old.

Each week youngsters could send in drawings, and the prize was a free ticket to the following week's show.

Vytas used to enter when he wanted to see a particular film, and always won.

One day the manager called him into his office and demanded he draw something on the spot.

Vytas sketched a horse on blotting paper.

"He was sure I'd been cheating and getting some older person to do the entries for me," Vytas said.

Vytas is content to sit for hours at a time drawing wild-life and scenery.

He also likes drawing people, and only recently

had a self-portrait exhibited at a local art gallery.

Vytas would love to be a full-time artist.

"But, in this age, you have to be extremely talented to live on painting alone," he said.

"When I finish my course at the Adelaide School of Art, I intend to go to France and study further.

"Then, when I come home again, I'll probably take up art lecturing.

"If, and when, I reach the stage of being able to paint full-time, as I certainly hope to do, there'll always be the lecturing to fall back on if something goes wrong."

SECOND place-getter in the award, Rex Lay, is a second year Arts student at the University of Melbourne. He is majoring in psychology.

At 19, already he has received the Certificate of Art from the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology. Normally a two-year course, he completed it in a year.

In addition to psychology, Rex is studying Fine Arts and English, but he has plans for serious painting when he completes his degree.

Educated at Hamilton High School, he is the young-

est son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lay, of Hamilton.

Although his entry was a watercolor, he paints in all mediums.

He has exhibited in two local art shows.

THIRD place-getter is 19-year-old Adelaide youth Geoff Sharples, of Everard Park, whose love for hockey inspired his entry.

Geoff, a member of the Forestville Hockey Club, said he sat down one night with a rough sketch (he



Geoff Sharples

always works from sketches) and began to sculpture.

He didn't really have any idea how it would turn out.

But he said that as he worked he saw what looked like an extended arm and suddenly knew what he was trying to express.

"It's an umpire at a hockey match awarding a 'free'," he said.

A few days after completion he read about the art award and decided to enter the 6ft. work.

Geoff is a student at the Adelaide School of Art and has high hopes of having a sculpture exhibition of his own work in a few years' time.



Rex Lay

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Friends or hobbies — which are best?

PARENTS say that we should have a hobby instead of being out every weekend. Why? Is a hobby necessary? I think it is better to have an interest than a hobby.

Mixing with people is fun — meeting new girls and boys, going places with friends. Whereas with a hobby you need to be always finding things to help you with the hobby.

In some ways a hobby is a danger to you. You could become really devoted to your hobby and lose many friends. Which is best, a friend or a hobby? — *Sherryn Burke, Ascot Vale, Vic.*

All that jazz

TEENAGERS who feel they need a new interest, but are at a loss as to what, should consider jazz. If you become really interested, you could study the history of jazz, but, meanwhile, just by listening to records and going to concerts, a wonderful new way of life will open for you.

If you know someone really interested in jazz he will undoubtedly share his enthusiasm with you.

I only discovered jazz about six months ago, and since then I have met many jazz musicians. You will never be sorry if you start listening to jazz! — *"Jazz Lover," Bexley, N.S.W.*

Elemental

RECENTLY "Nutt" wrote chemical analysis of a teenager; this is a similar item, but is called "Discovery of a New Element."

NAME: Woman.
SYMBOL: Woe.
ATOMIC WT.: 120lb. approx.

OCCURRENCE: Found wherever man is found in the free state.

PHYSICAL PROPERTIES: Generally rounded in shape. Boils at nothing, freezes at anything. Melts when properly treated.

CHEMICAL PROPERTIES: Very active. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, and precious stones, particularly diamonds. Violent reactions when left alone. Turns green when placed near a better-looking specimen. Ages rapidly.

ELECTRICAL PROPERTIES: Unpredictable. Varies from infinitely great to practically nil. May drop suddenly or reduce gradually over a period of time.

USES: Ornamental. Useful in acceleration of low spirits. Equalises the distribution of wealth. Most powerful "money-reducing agent" known.

CAUTION: Highly explosive in inexperienced hands. — *G. McNamara, Bentleigh, Vic.*

Brotherly love

ONE day when I was sick in bed Mother said to my young brother, Paul, "Now, you must be kind and brotherly to Connie, as she is very sick." "Make up your mind, Mum," Paul said. "I can only be one or the other." — *Connie Nero, Dandenong, Vic.*

NEXT WEEK:

• Whatever happened to Bryan Davies in England? In a special story illustrated with color pictures learn how and why he changed his show-business "image."

• A young Australian interior decorator took her art to strange lengths recently—she made herself clothes to match some of the furniture in her home! Her story has color pictures, too.

Who's to blame?

PARENTS do not realise that they are doing just what they tell their children not to. I am talking about following the crowd and doing what others do because it is fashionable.

So perhaps it's the parents at fault and not the teenagers. — *M. Venner, Glen Osmond, S.A.*

Don't stop school

MY advice to any girl debating the question of leaving school at the earliest age is — don't. The few

extra years out in the world will yield very poor dividends in comparison with the grounding and additional learning she will obtain from those last years at school.

There is nothing to lose and everything to gain in this extra time. Believe me, I have never regretted anything in my life so much as the fact that I didn't obtain my Leaving Certificate.

Whatever a girl's chosen career, the higher education will most certainly improve her abilities and enhance her opportunities with prospective employers, as well as making the world a far more interesting place in which to live. — *Bronwen M. Thomas, Sydney.*

Song is ended

BEFORE The Beatles became so popular I had a really close and intimate friend. We practically did everything together and were almost as close as sisters. Then it happened — Beatlemania.

She quickly became a devoted Beatle fan while I remained a faithful Elvis fan. At first we thought nothing of it, but now it seems we are pulled apart because of our different idols.

Whenever we get together for a talk it usually ends up in a furious debate as to who is king, Elvis or The Beatles. So, to avoid quarrels we mix with our own groups, she with her Beatles group and I with my Elvis group. We seem to be seeing less of each other, although we still sit together in class at high school.

What has happened to our sisterly relationship, and to so many other "good" friends? — *"Nadine," St. Albans, Vic.*

It's a dog's life

I WOULD like to tell you about my dog who smiles. He is a Labrador, and whenever he comes into the house and is scolded he will sit on his tail and screw his nose up till all the top teeth of his mouth show and all his nose is wrinkled. Have any other readers heard of a grinning dog? — *Nerida Smith, Holland Park, Qld.*

FIFTH-YEAR FAREWELLS

• How should a fifth-year farewell be run, and should parents be invited?, asked Julie Naux. Readers replied . . .

FIFTH-YEAR'S parents should be invited to the dinner because it is not only the last time the students will be directly connected with the school but also the last link for parents.

At our farewell last year our parents were invited and it gave the whole dinner a more friendly atmosphere. After the dinner the whole school was invited to the social, but not the parents.

Without a doubt the parents should be invited to the dinner, but not necessarily to the dance. Admittedly the school I attended is much smaller than Julie's, and is also co-educational. — *Janette Garrard, Balgowlah Heights, N.S.W.*

I THINK that Julie's school's farewell to the fifth-year should be a dinner for the fifth-year alone, given by the teachers, and

followed by an informal dance or social.

My idea is that the girls would be more at ease without their parents or other students. — *Sue Dornom, Benalla, Vic.*

FIFTH-YEAR farewell is an occasion for that year's students, and not their parents. It is probably the last time they will see each other, as everyone goes his own way after leaving school. It is also possibly the last time fifth-year will be together as a group.

I agree that the farewell should be a dinner given by fourth-year to fifth-year. — *Sue Turner, Oatley, N.S.W.*

WE farewell our fifth-year as follows: the banquet is held in the decorated school hall, the fifth-year as guests and the fourth-year as hosts. After the banquet there is a dance.

Parents are invited to neither the banquet nor the

dance. For one thing, in our school, room is rather restricted.

As well, if parents were to come to the banquet the fourth-year pupils would have to almost double their expenditure on food. — *Peter Fuller, Tamworth, N.S.W.*

OUR fifth-year and the teachers are the guests of fourth-year at a banquet which is followed by a social.

Fourth-year carry out all the arrangements, such as making place-cards, bringing and preparing all the food, and the social committee decorate the hall and arrange the social. Some third-year girls help prepare the food and serve at the tables.

All the school is invited to the social except first-year, who are represented by their class captains. — *Gae Morrison, Macksville, N.S.W.*

Culture query

THOUGH I have always loved reading, when I was at school I had very little enthusiasm for the novels, plays, and poems set for study. Now that I have left I have re-read and enjoyed the works we studied at school.

Also, I intensely disliked classical music at school — because I was forced to listen to it. In the few years since I have left school, however, I have built up my own collection of classical music and I really love it.

Several of my friends have also reacted in this way. I wonder whether we were just hard to please at school, or could it be that many of the cultural subjects are presented to students too forcefully? — *Judith Pearl, Hobart.*

Car-azy

WHY is it that people refer to their cars as she? They say things such as "She's not running well, she needs a change of oil," or "Her battery's flat." Has anyone got a male car? — *Carol Ward, Tarragindi, Qld.*

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BANDSTAND

By BRIAN
HENDERSON



Want to be a disc jockey?

● A question I am asked frequently is—"How do I become a disc jockey?"

I GOT my start at the age of 15 in New Zealand at the princely salary of £4/10/- a week. I spent three years doing all-round radio work, from children's sessions to late shows.

I usually say there is no short cut to success. It is rare for someone to make it straight into big city radio at his first attempt.

Even after I arrived in Australia and joined one of the smaller Sydney radio stations I still spent a year doing any session that was asked of me.

The point I'm making is this: There seems to be no substitute for all-round experience, which can be gained only by working on

a country, or similarly small, radio station.

And when you look at the big names in the disc-jockey world you will find that almost invariably this was the way they laid the groundwork for their careers.

I also think it wise to learn voice production, but not elocution.

And here is a piece of advice that my first station manager gave me—when you face the microphone don't think how pleased people are to hear you; think of all the people switching off!

The station manager of one of Sydney's top radio stations has this to say:

"I have at least five inquiries a day from hopefuls attempting to break into radio.

"It's a tough business and



WAYNE NEWTON

the first thing I do is try to talk them out of it.

"If that fails I suggest they attend a voice-training school and then go and get experience working in a country radio station before trying the big-time."

So, how to be a disc jockey?

Go west, my friend—unless you happen to live in Perth, of course!

WONDERFUL WAYNE

WAYNE NEWTON'S singing in Sydney again has killed 'em stone dead! When he first appeared here in March this year he came with one hit disc, "Danke Schoen," but was unknown as a "live" performer.

This time his opening night was completely booked out, and it's obvious he has built up a tremendous following here.

When he returns to the States, Wayne will make his comedy debut on television with Jack Benny.

Benny is giving him co-star billing, the first time

B.B.'s O.K.

TRINI LOPEZ is still shaking after receiving a phone call (and a long distance kiss) from Brigitte Bardot in Paris.

Brigitte will write the cover notes on Lopez's next album. She agreed to do it, as she says she learned to dance the Surf by listening to his records.

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday from TCN9 (Sydney); QTQ9 (Brisbane); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); TNT9 (Launceston); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday from GTV9 (Melbourne); NWS9 (Adelaide).

"OLDIE" BACK

BARBRA STREISAND is recording an old Mel Torme scorch — "Poor Little Extra Girl"—which Torme has rewritten for her.

LONE ROLE

DINAH LEE is the only girl in the tour with The Searchers, Peter and Gordon, Eden Kane, and Del Shannon.

A New Zealander, Dinah is 19 and her "Don't You Know Yockomo" has really pushed her into the lime-light.

She's an obvious fan of Cilla Black, and, like Cilla, closely follows Mod fashions and trends.

If she follows in Cilla's footsteps, repeating hit discs, maybe Miss Lee will start setting her own trends.

TOP ALBUM

THE new Chet Atkins plays "Progressive Pickin'" on his latest RCA album. It's an excellent disc with a strong jazz flavor, proving the versatility of Atkins' smooth and sure pickin'. Tracks include "Gravy Waltz," "Bluesette," and "Jordu."

Beauty in Brief:

A PRETTY BOSOM...

TAKE heart if your bosom isn't a naturally curvy 36. Although you cannot develop it — or indeed reduce it — to order, a lot can be done by means of exercise and an awareness of posture and the choice of the right foundation garments, to develop an attractive figure.

One of the best pretty-fying exercises for all busts, whether under- or over-developed, is swimming — especially the backstroke, whether you actually swim in water or exercise on dry land.

Did you realise that merely by keeping your shoulders back and down, your knees relaxed, and your stomach muscles UP, instead of in, you raise the rib-cage and automatically improve your bosom-line in a couple of seconds? That's elementary posture.

Another pretty trick is to utilise the little chores you do each day to encourage a shapely bust. For instance, during your after-bath rub-down dry your back holding the towel behind you, one hand over your shoulder, the other behind your back.

Pull the towel up and down briskly and keep arms bent, elbows well out. Similarly, when you brush your hair, try using two brushes and concentrate on keeping elbows high, tensing arm muscles at each stroke.

— CAROLYN EARLE

ROUND ROBIN

FAT CHANCE FOR GAOL 'BIRDS'

● I see that the threat of overweight could be used in England as a deterrent for girl delinquents.

YOU see, a report recently issued says that lasses in British gaols put on a lot of weight.

The reasons appear to be the heavy calorie diet, with lots of fats and carbohydrates, and lack of exercise.

A dietitian suggested that prison diets and their effects on pretty prisoners could be publicised to act as a "real deterrent to a figure-conscious delinquent."

Weight has always played a big part in crime. The actor, or actress, who plays a baddie is known as a "heavy."

And food is mentioned in that famous expression, "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor chocolate bars a cage."

Bad girls who ignore the weight warnings would do well to anticipate their size-increase and take in to gaol adaptable clothing. "Stretch" pants would be most fitting, literally.

Even the names of some famous gaols point up the food problem.

There is Devil's Food Cake Island and, doubtless, there are many plump lady criminals who have acquired Long Bay windows.

And the names of equally famous inmates suggest that there can be big "inside" jobs pulled in gaol.

A good example of this was crime baron (of beef) c(A)orie Capone.

If gaol sentences mean putting on weight, figure-conscious gentlewomen will prefer bonds.

Other prisoners find stool-pigeon pie hard to take, but girl prisoners would be wise to consider informing on their cell-mates.

One sure way to cut down the intake of calories would be to spill the beans!

— Robin Adair

THE CLASSICS

STRAVINSKY: Two Symphonies

IGOR STRAVINSKY, now in his eighties, is the undisputed Grand Old Man of modern music. His career as a composer has been long and remarkably varied, ranging from the early ballets (Firebird, Petroushka), which are popular now with the most conservative listeners, to the abstruse and "modernistic" music he is writing today.

During the 1920s he turned from the hectic colors of his early scores to a more austere "neo-classical" style; but in the 1930s he relaxed the austerity a little and allowed more lyricism into his music.

A new CBS release, one of a series in which Stravinsky conducts his own music, presents what is perhaps the finest of his "between-wars" works, the Symphony of Psalms, together with the delightfully approachable — even catchy — Symphony in C (finished in 1940).

The Symphony of Psalms is a setting of words from the Psalms (in Latin) for chorus and an orchestra which significantly lacks the lush sound of violins and violas. It is music of true grandeur and — despite the conscious austerity — excitement.

The performances, by the CBS Symphony Orchestra and Festival Singers of Toronto, are just about ideal.

— MARTIN LONG

The stars' STARS — and you

By MAURICE
WOODRUFF



"JAMES BOND" DOWN-TO-EARTH

WHENEVER I meet SEAN ("James Bond") CONNERY I am struck by how typical he is of Virgo people — down-to-earth, matter-of-fact, intelligent, and businesslike.

He loves to give his full and undivided attention to one thing at a time.

You could never call Sean a dreamer. Intensely practical, he needs everything down in black and white before he will accept it.

I PREDICT that Sean Connery will develop into a big comedy star on the lines of Cary Grant.

I PREDICT that by the end of next year he will be nominated for a film award.

I PREDICT that he will have a baby daughter within the next 18 months.

Born under Virgo? This is for YOU...

Nicknames like "egghead" and "brainy" aren't uncommon to you, because, normally, people born under the sign of Virgo are intelligent, very methodical, and have highly developed powers of discrimination.

I doubt whether anyone would ever call you a

dreamer, you're far too down-to-earth for that.

Your biggest drawback in life is that you're inclined to put on weight.

I PREDICT that in the coming month you will have to make an important decision.

I PREDICT that most of your evenings will be taken up with romance.

I PREDICT that now is the time to impress your superiors at work with your competence.

● More stars next week.

VIRGO
(August 23 to
September 23)
is the sign of
SEAN CONNERY
born on
August 25, 1930.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Which one?

"WHEN I left England two years ago I was in love with a young man who wanted me to return and marry him. After living here for a while, I met and fell in love with an Australian boy who loves me in return. My family wishes to return to England next year and my problem is should I stay here and marry or should I go home with my parents and meet again my childhood sweetheart? I am 20. Ron and I have written occasionally and he still says he loves me."

"Confused," Vic.

If you love your Australian boyfriend there shouldn't be any doubt in your mind about staying here and marrying.

But if you are unsure (and I have the feeling that you are) per-

haps a trip home to England with your parents, and seeing again your old boyfriend, might help you clear your mind.

Chaperoned holiday

"NEXT year, when we have completed our Leaving Certificate Examinations, a couple of my friends and myself wish to take a holiday in Queensland, and we want to go on our own. We feel that we will be mature enough by then to go without adult supervision (we will be between 16 and 17) and most of the parents agree with us, but my parents say that we are too young to go without a chaperon. Don't you think they are being unfair?"

"Rhonny," N.S.W.

No. Your parents are being sane and sensible.

Bashful boy

"I AM 16½ and have been dating a 15½-year-old girl for a year. I find difficulty in saying sweet things to her, even though I want to tell her that she is beautiful and that I like her very much. I am frightened she may think I am being too forward. As I am very shy I've never held her hand or kissed her. Recently I introduced my boyfriend (17½) to her girlfriend who is 15. Later they both went to a barbecue which I also attended and at the beginning of the night he immediately held her hand, and toward the end they were continually petting. Do all girls, including my girlfriend, like boys to go on like this?"

"Shy," N.S.W.

Very few girls like boys who are too forward — then again you can go to the other extreme and be far too backward!

I think you and your boyfriend are at opposite ends of the scale. While he was too forward toward a girl on the first date, you, I think, should take your courage in your hands a little more.

Next time you're on the verge of telling your girlfriend how beautiful she looks — don't stop and ponder — do it!

All girls love genuine compliments.

Don't worry about forcing the hand-holding or kissing. Some day it will happen quite naturally.

Singing talent

"MY family and friends think that I have a good singing voice. Could you please tell me who auditions would-be singers?"

"Melba," N.S.W.

Television stations hold regular audition days, and if you write to them they will give you future dates.

If you want to go to the expense of having a tape recording made of your voice, you could also send this to one of the Australian record companies.

But why don't you go along to a voice teacher and have an honest assessment made of your talent?

Friends and family can be very biased as far as talent in a loved one is concerned. Also, it is not very often that a completely untrained voice has any success in today's highly competitive professional field.

Shy guest

"I AM staying with my girlfriend and her family for the holidays. I am enjoying myself thoroughly, except at meal times when I feel quite embarrassed when I am asked things like: 'Would you care for another piece of cake?' I immediately feel as if everyone has malicious eyes glued to me and I become dreadfully self-conscious. I know it is silly, but I can't help it, and I am frightened that this feeling is going to hinder me as I get older."

"Embarrassed," N.S.W.

You have to learn to be gracious and know how to accept things as well as give them.

Enjoy your friend's hospitality and do little things in return to weigh up the give-and-take in your own mind.

Next time you are asked if you would like something, try to accept as naturally as you would in your own home — and think perhaps: "I'll offer to do the washing-up after dinner."

These people are doing their best to make their guest feel at home. It is only kind and fair of you to make them feel they are succeeding!

Glamorous friend

"I AM a girl of 16 (nearly 17) and look terribly young for my age. I go around with a fairly glamorous girl who is a year younger, but looks a year older. She just outshines me, and boys always look at her to take out and treat me like a kid. Every boy I fall for is not interested when my friend's around, yet I can't feel jealous because she is so nice. What can I do?"

"Unhappy," Qld.

Get yourself another girlfriend — or put up with the situation.



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WKC978

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1964



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3104

3104. — Diagonal-darted shift dress with new key-hole neckline. Contrast binding on neck and armholes. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.



2938

2938. — Semi-fit, double-breasted A-line dress with narrow notched collar, top-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/9 includes postage.



2987

2987. — Pretty bell-skirted princess-seamed dress, corded at waist. Pattern also provides long-sleeved jacket with band collar. Sizes in bust measurement: Sub-Teen 28, 29, 31, 33in. Junior 30, 31, 33in. Teen 30, 32, 34, 36in. Price 5/9 includes postage.



2724

2724. — Cool dress for the 7-14 with contrast bodice and skirt. Centre-front pleat in gathered skirt. Sizes 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest. Price 5/3 includes postage.



2253

2253. — Misses' or women's easy-to-make dress with scooped neckline, V-back, unmounted short sleeves, full side-pleated skirt. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46in. bust. Price 5/3 includes postage.



3096

3096. — Back-wrapped bathing-suit or sports dress, elasticised pantoes, beach coat with applique and stitching trim. Sizes 2 to 8 (21, 22, 23, 23, 24, 26in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

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famous
Biscuits

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There is no Substitute for Quality

(plus eight-page liftout: KNITTING BOOK)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1964